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THE WORKS OF VIRGIL.

In ENGLISH VERSE.

The ÆNEID Tranſlated

By the Rev. Mr. CHRISTOPHER PITT.

The ECLOGUES and GEORGICS, with Notes on the Whole,

By the Rev. Mr. JOSEPH WARTON.

With ſeveral NEW OBSERVATIONS

By Mr. HOLDSWORTH, Mr. SPENCE, and Others.

ALSO,

A Diſſertation on the Sixth Book of the ÆNEID, by Mr. WARBURTON.

On the Shield of ÆNEAS, by Mr. W. WHITEHEAD.

On the Character of Iapis, by the late Dr. ATTERBURY, Biſhop of Rocheſter.

And, Three ESSAYS on PASTORAL, DIDACTIC and EPIC POETRY, by the EDITOR.

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VOLUME THE SECOND.

CONTAINING

The ÆNEID.

Book I.

Book II.

Book III.

Book IV.

A DISSERTATION on the

NATURE and CONDUCT of the ÆNEID.

EUROPÆ PARS

Mons Alpes
Heneti
Troia
Timavus fons
Liburni
Patavium Antenoris urbs
Eridanus flu
Paduſa amnis
HADRIATICUS SINUS
HESPERIA SATURNIA et ITALIA
Illyrici
Alphee Piſæ
Hetruſci
Lydi
Sabini
Marſi
Tibur
Aequicoli
Appenninus M.
Populonia
Coſſa
Sorractes
Marchon
Roma
Ilva Inſula
Præneſte
Hernici
Rutili
Facinus lacus
Anſonij
Volſci
IAPYGIA
Diomedis urbs
Arpyripa
Garganus mons
Auſidus flu.
Illyricus Sinus
MACEDONIA
cujus populi Pelaſgi, Achivi Argivi, Danai, Mirmidones, Dolopes, Dores et Iones
Scardus Mons
Opici
Cumæ
Avernus lac
Oſci
Canna
DAUNIA
CALABRIA
ANSANCTI
Aurunci
Tarentum
Sila Silva
Sinus Salentinus
Sinus Tarentinus
Gens inimica mihi TYRRHENUM navigat AEQUOR
MARE AUSONIUM
Velia
Oenotrij
Veneris Aeneadis ſin. Anchiſæ portus
Montes Ceraunij
CHAONIA
Troia
Dodona
Bythrotum
Olympus
Phthia
EPEIRUS
Ambracia
Dryopes
Citheron
Naritus
Actium
Pulichium
Leucata in qua Veneris Aeneadis ſanum
Aeoli Inſulæ
Liparæ
Pelorus Prom.
Scylla
Caulon
Alantium
Zancle
Aetna mons
Cyclopes
Elyma
Veneris Erycinæ ſanum
Simethus flu.
Cyclopum ſcopuli
Megaricus ſinus
Phapſus peninſula
Ortygia inſ. in qua Arethuſa fons
TRINACRIA
Drepanum
Geloi campi
Gela
Camarina
Pamaſus flu.
Florus flu.
IONIUM MARE
Zacynthus inſ.
Veneris templum
Strophades Harpiarum domicilium
Orchomenus
Neſos
NESUS
Aphrodiſias
Cinæthium prom
PELOPONNESUS
Lerna
Lilibæum prom.
Pelorus
Agragas
Pachinus prom
Carthago quæ Agenoris urbs et Byrſa
Nymspharum antrum
Melita
Septima post Troiæ excidium iam vertitur æstas: Cum freta, cum terras omnes, tot inhoſpita ſaxa, Syderaq; emensi ferimur: dum per MARE MAGNUM Italiam ſequimur fugientem, et volvimur undis.
Tyrij et Poeni
PUNICA REGNA
MARE
MEDITERRANEUM
Syrtis in hoſpita
Barcaei
Mauruſij
Getulae
Maſsyli
Brevia et Syrtes
LIBYÆ SIVE AFRICA

Occidens

45
40
35
30

AENAE, TROJANI
NAVIGATIO
ad Virgilij sex priores
Aeneidos.
ASIA PROPRIA sive
pars ASIÆ MAGNÆ
Septentrio
Meridies
Agathyrsi
THRACIA
Hæmus Mons
Hebrus flu.
Byzantium
Rhodope M.
Ismarus
Aenum
Dardanus
Samothracia
Crusæi
Pallene
Aphrodisium
Lemnos
Tenedos
Rhœteum
BEBRYCIA
Scamandor flu. sive Xanthus
Ida Mons Paridis judicio
memoratus
Troia
TROAS
Teucri
LYCIA
PHRYGIA
Scepsis, Aeneæ regia
Antandros unde Aeneæ
classis solvit
Lesbos
AEGAEUM
PELA-
GUS
Scyros
Caphaneus
prom
Andros
Cyclades
Samos
Thebæ
Icaria
Giaros
Pathmos
Delos que
et Ortygia
Insulæ
Naxos
Cos
Donysa
Melos
Amorgus
Malea
prom
Oliaros
Astypalea
Veneris templ.
Cythera
Insula
Pergamea
Rhoeteum
Carpathus
Carpathium
Mare
Rhodos
Curetes
CRETA
Gnossus
Idæus mons
et nemus
CYPRUS
Paphos Idalius mons
Naves quæ forte paratæ Corripiunt, one
rantque auro: Portantur avart Pygmalionis
opes pelago, dux femina facti.
Sidon
Tyrus
PHOENICIA
DI TERRANEUM
LIBYCUM MARE
Septem gemini
ostia Nili
AEGYPTUS
Nilus flu.
Sinus
Arabici
Pars
FRICÆ PARS
T. Jeffery

A DISSERTATION ON THE Nature and Conduct OF THE ÆNEID.

Της Ἱστοριας φιλοσοφωτερον και σπουδαιοτερον, ἡ ποιησις. Ariſtot. cap. ix. de Poetica.

IN the two higher ſpecies of poetry, two methods are uſed for the inſtruction of mankind. The firſt conſiſts, in ſhewing them the deformity and deſtructiveneſs of vice, and the pernicious conſequences of violent and uncontrouled paſſions; and this is the principal deſign of tragedy; as in the love of Phædra, the revenge of Medea, the ambition of Polynices: the ſecond, in diſplaying the beauty and excellence of exalted virtue, its deſirable fruits and happy conſequences; and this is the proper buſineſs of the Epopœïa, or epic poetry; as in the piety of Æneas, the prudence and patience of Ulyſſes.

The paſſions which ſhould be raiſed by the firſt are terror and pity: thoſe which ſhould be excited by the laſt, are admiration and love. In the one the actors ſpeak, in the other the poet himſelf makes the narration: a circumſtance, which inclines Ariſtotle to give the preference to dramatic even above epic poetry; as a more natural and forcible ſpecies of imitation.

One may define epic poetry to be, a fable related in verſe, to inſpire an admiration and love of virtue, in repreſenting to us the action of an hero, favoured and aſſiſted by heaven, who executes ſome grand deſign, notwithſtanding all the obſtacles that oppoſe him.

I ſhall conſider the Æneid under the four following obvious heads, the fable, the characters, the ſentiments, the language: and ſhall chiefly follow the idea of Boſſu in his account of this poem, the beſt explainer of Ariſtotle, and, beyond all doubt, one of the moſt learned and judicious of modern critics.

An epic poem is not only the nobleſt, but moſt uſeful, of human compoſitions; exciting men to virtue and arduous undertakings more effectually, than moral philoſophy, or hiſtory. 1. Becauſe, example, aſſiſted by verſe, is a more powerful and perſuaſive mode of inſtruction, than the dry, ſimple precepts of ethics. " 2. Becauſe the acts and events which are the ſubjects of true hiſtory (as BACON finely obſerves) being not of that amplitude as to content the mind of man, poetry is ready at hand to feign acts more heroical; becauſe true hiſtory reports the ſucceſſes of buſineſs not proportionable to the merits of virtues and vices, poetry corrects it, and preſents events and fortunes according to deſert, and according to the law of providence; be-

cauſe true hiſtory, through the frequent ſatiety and ſimilitude of things, works a diſtaſte and miſpriſion in the mind of man; poetry cheareth, and refreſheth the ſoul, chanting things rare, and various, and full of viciſſitudes: ſo as poetry ſerveth and conferreth to delectation, magnanimity, and morality. Poetry therefore may ſeem deſervedly to have ſome participation of divineneſs, becauſe it doth raiſe the mind and exalt the ſpirit with high raptures, by proportioning the ſhews of things to the deſires of the mind, and not ſubmitting the mind to things, as reaſon and hiſtory do. And by theſe allurements and congruities, whereby it cheriſheth the ſoul of man; joined alſo with conſort of muſic, whereby it may more ſweetly inſinuate itſelf, it hath won ſuch acceſs, that it hath been in eſtimation even in rude times and barbarous nations, when other learning ſtood excluded."

Advancement of Learning, B. iii. c. 13.

SECTION I.

Of the FABLE of the ÆNEID.

AS Greece conſiſted of a cluſter of little republics, frequently contending for ſuperiority over each other; the moſt uſeful and important leſſon this people could receive, was the neceſſity of uniting in any common danger.

This piece of inſtruction, Homer, as great a patriot as poet, which all true poets ever have been, gave his countrymen, exhibiting in the livelieſt colours, and by the moſt forcible examples, the dreadful calamities occaſioned by a quarrel betwixt two great generals, and the advantages which the enemies of Greece obtained by ſo unſeaſonable and ill-judged

a contention. This, which is the groundwork of the Iliad, renders the fable of that poem the moſt ſimple, but the moſt comprehenſive, imaginable. Ariſtotle, ſtruck with the beauty of this ſimplicity, juſtly calls it divine.

The very different condition of affairs at Rome, obliged Virgil to take a different ſcheme. The Romans having loſt the virtue and honeſty of their anceſtors, liberty could not in the nature of things long ſurvive. They began to be profligate, and to be ſlaves. As they had not virtue enough to be free, and ſince they muſt needs have fallen into the hands of one governor, the happieſt circumſtance they could meet with, was undoubtedly that this one governor ſhould be a mild one, and bind their chains with a tender hand. To reconcile his countrymen to this almoſt neceſſary change of government, to comfort them for the loſs of liberty, to ſhew them that the gods had ordained that they ſhould be the conquerors of the univerſe, and to evince that all revolutions in ſtates are brought about by the interpoſition of heaven, above all to inſpire them with a love of their country, theſe were the motives which induced Virgil to undertake the Æneid; and theſe the inſtructions he propoſed to give his countrymen. He intended to delineate in the perſon of Æneas, the character of a wiſe lawgiver and a juſt monarch; and artfully threw ſeveral features into the piece, that induced his readers to apply this amiable portrait to Auguſtus; at the ſame time, tacitly and delicately inſtructing the emperor himſelf in the duties of a good governor, and hinting that if he would reign alone, he ſhould reign like an Æneas. For this reaſon he repreſented his hero endued with great piety to the gods,

with

with mildneſs, clemency and juſtice, and an affectionate concern for his country.

If we take a view of the fable of the Æneid, ſtript of all its acceſſory ornaments, and the names of the principal actors in the poem, in the manner wherein Ariſtotle has conſidered the Odyſſey, we ſhall find the ſubject of it to ſtand as follows;

"The gods preſerve a prince, amidſt the ruin of a mighty kingdom, and chuſe him to be the maintainer of their religion, and the eſtabliſher of a more great and glorious empire than the firſt. This very hero is likewiſe elected king by the general conſent of thoſe who had eſcaped the univerſal deſtruction of that kingdom. He conducts them through territories from whence his anceſtors originally came, and by the way inſtructs himſelf in all that is neceſſary, for a king, a prieſt, and the founder of a monarchy, to know and to practiſe. He arrives and finds in this new country the gods and men diſpoſed to entertain him, and to allot him ſubjects and territories. But a neighbouring prince blinded by jealouſy and ambition, cannot ſee the juſtice of this proceeding, nor the manifeſt will of heaven, declared by infallible tokens, but vehemently oppoſes his eſtabliſhment, and is powerfully aſſiſted by the valour of a king, whoſe cruelty and impiety had diveſted him of his empire. This oppoſition, and the bloody war this pious ſtranger was neceſſitated to undertake, renders his eſtabliſhment more ſecure by the right of conqueſt, and more glorious by the total overthrow of his unjuſt enemies."

Theſe are the outlines of the fable of the Æneid, before the colouring and ornaments are added: And

the action of it appears from this ſhort view, to be, in the words of Ariſtotle, Great, One, and Entire. The leaſt, and moſt trivial epiſodes, or under-actions, which are interwoven in it, are parts either neceſſary or convenient; and no others can be imagined more ſuitable or proper to the place in which they are fixed. They are all, as it were, the various members of a ſtrong and well-proportioned body. For even the leaſt portions of the piece and the ſlighteſt decorations muſt be of the epic kind; all things muſt be grave, majeſtical and ſublime: nothing of a foreign nature, like the trifling novels, which Arioſto, and indeed Taſſo and Voltaire, have inſerted in their poems. By which the reader is miſled into another ſort of pleaſure, very oppoſite to that which is deſigned in an epic poem. One raiſes the ſoul and ſtrengthens it to virtue; the other ſoftens and emaſculates it again, and unbends it to vice.

An action that is one and ſimple, which is unfolded eaſily and by degrees, and which does not require a conſtant and weariſome attention, will neceſſarily be more entertaining, than a confuſed heap of wild, unconnected, and monſtrous adventures. The greater the action, the more will it pleaſe and engage all men, as it is the natural foible and propenſity of human nature to be delighted with every thing that is above common life. The action ought to be intereſting, becauſe all hearts feel pleaſure in being moved; and a poem however perfect, if it does not touch and affect us, will be inſipid and diſregarded at all times and in all countries. Laſtly, the action ought to be entire, becauſe no man will be ſatisfied if he receives but one part of the whole which had been promiſed him.

Theſe

Theſe remarks are very applicable to all the epiſodes and under-actions of the Æneid. To the narration carried on in the ſecond and third books, containing the deſtruction of Troy, with which it was abſolutely neceſſary to make the reader acquainted; to the paſſion of Dido and its conſequences, in ſtopping Æneas at Carthage; to the ſports at the tomb of Anchiſes in the fifth, the deſcription of hell in the ſixth; the ſtory of Cacus, and the decorations of the ſhield in the eighth: to which may be added, the adventures of Niſus and Euryalus in the ninth, and of Mezentius and Camilla in the tenth and eleventh. All theſe Virgil hath found a method of connecting with his main ſubject, and of making them intimately eſſential to the fable. We meet with no unnatural mixture in the correct and exact economy of this poem, like the monſters Statius has introduced in his Thebaid. What affinity has the anger of Venus, the butchering of the Lemnians, the deſigns of the Argonauts, and the amours of Jaſon and Hypſipile, with the quarrel between Etëocles and Polynices?

An epic poem is not to be a hiſtory, like the Pharſalia of Lucan, or the Punic war of Silius Italicus: nor the whole life of a hero, like the Achilleïs of Statius. But it is the recital of ſome ſingle great action in the life of a hero.

With regard to the grand point, the morality which thïs fable of the Æneid inculcates, how noble, extenſive, and truly heroical a moral is this; that piety to God, obedience to the orders of providence however harſh they may ſeem, and juſtice and benevolence to men, together with true valour, both active and paſſive, (not ſuch as conſiſts in ſtrength, intrepidity, and fierceneſs only, which is the cou-

rage of a tiger and not of a man) will engage heaven on our ſide, and make both prince and people, victorious, flouriſhing and happy!

SECTION II.

Of the CHARACTERS.

IN a well-diſpoſed picture, it is not required that every figure ſhould be repreſented with an equal degree of ſtrength and eminence. The principal figure muſt be brought nearer the eye, drawn at full length, and be completely viewed, as far as the rules of perſpective and proportion will admit. There will be other perſonages, which it will be neceſſary to place in almoſt as ſtrong a light as that of the principal one. Some figures muſt be half hid; others muſt appear more or leſs entire, as the grouping requires. In repreſenting a croud, or great number of perſons together, the extreme parts only ſhould be diſtinguiſhed, and, in ſhort, ſo much expreſſed, as merely may ſerve to ſhew us that ſomebody is there. As the very remote figures cannot be repreſented with any diſtinction of character, ſo muſt the more important and nearer figures ſignify by their attitude, countenance, titles, or other external marks, their proper character, and what intereſt they bear in the action exhibited.

The caſe is the ſame in the Epopœia. Each actor muſt be repreſented in a greater or leſs degree of ſtrength, according to the part he ſuſtains. The grand and principal figure in the poem before us is Æneas; on whom all the actions of each inferior character

character depend, and who conſequently, is the ſoul of the whole piece. Ænëas is led by the prophecies of the gods to eſtabliſh a new kingdom; accordingly, we ſee him taking all opportunities of practiſing religious duties; and as this is his moſt eminent virtue, Virgil almoſt every where dignifies him with the epithet *pius*. Tho' the frequent repetition of the word *pius* may be thought tautology and idleneſs in the poet, yet I think that epithet conveys with it the deſign of the whole poem, namely, that of founding a new ſtate according to the dictates of heaven. This characteriſtic piety of the hero, occaſions a fine contraſt between him and Turnus, where the league is broken in the twelfth book. In ſhort, whatever he does is enjoined or regulated by religion; conſequently he is juſt, merciful, and generous. Thus he is a far more amiable character than that of Achilles, or Ulyſſes; ſince the actions of the former are almoſt all founded on revenge, and of the latter on diſſimulation.

Next to our hero, Dido acts the moſt conſiderable part in the firſt ſix books, and is the character, on which the plot and intrigue of them turns. She is the foundreſs of Carthage, as Ænëas is the founder of Rome, and ſhe repreſents the obſtacle which this republic laid in the way of the Roman victories, which were to make that ſtate the miſtreſs of the world. She is bold, paſſionate, ambitious, perfidious: but her moſt diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic is diſſimulation. It is by this ſhe revenges her huſband, puniſhes her brother, and deceives Iärbas. It is by this ſhe would retard Ænëas's journey; but not being able to ſucceed in that ſcheme, ſhe deceives her ſiſter and confident. However, Virgil

has given her ſome virtues truly royal. She is magnificent, courteous, and loves to reward what is praiſe-worthy. *Sunt* hic *etiam ſua præmia laudi.* Æn. iv. She is hoſpitable to exceſs, as is evident by her entertaining the Trojans after the ſhipwreck, and this, before her attachment to Ænëas.

In the ſecond part of the poem there are a great many more intereſted perſons than in the firſt. Latinus is a very good and pious prince, but old and without ſons. This gives the queen an occaſion of diſobeying his orders, and Turnus a deſire of being his ſon-in-law in ſpite of him, and of forcing the good old man to proclaim war againſt Æneas, and of making uſe of his ſubjects, his arms, and authority. This default of authority is natural and ordinary among kings that have no heirs.

Amata aſſumes a kind of right to diſpoſe of her daughter. She is ſtrongly in the intereſt of her kinſman Turnus. She is ſo obſtinately bent upon having him for her ſon-in-law, that ſhe had rather die than change her reſolution. This obſtinacy of the woman puts her upon trying a variety of expedients, keeps up her anger and violence, and is the principal character the poet gives her.

The character of Turnus is the ſame with that of Achilles, as far as the alteration of the deſign, and the difference of the fable would admit. We ſee in him a young man, of a furious and vehement temper, paſſionately in love with a princeſs whom a foreign rival would rob him of. His mind is deeply fixed upon arms and war, without conſidering whether this be juſt, or whether the want of juſtice, and the contrary orders of the gods, make it criminal and impious. He ſuffers himſelf at every turn to be tranſported with anger, the moſt pre-

prevailing of all his paſſions. This is the firſt idea our poet gives of him, and which he always ſuſtains very carefully. He is leſs of a ſoldier and more of a general than Achilles. But this general in office ſometimes forgot himſelf, to act the part of a private ſoldier. Had it not been for this, he might have put an end to the war the very ſecond day, when breaking into the entrenchments of Æneas, which he beſieged, his fury made him neglect to keep the paſſage open for his own men, as he might eaſily have done. So far it is true that anger is his principal character; he was ſo full of the idea of Achilles, and ſo animated with the ſame ſpirit; go, ſays he to Pandarus, when he killed him, go tell Priam thou haſt met with a ſecond Achilles here. The poet makes uſe of theſe remote hints and oblique artifices to ſhew the reader the turn and ruling paſſion of Turnus.

The character of this hero partakes likewiſe of the injuſtice of Achilles, in that, from his own particular quarrel, he raiſes a general war, renders his anger pernicious to both parties, and more to his own than that of the enemy: and expoſes many thouſand innocents for his ſingle intereſt. The blameable part of his character is alſo concealed, as the vices of Achilles, by openneſs, by generoſity, and by the dazzling luſtre of a wonderful courage.

Theſe are the moſt ſtriking and the principal perſons in the poem. All the under characters, though more ſlightly touched, are delineated and ſupported with equal beauty and juſtneſs.

The piety of Anchiſes, his attention to prodigies, his mildneſs to Achæmenides; the artful villainy and deliberate deceit of Sinon; the fury of the haughty and tyrannical Mezentius, his impiety

and

and abandoned behaviour; the malice and envy of Drances; the tenderneſs and affection of Niſus and Euryalus; the noble ſimplicity of Evander's manners, more charming than the ſplendors of a modern court; the bravery of the heroine Camilla; the ſoftneſs, modeſty, and reſervedneſs of the lovely Lavinia; are all of them painted in the moſt lively and natural colours, are ſtrongly contraſted to one another, and are juſt draughts of human nature. If there be not that marvelous variety of characters in our poet as in Homer, yet perhaps it may be urged in his defence, that by this very circumſtance our attention is more conſtantly and invariably fixed as it ought to be, on the principal figure, Æneas.

SECTION III.

Of the SENTIMENTS.

THE ſentiments in an epic poem are the ways of thinking and reaſoning, which the author aſcribes to the Perſons he introduces; and are juſt, when they are conformable to the characters of the ſeveral perſons. The ſentiments have likewiſe a relation to things as well as perſons, and are then perfect when they are adapted to the ſubject. If in either of theſe caſes the poet endeavours to argue or explain, to magnify or diminiſh, to raiſe love or hatred, pity or terror, or any other paſſion, we ought to conſider, whether the ſentiments he makes uſe of are proper for theſe ends. Homer is cenſured by ſeveral critics, particularly by La Motte, and others of that claſs and country, who cannot reliſh nature and ſimplicity, for his

his defect as to this particular in ſeveral parts of his Iliad and Odyſſey; but thoſe who have treated this great poet with more ſenſe and candour, have attributed this defect to the times in which he lived, and which he minutely and faithfully deſcribed. It was the fault of the age and not of Homer, if there wants that delicacy in ſome of his ſentiments, which appears in the works of men of a much inferior genius. But what Homer wants in *refinement*, he amply makes up in *nature*. Virgil has excelled all others, excepting Homer, in the propriety of his ſentiments. All the perſonages he introduces ſpeak, according to the duke of Buckingham's proſe-line,

——juſt what a man would do in ſuch a caſe.

But it is not ſufficient for an epic poem to be filled with ſuch thoughts as are natural, unleſs it abound alſo with ſuch as are ſublime. Virgil in this particular is thought to fall ſhort of Homer. He has not indeed ſo many thoughts that are what we now call low and vulgar, but at the ſame time he has not ſo many thoughts that are exalted and ſublime. The truth of it is, Virgil ſeldom riſes into very aſtoniſhing ſentiments, where he is not fired by the Iliad. He every where charms and pleaſes us by the force of his own genius; but ſeldom elevates and tranſports us where he does not borrow his hints from Homer.

Though this remark is doubtleſs true in general, yet I believe many inſtances of great ſublimity may be produced, for which our poet has not been totally indebted to his Greek maſter.

Is not the deſcription of the approach of Hecate nobly conceived?

Ecce autem primi ſub lumina ſolis & ortus,
Sub pedibus mugire ſolum & juga cæpta moveri
Sylvarum;

Sylvarum ; viſæque canes ululare per umbram
Adventante deâ ; procul o procul eſte, profani,
Conclamat vates. ———————————

What can affect the imagination more ſtrongly than the idea of Æneas's fleet, driven upon an unknown coaſt, and, in the dead of a very dark night, hearing the moſt frightful noiſes that could be conceived ?

Noctem illam tecti ſylvis immania monſtra
Perferimus ; nec quae ſonitum det cauſa videmus.
——Horrificis juxta tonat Ætna ruinis,
Interdumque atram prorumpit ad aethera nubem,
Turbine fumantem piceo et candente favillâ.

I muſt add to theſe, that moſt majeſtic figure of Æneas :

Laetitia exultans, horrendumque intonat armis :
Quantus Athos, aut quantus Eryx, aut ipſe coruſcis
Cum fremit ilicibus quantus, gaudetque nivali
Vertice ſe attollens pater Appenninus ad auras.

But above all, I cannot forbear taking notice of Turnus's ſtopping to liſten at the diſtant confuſion and diſtraction of the city, when the queen had hanged herſelf, &c.

Attulit hunc illi caecis terroribus aura
Commixtum clamorem, arrectaſque impulit aures
Confuſae ſonus urbis et illactabile murmur.

And afterwards the deſcription of the Fury, which muſt make the moſt inſenſible tremble to read it.

Alitis in parvae ſubito collecta figuram,
Quae quondam in buſtis aut culminibus deſertis,
Nocte ſedens ſerum canit importuna per umbras.

Hanc

Hanc verſa in faciem, Turni ſe peſtis ad ora,
Fertque refertque ſonans, clypeumque everberat alis.

The circumſtance of the bird's flapping her wings againſt his ſhield is ſtrangely terrifying. It puts me in mind of a fine image in Spenſer,

And over them ſad Horror with grim hue,
Did always ſoar, beating his iron wings——

To conclude this ſection; As there are two kinds of ſentiments, the natural and the ſublime, which are always to be purſued in an heroic poem, there are alſo (ſays Addiſon) two kinds of thoughts which are carefully to be avoided. The firſt are ſuch as are affected and unnatural; the ſecond ſuch as are mean and vulgar. As for the firſt kind of thoughts, we meet with little or nothing that is like them in Virgil. He has none of thoſe trifling points and puerilities, that are ſo often to be met with in Ovid, none of the epigrammatic turns of Lucan, none of thoſe ſwelling ſentiments which are ſo frequent in Statius and Claudian, none of thoſe mixed embelliſhments of Taſſo. Every thing is juſt and natural. His ſentiments ſhew, that he had a perfect inſight into human nature, and that he knew every thing which was the moſt proper to affect it:

Reddere perſonae ſcit convenientia cuique. Hor.

As to the ſecond kind of thoughts, Virgil hath never debaſed the dignity of epic poetry by introducing any ſentiments and images that are mean and vulgar. All is uniformly majeſtic. He has never fallen into thoughts that either are coarſe, or bordering on burleſque; of which the refined and ſuperficial French critics have ſo frequently accuſed Homer,

Homer, without making proper allowances for the manners of thoſe early ages. The difference between the Greek and Latin poet on this occaſion, together with the reaſon of ſuch difference, hath been well pointed out by the ingenious author of an Enquiry into the life and writings of Homer. Virgil, ſays he, had been accuſtomed to the ſplendor of a court, the magnificence of a palace, and the grandeur of a royal equipage; accordingly his repreſentations of that part of life are more auguſt and ſtately than Homer's. He has a greater regard to decency, and thoſe poliſhed manners which render men ſo much of a piece, and make them all reſemble one another in their conduct and behaviour. His ſtate deſigns and political managements are finely laid, and carried on much in the ſpirit of a courtier. The eternity of a government, the forms of magiſtrature, and plan of dominion, ideas to which Homer was a ſtranger, are familiar with the Roman poet. But the Grecian's wiles are plain and natural; either ſtratagems of war, or ſuch deſigns in peace, as depend not upon forming a party for their execution. He excells in the ſimple inſtructive parts of life; the play of the paſſions, the proweſs of bodies, and thoſe ſingle virtues of perſons and characters, that ariſe from untaught, undiſguiſed nature. And afterwards, ——Even the ſtately Agamemnon is not aſhamed to own his paſſion for a captive maid before the whole army.——He is beſides, now and then a little covetous, and tortured with fear to ſuch a degree, that his teeth chatter and his knees knock againſt each other; he groans and weeps and rends his hair, and is in ſuch piteous plight, that, if we were not well aſſured of his perſonal brave-

bravery, we ſhould take him for a downright coward. But Virgil durſt make no condeſcenſion to nature, nor repreſent the human frailties in their genuine light.

SECTION IV.

Of the LANGUAGE.

TO crown theſe excellencies, the ſtyle of Virgil is remarkable for perſpicuity and purity, for harmony, for brevity, and ſublimity.

As idiomatic ways of ſpeaking grow familiar and mean by the frequent uſe of them in ordinary converſation, ſo an epic poet ſhould diligently guard againſt falling into obvious phraſes and current expreſſions, which would debaſe and ſink his language to the level of proſe. For this reaſon, he raiſes his ſtyle by a judicious uſe of metaphors, by lively and expreſſive epithets, or by making uſe of the idioms of other tongues; as Virgil, for inſtance, is full of the Greek forms of ſpeech which the critics call helleniſms. But how many, to avoid the mean and the groveling, fall into the ſtiff, the unnatural, and the falſe ſublime. Among the Greeks, Æſchylus, and in a few paſſages, Sophocles, were guilty of this fault; among the Latins, Lucan, Statius, Claudian and Seneca; among the Engliſh, Shakeſpear, and the pathetic Lee; among the French, Du Bartas, Ronſard, and ſometimes Corneille. In theſe authors, the affectation of greatneſs often hurts the perſpicuity of ſtyle; as in many others the endeavour after perſpicuity prejudices its greatneſs. Virgil has kept a juſt mean,

is

is clear without being tame, and is lofty without being turgid in his expreſſions.

In Virgil we meet with no mixture of different ideas, no metaphors harſh and violent, no epithets that claſh with and contradict the nature of their ſubſtantives; nothing like the *Meſſis clypeata virorum* of Ovid, or *the ſhining ruin, and graceful terror*, and *moving iron wood*, (for an army marching with ſpears erect) of a better writer than Ovid, but one ſometimes infected with the modern love of glittering expreſſions, and fond of the falſe florid.

With regard to verſification, a reader who hath a juſt muſical ear, and attentively peruſes twenty lines together in the Æneid, will find and feel as much true harmony and melodiouſneſs in them, as in the moſt admired airs of a ſkilful muſician. There is no tedious uniformity in Virgil's numbers, as in moſt other Latin writers, particularly Ovid and Claudian: his pauſes in each line are perpetually varied; his eliſions are introduced with as good effect as the flats and ſharps in muſic; and above all there is a certain majeſty in his lines that approaches as near Homer's verſification as the *patrii ſermonis egeſtas* would allow.

As to thoſe verſes in Virgil, which are an echo to the ſenſe, and which expreſs by their ſound and flowing, the thing deſcribed, there is no doubt to be entertained, but that the poet frequently intended this beauty, though perhaps not ſo often as certain chimerical critics imagine. I cannot help thinking this beauty was deſigned to be obſerved in the following lines among many others:

Radit iter liquidum, celeres neque commovet alas.
Et magnos membrorum artus, magna oſſa lacertoſque.
Ut quondam in buſtis aut culminibus deſertis.

Ferte

Ferte citi flammas, date vela, impellite remos.
Cornua velatarum obvertimus antennarum.
—— *Telum imbelle ſine ictu.*

And many more inſtances, which could not happen by accident, may be ſeen in the third book of Vida's poetics, and in Clarke's notes on the Iliad.

There remains to be mentioned Virgil's diſtinguiſhing beauty and characteriſtical excellence, his exquiſite and expreſſive brevity. He never inſerts a ſyllable in vain. He is cloſe and preſt. He gives us more things than words. We admire others, ſays a witty writer, for what they ſay; but we admire Virgil for what he does not ſay. He never exhauſts the ſubject, by ſaying all upon it that could be ſaid, but leaves ſomething for the mind of the reader to diſcover. To him may we juſtly apply the elegant elogium which Pliny gives Timanthes, one of the moſt admirable painters of Greece, in the xth chap. of the 35th book: *Timanthi plurimum adfuit ingenii in omnibus operibus ejus; intelligitur enim plus ſemper quam pingitur.* "Timanthes diſplayed a great genius in all his pieces, his meaning always is much fuller than his expreſſion."

From this ſhort view of the Æneid it may appear, that the plan of it is formed upon pious reſignation and its rewards, as the plan of the Iliad is, upon anger and its pernicious effects. Conſequently Æneas is a more amiable and virtuous character than Achilles, whom Homer never deſigned as a perfect hero, or as a proper object of imitation. The intention and ſcope of the Iliad is ſo plainly pointed out by Horace in his epiſtle to Lollius, that it is wonderful ſo many critics ſhould have miſtaken it:

Stultorum regum & populorum continet æſtus.

I have

I have purpoſely avoided entering into any minute compariſon betwixt theſe two great poets, becauſe all that can juſtly be ſaid on the ſubject is comprehended in the following excellent words of Pope.

No author or man, ever excelled all the world, in more than one faculty, and as Homer has done this in invention, Virgil has in judgment. Not that we are to think Homer wanted judgment becauſe Virgil had it in a more eminent degree; or that Virgil wanted invention becauſe Homer poſſeſſed a larger ſhare of it: each of theſe great authors had more of both than perhaps any man beſides, and are only ſaid to have leſs in compariſon with one another. Homer was the greater genius, Virgil the better artiſt. In one we moſt admire the man, in the other the work.

If it be allowable to criticiſe in the way of imagery, I would add, that the muſe of Homer, full of fire and enthuſiaſm, reſembles the Sybil in her prophetic fury;

——— *non vultus, non color unus,*
Non comptae manſere comae; ſed pectus anhelum,
Et rabie fera corda tument; majorque videri,
Nec mortale ſonans. ———

But the muſe of Virgil, more graceful and ſedate, may be compared to the elegant figure he himſelf has painted of the mother of his hero;

——*avertens roſeâ cervice refulſit,*
Ambroſiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem
Spiravere; pedes veſtis defluxit ad imos,
Et vera inceſſu patuit dea.

THE

THE FIRST BOOK OF *VIRGIL's* ÆNEID.

The ARGUMENT.

The Trojans, *after a ſeven years voyage, ſet ſail for* Italy, *but are overtaken by a dreadful ſtorm, which* Æolus *raiſes at* Juno's *requeſt. The tempeſt ſinks one ſhip, and ſcatters the reſt:* Neptune *drives off the winds, and calms the ſeas.* Æneas *with his own, and ſix more ſhips, arrives ſafe at an* African *port.* Venus *complains to* Jupiter *of her ſon's misfortunes.* Jupiter *comforts her, and ſends* Mercury *to procure him a kind reception among the* Carthaginians. Æneas, *going out to diſcover the country, meets his mother in the ſhape of a huntreſs, who conveys him in a cloud to* Carthage; *where he ſees his friends whom he thought loſt, and receives a kind entertainment from the queen.* Dido, *by a device of* Venus, *begins to have a paſſion for him, and, after ſome diſcourſe with him deſires the hiſtory of his adventures ſince the ſiege of* Troy; *which is the ſubject of the two following books.*

VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

THE

FIRST BOOK.

ARMS, and the Man I ſing, the firſt who bore
His courſe to Latium from the Trojan ſhore;
By fate expell'd, on land and ocean toſt,
Before he reach'd the fair Lavinian coaſt:

"It is allowed at preſent, ſays the Rambler, that the proemial lines of a poem, in which the general ſubject is propoſed, muſt always be void of glitter and embelliſhment. The firſt lines of Paradiſe Loſt, ſays Mr. Addiſon, are perhaps as plain, ſimple, and unadorned, as any of the whole poem, in which particular the author has conformed himſelf to the example of Homer, and the precept of Horace. This obſervation ſeems to have been made by an implicit adoption of the common opinion without much conſideration, either of the precept or example. Had Horace been conſulted, he would have been found to have directed what ſhould be compriſed in the propoſition, not how it ſhould be expreſſed; and to have commended Homer in oppoſition to a meaner poet, not for the gradual elevation of his diction, but the expanſion of his plan, for diſplaying events which he had not promiſed, not for producing unexpected elegancies of ſtile.

——*Speciosa dehinc miracula promit*
Antiphaten Scyllamque, & cum Cyclope Charybdim.

Doom'd by the Gods a length of wars to wage,
And urg'd by Juno's unrelenting rage;
Ere the brave hero rais'd, in theſe abodes,
His deſtin'd walls, and fix'd his wand'ring gods.

If the exordial lines of Homer be compared with the reſt of the poem, they will not appear remarkable for plainneſs or ſimplicity, but rather eminently adorned and illuminated.

Ανδρα μοι εννεπε, Μουσα, πολυτροπον, ὃς μαλα πολλα
Πλαγχθη, επει Τροιης ἱερον πτολιεθρον επερσε·
Πολλων δ' ανθρωπων ιδεν αστεα καὶ νοον εγνω,
Πολλα δ' ὁγ' εν ποντῳ παθεν αλγεα ὃν κατὰ θυμον,
Αρνυμενος ην τε ψυχην καὶ νοστον ἑταιρων·
Αλλ' ουδ' ὡς ἑταρους ερρυσατο ἱεμενος περ,
Αυτων γαρ σφετερῃσιν ατασθαλιῃσιν ολοντο,
Νηπιοι, ὁι κατὰ βους ὑπερειονος ηελιοιο
Ησθιον· αυταρ ὁ τοισιν αφειλετο νοστιμον ἡμαρ.
Των αμοθεν γε, θεα θυγατερ Διος, ειπε καὶ ἡμιν.

The firſt verſes of the Iliad are eminently ſplendid, and the propoſition of the Æneid cloſes with dignity and magnificence not often to be found even in the poetry of Virgil. The intent of the introduction is to raiſe expectation and ſuſpend it: ſomething therefore muſt be diſcovered and ſomething concealed: the poet, while the fertility of his invention is yet unknown, may properly recommend himſelf by the grace of his language. He that reveals too much or promiſes too little, he that never irritates the intellectual appetite, or who immediately ſatiates it, equally defeats his own purpoſe; and ſince it is neceſſary to the pleaſure of the reader, that few events ſhould be anticipated, by what can his attention be invited, but by grandeur of expreſſion?" No. 158.

5. *By the gods.*] In the original,

Vi ſuperûm, ſaevae memorem Junonis ob iram.

The ſenſe goes on, juſt as well, without this verſe, as with it. Since Virgil has ſaid here that it was by Juno's means; it is odd enough, that he ſhould aſk his muſe, by whoſe means it was, ver. 8. *infra.* The tranſlator has avoided this ſeeming impropriety.

Hence the fam'd Latian line, and ſenates come,
And the proud triumphs, and the tow'rs of Rome.
Say, Muſe, what cauſes could ſo far incenſe
Celeſtial pow'rs, and what the dire offence
That mov'd heav'n's aweful empreſs to impoſe
On ſuch a pious prince a weight of woes,
Expos'd to dangers, and with toils oppreſt?
Can rage ſo fierce inflame an heavenly breaſt?
Againſt th' Italian coaſt, of ancient fame
A city roſe, and Carthage was the name;
A Tyrian colony; from Tiber far;
Rich, rough, and brave, and exercis'd in war.
Which Juno far above all realms, above
Her own dear Samos, honoured with her love.
Here ſtood her chariot, here her armour lay,
Here ſhe deſign'd, would deſtiny give way,
Ev'n then the ſeat of univerſal ſway.
But of a race ſhe heard, that ſhould deſtroy
The Tyrian tow'rs, a race deriv'd from Troy,
Who proud in arms, triumphant by their ſwords,
Should riſe in time, the world's victorious lords;
By fate deſign'd her Carthage to ſubdue,
And on her ruin'd empire raiſe a new.
This fear'd the goddeſs; and in mind ſhe bore
The late long war her fury rais'd before
For Greece with Troy; nor was her wrath reſign'd,
But every cauſe hung heavy on her mind;
Her form diſdain'd, and Paris' judgment, roll
Deep in her breaſt, and kindle all her ſoul;

Th' immortal honours of the raviſh'd boy,
And laſt, the whole deteſted race of Troy.
With all theſe motives fir'd, from Latium far
She drove the relicks of the Grecian war:
Fate urg'd their courſe; and long they wander'd o'er
The ſpacious ocean toſt from ſhore to ſhore.
So vaſt the work to build the mighty frame,
And raiſe the glories of the Roman name!
Scarce from Sicilian ſhores the ſhouting train
Spread their broad ſails, and plough'd the foamy main;
When haughty Juno thus her rage expreſt;
Th' eternal wound ſtill rankling in her breaſt.

40. *With all theſe motives fir'd*, &c.] Obſerve (ſays Catrou) the delicate art of Virgil in this paſſage. In the enumeration of the cauſes of thoſe quarrels and diſguſts that animate Juno againſt the Trojans, not one of them falls perſonally upon Æneas. He is the object of this goddeſs's hatred only as he is a Trojan. By this conduct the poet excites the compaſſion of his readers in favour of Æneas.

48. *When haughty Juno.*] Virgil, we ſee, introduces machinery in the very beginning of his poem; the reaſon of which, and the uſe of machinery in general, was never better explained than lately, by Mr. Spence in his Polymetis: whoſe obſervations I ſhall give at length, becauſe they will ſerve to illuſtrate a great number of paſſages in the Æneid.

"The greateſt of the ancient poets ſeem to have held, that every thing in the moral as well as the natural world, was carried on by the influence and direction of the ſupreme being. It was Jupiter that actuated every thing, and in ſome ſenſe might be ſaid to do every thing that was done. This univerſal principle of action they conſidered, for their own eaſe, as divided into ſo many ſeveral perſonages, as they had occaſion for cauſes. Hence every part of the creation was filled by them with deities; and no action was performed without the aſſiſtance of ſome god or other, for every power ſuperior to man they called by that name.

"This

Then muſt I ſtop? are all my labours vain?
And muſt this Trojan prince in Latium reign?
Belike, the fates may baffle Juno's aims;
And why could Pallas, with avenging flames,
Burn a whole navy of the Grecian ſhips,
And whelm the ſcatter'd Argives in the deeps?

"This way of thinking (or at leaſt this way of talking) was received by many of their philoſophers as well as poets, though it was particularly ſerviceable to the latter, and therefore appears ſo frequently in their works. Petronius Arbiter tells us, that a good epic poet ſhould always lay hold of this advantage; and ſhould carry on his whole action, by the help of what we call machinery: and when Horace ſpeaks againſt gods being introduced too freely, in a paſſage that is ſo often quoted, and ſometimes not quite to the purpoſe, he ſpeaks only of the introducing them too freely on the ſtage: for in epic poems, the very beſt of the ancient poets, and the greateſt patterns for writing that ever were, introduce them perpetually and without reſerve. Homer, who was ſo highly admired by Horace, ſcarce does any thing without them; and Virgil, who was both admired and loved ſo much by him (and whoſe Æneid was even publiſhed ten years before Horace died) follows Homer more cloſely in this, than in any other point I know of. But the example of Virgil is, I think, ſufficient for me at preſent; who has employed machinery ſo much and ſo freely in his Æneid, that almoſt the whole of the ſtory is carried on by the intervention of the gods. If we juſt run over the firſt book in this light, we ſhall ſee, that if Æneas meets with a ſtorm, juſt after his firſt-ſetting out, it is Æolus that raiſes it at the requeſt of Juno, and by the operation of the ſeveral genius's that preſide over the winds: if the ſea grows calm again, it is by the appearance of the deity who preſides over that element; who countermands thoſe winds and ſends them back to their caves. If Æneas lands on the coaſt of Africa, and is to be kindly received at Carthage, it is Mercury that is ſent by Jupiter to ſoften the minds of the Carthaginians and their queen toward him. And if he eſcapes all the attacks and dangers in paſſing through an unknown country,

She, for the crime of Ajax, from above
Launch'd thro' the clouds the fiery bolts of Jove;
Daſh'd wide his fleet, and, as her tempeſt flew,
Expos'd the ocean's inmoſt depths to view.
Then, while transfix'd the blaſted wretch expires
Flames from his breaſt, and fires ſucceeding fires,
Snatch'd in a whirlwind, with a ſudden ſhock,
She hurl'd him headlong on a pointed rock.
But I, who move ſupreme in heaven's abodes,
Jove's ſiſter-wife, and empreſs of the gods,
With this one nation muſt a war maintain
For years on years; and wage that war in vain!
And now what ſuppliants will invoke my name,
Adore my pow'r, or bid my altars flame?
Thus fir'd with rage and vengeance, now ſhe flies
To dark Æolia, from the diſtant ſkies,

and an inhoſpitable people, till he comes to their capital; it is Venus who ſhrouds him in a cloud, and protects him from all danger. In fine, if the queen falls in love with him when he is arrived there; though ſhe be repreſented as not old, and he as very handſome: yet muſt Cupid do no leſs, than undergo a transformation; to lie on her breaſt and inſinuate that ſoft paſſion there.

"This ſort of management which is uſed ſo much by Virgil in the entrance of his poem, runs through it quite to the end; and appears as fully in Æneas's combat with Turnus in the laſt book, as it did in his arrival at Carthage in the firſt. Every ſtep and progreſſion in the ſtory, is full of machinery; or, according to Petronius's general rule, is carried on by the interpoſition and adminiſtration of the gods." Polymetis, *Dialogue* xx. p. 317.

56. *Of Ajax.*] Virgil might here have an eye to ſome celebrated picture of this Ajax. *Apollodori eſt Ajax fulmine incenſus, qui Pergami ſpectatur lodie.* Plin. l. xxxv. c. 9. p. 429. Edit. Elzevir.

Impregnated with ſtorms ; whoſe tyrant binds
The bluſt'ring tempeſts, and reluctant winds.
Their rage imperial Æolus reſtrains
With rocky dungeons, and enormous chains.
The bellowing brethren, in the mountain pent,
Roar round the cave, and ſtruggle for a vent.
From his high throne, their fury to aſſuage,
He ſhakes his ſceptre, and controuls their rage ;
Or down the void their rapid whirls had driv'n
Earth, air, and ocean, and the tow'rs of heaven.
But Jove, the mighty ruin to prevent,
In gloomy caves th' aërial captives pent ;
O'er their wild rage the pond'rous rocks he ſpread,
And hurl'd huge heaps of mountains on their head;
And gave a king, commiſſion'd to reſtrain
And curb the tempeſt, or to looſe the rein.
Whom thus the queen addreſs'd: Since mighty Jove,
The king of men, and ſire of gods above,
Gives thee, great Æolus, the pow'r to raiſe
Storms at thy ſovereign will, or ſmooth the ſeas ;
A race, I long have labour'd to deſtroy,
Waft to Heſperia the remains of Troy.
Ev'n now their navy cuts the Tuſcan floods,
Charg'd with their exiles, and their vanquiſh'd gods.
Wing all thy furious winds; o'erwhelm the train,
Diſperſe, or plunge their veſſels in the main.
Twice ſev'n bright nymphs, of beauteous ſhape are mine;
For thy reward the faireſt I'll reſign,
The charming Deiopeia ſhall be thine ;

She, on thy bed, long bleſſings ſhall confer,
And make thee father ot a race like her.

'Tis your's, great queen, replies the pow'r, to lay
The taſk, and mine to liſten and obey.
By you, I ſit a gueſt with gods above,
And ſhare the graces and the ſmiles of Jove:
By you, theſe realms, this ſceptre I maintain,
And wear theſe honours of the ſtormy reign.

So ſpoke th' obſequious god; and, while he ſpoke,
Whirl'd his vaſt ſpear, and pierc'd the hollow rock.
The winds, embattled, as the mountain rent,
Flew all at once impetuous thro' the vent;
Earth, in their courſe, with giddy whirls they ſweep,
Ruſh to the ſeas, and bare the boſom of the deep:
Eaſt, Weſt, and South, all black with tempeſts, roar,
And roll vaſt billows to the trembling ſhore.

109. *So ſpoke the obſequious god.*] He that would be a real poet, ſays Boſſu, muſt leave it to hiſtorians to ſay that a fleet was ſhatter'd by a ſtorm, and caſt upon a ſtrange coaſt: and muſt ſay with Virgil, that Juno went to Æolus, and that this god, upon her requeſt, unlooſed the winds againſt Æneas. Let him leave it to an hiſtorian to write, that a young prince behaved himſelf on all occaſions with great prudence, wiſdom and diſcretion: but let him ſay with Homer, that Minerva led him by the hand in all his enterprizes.

115. *Eaſt, Weſt, &c.*] This ſtorm of Virgil's probably contributed towards ſetting almoſt all the Roman poets after him a ſtorm-painting. In Agam. Sc. iii. we have a puerile imitation of it. Lucan has another, carried to exceſs: Ovid, according to his manner, has ſeveral: and Val. Flaccus one, Argon. i. 641. which was certainly taken from this; unleſs both that and this were originally copied from Appollonius Rhodius, B. 2. Juvenal ſeems to ridicule their overcharging their pieces; where ſpeaking of a real ſtorm, he ſays 'twas as bad as a poetical one. Sat. xxii. 24.

SPENCE.

The cordage cracks; with unavailing cries
The Trojans mourn; while ſudden clouds ariſe,
And raviſh from their ſight the ſplendors of the ſkies.
Night hovers o'er the floods; the day retires;
The heav'ns flaſh thick with momentary fires;
Loud thunders ſhake the poles; from ev'ry place
Grim death appear'd, and glar'd in ev'ry face.
In horror fix'd the Trojan hero ſtands,
He groans, and ſpreads to heav'n his lifted hands.
Thrice happy thoſe! whoſe fate it was to fall
(Exclaims the chief) beneath the Trojan wall.
Oh! 'twas a glorious fate to die in fight,
To die, ſo bravely, in their parents' ſight!
Oh! had I there, beneath Tydides' hand,
That braveſt hero of the Grecian band,

124. *In horror fixt the Trojan hero.*] The objections of thoſe critics, who from this paſſage arraign Æneas of cowardice, are moſt weak and frivolous. All fear is not cowardice, as no fierceneſs is true courage. Æneas is afraid of the gods, and for his country: both which are conſiſtent with the trueſt magnanimity; nay, there can be no true magnanimity without them. TRAPP.

There is a very remarkable paſſage in a letter of Pope to the duke of Buckingham, which this ſubject puts me in mind of. "I can tell your grace, no leſs a hero than my lord Peterborow, when a perſon complimented him for never being afraid, made this anſwer; "Sir, ſhew me a danger that I think an imminent and real one, and I promiſe you I'll be as much afraid as any of you." A braver anſwer was never made by any one of the ancient heroes whatever.

128. *Oh! 'twas a glorious fate.*] Pope obſerves, that Virgil has borrowed this thought from a paſſage in the twenty-firſt Iliad; where Achilles is in the very ſame circumſtances as Æneas, in danger of being drowned. He adds, nothing is more agreeable than this wiſh to the heroic character of Achilles; glory is his prevailing paſſion: he grieves not that

Pour'd out this ſoul, with martial glory fir'd,
And in that field triumphantly expir'd,
Where Hector fell by fierce Achilles' ſpear,
And great Sarpedon, the renown'd in war;
Where Simois' ſtreams, incumber'd with the ſlain,
Roll'd ſhields, and helms, and heroes to the main.

Thus while he mourns, the Northern blaſt prevails,
Breaks all his oars, and rends his flying ſails;
The prow turns round; the galley leaves her ſide
Bare to the working waves, and roaring tide;
While in huge heaps the gathering ſurges ſpread,
And hang in wat'ry mountains o'er his head.

he muſt die, but that he ſhould die unlike a man of honour. Lucan, in the fifth book of his Pharſalia, repreſenting Cæſar under the ſame ſituation, has, I think, carried yet farther the character of ambition, and a noble thirſt of glory, in his hero: when after he has repined in the ſame manner with Achilles and Æneas, he acquieſces at laſt in the reflection of the glory he had already acquired.

——*Licet ingentis abruperit actus*
Feſtinata dies Fatis, ſat magna peregi,
Arctoas domui gentes; inimica ſubegi
Arma manu; vidit Magnum mihi Roma ſecundum.

And wiſhes that his obſcure fate might be concealed, only that all the world might ſtill fear and expect him. This laſt circumſtance is exceedingly great.

——*Lacerum retinete cadaver*
Fluctibus in mediis; deſint mihi buſta, roguſque,
Dum metuar ſemper, terrâque expectet ab omni.

I am glad of any opportunity of doing juſtice to this neglected author; who, tho' by no means a chaſte and correct writer, abounds in ſome of the moſt noble and exalted ſentiments, that can any where be found.

137. *Roll'd ſhields, and helms.*] The reader could not but be attentive, the very firſt time the hero of the poem ſpoke. His ſpeech ends with remarkable ſpirit. And the numbers in the two laſt lines have a noble and majeſtic flow.

Theſe ride on waves ſublime; thoſe ſee the ground
Low in the boiling deeps, and dark profound.
Three ſhatter'd gallies the ſtrong Southern blaſt
On hidden rocks, with dreadful fury, caſt;
Th' Italians call them altars, as they ſtood
Sublime, and heav'd their backs above the flood.
Three more, fierce Eurus on the Syrtes threw
From the main ſea, and (terrible to view)
He daſh'd, and left the veſſels, on the land,
Intrench'd with mountains of ſurrounding ſand.
Struck by a billow, in the hero's view,
From prow to ſtern the ſhatter'd galley flew
Which bore Orontes. and the Lycian crew:
Swept off the deck, the pilot from the ſhip,
Stunn'd by the ſtroke, ſhot headlong down the deep:
The veſſel, by the ſurge toſt round and round,
Sunk, in the whirling gulf devour'd and drown'd.
Some from the dark abyſs emerge again;
Arms, planks, and treaſures, float along the main.
And now thy ſhip, Ilioneus, gives way,
Nor thine, Achates, can reſiſt the ſea;
Nor old Alethes his ſtrong galley ſaves;
Then Abas yields to the victorious waves:
The ſtorm diſſolves their well-compacted ſides,
Which drink at many a leak the hoſtile tides.
Mean time th' imperial monarch of the main
Heard the loud tumults in his wat'ry reign,
And ſaw the furious tempeſt wide around
Work up the waters, from the vaſt profound.

Then for his liquid realms alarm'd, the god
Lifts his high head above the ſtormy flood,
Majeſtic and ſerene: he rolls his eyes,
And ſcatter'd wide the Trojan navy ſpies,
Oppreſs'd by waves below, by thunders from the ſkies.
Full well he knew his ſiſter's endleſs hate,
Her wiles and arts to ſink the Trojan ſtate.
To Eurus, and the Weſtern blaſt, he cry'd,
Does your high birth inſpire this boundleſs pride,
Audacious winds! without a pow'r from me,
To raiſe, at will, ſuch mountains on the ſea?
Thus to confound heav'n, earth, the air, and main?
Whom I—but firſt I'll calm the waves again.
But if you tempt my rage a ſecond time,
Know, that ſome heavier vengeance waits the crime.
Hence; fly with ſpeed; from me, your tyrant tell,
That to my lot this wat'ry empire fell.
Bid him his rocks, your darkſome dungeonss keep,
Nor dare uſurp the trident of the deep.
There, in that gloomy court, diſplay his pow'r,
And hear his tempeſts round their caverns roar.
He ſpoke, and ſpeaking chac'd the clouds away,
Huſh'd the loud billows, and reſtor'd the day.

174. *Lifts his high head.*] In the original there is a ſeeming contradiction: in the two lines that deſcribe the riſing of Neptune

—— graviter *commotus* & alto
Proſpiciens, ſummâ *placidum* caput extulit undâ.

Where the words *graviter commotus* & *placidum* caput ſeem to claſh. But may not the effect which he came to produce be implied in *placidum?* or is not *placidum* a *general* epithet appropriated to Neptune, on any occaſion?

194. *He ſpoke, and ſpeaking chac'd &c.*] "In the works of

Cymothoë guards the veſſels in the ſhock,
And Triton heaves 'em from the pointed rock.
With his huge trident, the majeſtic god
Clear'd the wild Syrtes, and compos'd the flood;
Then mounted on his radiant car he rides,
And wheels along the level of the tides.
As when ſedition fires th' ignoble crowd,
And the wild rabble ſtorms and thirſts for blood:
Of ſtones and brands, a mingled tempeſt flies,
With all the ſudden arms that rage ſupplies:
If ſome grave ſire appears, amid the ſtrife,
In morals ſtrict, and innocence of life,
All ſtand attentive; while the ſage controuls
Their wrath, and calms the tumult of their ſouls.

of the ancients, nature and machinery generally go hand in hand, and ſerve chiefly to manifeſt one another. Thus, for inſtance, in the ſtorm, in the very beginning of the Æneid; theſe imaginary beings are introduced in every part of it: but it is only ſuch beings, as are proper for the part in which they are introduced; and they appear there only to carry on the true order of the natural effects. The goddeſs of the upper air deſires the god of the winds, to let looſe thoſe turbulent ſubjects of his; they are let looſe; the ſea is immediately all in a tumult; and the god of the ſea appears, to make it all calm again. There ſeems to me, not to be any more difference in this, and the natural account of the thing; than if you ſhould ſay, that all the parts of matter tend towards each other; and I ſhould ſay, that ſome ſpiritual power always impels them towards each other. The effects are juſt the ſame; only in one caſe we look upon them as acting; and in the other as acted upon." Spence's Polymetis, Dial. xx.

Theſe judicious reflections applied in a proper manner to other fables and machines, may ſerve as a key to all the ancient mythology; and ſhew moſt of their ſtories, idle as they ſeem on the firſt view, to be full of good ſenſe and ſound philoſophy at the bottom.

So did the roaring deeps their rage compoſe,
When the great father of the floods aroſe.
Rapt by his ſteeds he flies in open day,
Throws up the reins, and ſkims the wat'ry way.
The Trojans, weary'd with the ſtorm, explore
The neareſt land, and reach the Libyan ſhore.
Far in a deep receſs, her jutting ſides
An iſle projects, to break the rolling tides,
And forms a port, where, curling from the ſea,
The waves ſteal back, and wind into a bay.
On either ſide, ſublime in air, ariſe
Two tow'ring rocks, whoſe ſummits brave the ſkies;
Low at their feet the ſleeping ocean lies:
Crown'd with a gloomy ſhade of waving woods,
Their aweful brows hang nodding o'er the floods.
Oppos'd to theſe, a ſecret grotto ſtands,
The haunt of Nereids, fram'd by nature's hands;

217. This is a moſt beautiful and pictureſque deſcription. Pouſſin never painted a more ſolemn ſcene. Catrou is of opinion, that the poet had in view the port of Ancona. Lucretius has painted ſomething like this: and the lines are very poetical.

——Noctivagi ſylveſtria templa tenebant
Nympharum, quibus exibant humore fluenta
Lubrica, proluvie largâ lavere humida ſaxa,
Humida ſaxa ſuper viridi ſtillantia muſco;
Et partim plano ſcatere atque erumpere campo.

Lib. iv. 945.

225. *Secret grotto.*] "There is a place in the kingdom of Tunis (under the promontory of Mercury, now called Cape Bon) a few miles eaſt of Carthage, that exactly anſwers the deſcription of this grotto. This hollow goes in twenty or thirty fathoms, under the hills; and thoſe who took out the ſtone

Where poliſh'd ſeats appear of living ſtone,
And limpid rills, that tinkle as they run.
No cable here, nor circling anchor binds
The floating veſſel harraſs'd with the winds.
The Dardan hero brings to this retreat
Sev'n ſhatter'd ſhips, the relicts of his fleet.
With fierce deſire to gain the friendly ſtrand,
The Trojans leap in rapture to the land,
And, drench'd in brine, lye ſtretch'd along the ſand.
Achates ſtrikes the flint, and from the ſtroke
The lurking ſeeds of fire in ſparkles broke;
The catching flame on leaves and ſtubble preys,
Then gathers ſtrength, and mounts into a blaze.

ſtone from it (for it ſeems to have been a quarry) left a ſort of pillars at proper diſtances, to ſupport the weight at top from falling in. The arches which theſe pillars help to form, lie open to the ſea; there are little ſtreams perpetually draining from the rocks; and ſeats of ſtone formed within, probably for the uſe of thoſe who worked in that quarry. There is a cliſt on each ſide; and the brow of the mountain is overſhadowed with trees." Mr. SPENCE, from Dr. SHAW; who has given a farther account of them in his travels. Pag. 157.

236. *Achates ſtrikes the flint.*] 'Tis remarkable that M. Segrais has omitted this circumſtance in his tranſlation. He tells us, that to adapt his work to the French manners, he dared not give Achates, the great favourite of the hero, ſo mean an office as that of lighting a fire. The Latin tongue and the ancients, (continues he,) are able to give a gracefulneſs to this kind of paintings, and to make ſuch low circumſtances agreeable; but they would be highly diſguſting to our age. What can give one a ſtronger idea of the falſe delicacy of the French nation, and of the incapacity of their language to deſcribe ſeveral little circumſtances, which ought to have a place in an epic poem?

Tir'd with their labours, they prepare to dine,
And grind their corn, infected with the brine.
Æneas mounts a rock, and thence ſurveys
The wide and wat'ry proſpect of the ſeas;
Now hopes the ſhatter'd Phrygian ſhips to find,
Antheus, or Capys, driving with the wind;
And now, Caïcus' glitt'ring arms to ſpy,
Wide o'er the vaſt horizon darts his eye.
The chief could view no veſſel on the main;
But three tall ſtags ſtalk'd proudly o'er the plain;
Before the herd their beamy fronts they rais'd;
Stretch'd out in length, the train along the valley graz'd.
The Prince, who ſpy'd 'em on the ſhore below,
Stop'd ſhort—then ſnatch'd the feather'd ſhafts and bow,
Which good Achates bore: his arrows fled;
And firſt he laid the lordly leaders dead;
Next all th' ignoble vulgar he purſu'd,
And with his ſhafts diſpers'd 'em thro' the wood;
Nor ceas'd the chief, 'till, ſtretch'd beneath his feet,
Lay ſev'n huge ſtags, the number of his fleet.
Back to the port the victor bends his way,
And with his friends divides the copious prey.
The generous wine to crown the genial feaſt,
Which kind Aceſtes gave his parting gueſt,

242. *Æneas mounts a rock.*] Nothing can more entertain the imagination than the hero's mounting this hill to examine on what kind of coaſt they were landed, and his ſeeing no object but the herd of deer, grazing wildly. This amuſing proſpect, and the deſcription of that beautiful, retired, and ſafe harbour, in ver. 220. make a fine contraſt to the preceding tumult and dreadful images of the ſtorm.

Next to his ſad aſſociates he imparts ;
And with theſe words revives their drooping hearts.
Friends ! we have known more toils, than now we know,
By long experience exercis'd in woe ;
And ſoon to theſe diſaſters ſhall be giv'n
A certain period by relenting heav'n.
Think, how you ſaw the dire Cyclopean ſhore,
Heard Scylla's rocks, and all her monſters, roar.
Diſmiſs your fears ; on theſe misfortunes paſt
Your minds with pleaſure may reflect at laſt.
Thro' ſuch varieties of woes, we tend
To promis'd Latium, where our toils ſhall end :
Where the kind fates ſhall peaceful ſeats ordain,
And Troy, in all her glories, riſe again.
With manly patience bear your preſent ſtate,
And with firm courage wait a better fate.
So ſpoke the chief, and hid his inward ſmart ;
Hope ſmooth'd his looks, but anguiſh rack'd his heart.
The hungry crowd prepare, without delay,
To dreſs the banquet, and to ſhare the prey.
Some from the body ſtrip the ſmoaking hide,
Some cut in morſels, and the parts divide ;
Theſe bid, with buſy care, the flames aſpire ;
Thoſe roaſt the limbs, yet quiv'ring o'er the fire.

283. *To dreſs the banquet.*] Virgil dared not enter into ſo very minute a deſcription of this feaſt, as the ſimplicity of manners in Homer's time both allowed and indeed required. And who has therefore been ſo unjuſtly cenſured by lord Roſcommon, a diſciple of the French critics, for ſuch ſort of *minute* and *natural* deſcriptions.

——— Who has look'd
On holy garbage tho' by Homer cook'd ?

Thus, while their ſtrength and ſpirits they reſtore,
The brazen cauldrons ſmoak along the ſhore.
Stretch'd on the graſs, their bodies they recline,
Enjoy the rich repaſt, and quaff the gen'rous wine.
The rage of hunger quell'd, they paſs'd away
In long and melancholy talk the day;
Nor knew, by fears and hopes alternate led,
Whether to deem their friends diſtreſs'd, or dead.
Apart the pious chief, who ſuffer'd moſt,
Bemoans brave Gyas and Cloanthus loſt:

297. *Gyas and Cloanthus.*] Virgil hath been greatly cenſured for a want of variety in his characters, and becauſe he hath not fill'd his poem with ſo many heroes as Homer hath done. Ajax, Diomed, Idomeneus, &c. are all ſhining characters, and are all diverſified and diſtinguiſhed from one another. Whereas the faithful Achates, the brave Gyas, and the brave Cloanthus [*fortemque Gyan fortemque Cloanthum*] the ſame over and over again, are of no material uſe in the poem, and ſerve only to fill now and then the gap of a verſe or two. Mr. Voltaire's anſwer to this cenſure is as follows:

I am apt to think, ſays he, that ſuch an objection turns a great deal to the advantage of the Æneid: Virgil ſung the *actions* of Æneas, and Homer the *idleneſs* of Achilles. The Greek poet lay under the neceſſity of ſupplying the abſence of his firſt hero, with ſome other warriors; but what was judicious in Homer, would have been prepoſterous in Virgil: he knew too much of his art, to drown his principal character in the croud of many other heroes, indifferent to the main action.

Thus he found the way to center our concern in Æneas; he intereſts us for him by never loſing ſight of him, while Homer preſenting us with the ſhifting ſcene of ſo many ſhining characters, intereſts us for none. Addiſon's opinion on this ſubject is likewiſe worthy the attention of the reader; and perhaps more juſt than the reaſoning of Voltaire.

Virgil,

For Lycus' fate, for Amycus he weeps,
And great Orontes, whelm'd beneath the deeps.
Now, from high heav'n, imperial Jove ſurveys
The nations, ſhores, and navigable ſeas;
There, as he ſate, inthron'd above the ſkies,
Full on the Libyan realms he fix'd his eyes.
When lo! the mournful queen of love appears;
Her ſtarry eyes were dim'd with ſtreaming tears;
Who to the ſire her humble ſuit addreſs'd,
The ſchemes of fate revolving in his breaſt.
Oh thou! whoſe ſacred, and eternal ſway,
Aw'd by thy thunders, men, and gods obey;
What have my poor exhauſted Trojans done?
Or what, alas! my dear unhappy ſon?
Still, for the ſake of Italy, deny'd
All other regions, all the world beſide?

Virgil, ſays he, is very barren in this part of his poem, [the diverſity of characters] and has but little varied the manners of the principal perſons in it. His Æneas is a compound of valour and piety; Achates calls himſelf his friend, but takes no occaſion of ſhewing himſelf ſo: Mneſtheus, Sergeſtus, Gyas, and Cloanthus, are all of them men of the ſame ſtamp and character. Virgil was ſo very nice and delicate a writer, that probably he might not think his compliment to Auguſtus ſo great, or ſo artfully conceal-ed, if he had ſcattered his praiſes more promiſcuouſly, and made his court to others in the ſame poem. Had he entertained any ſuch deſign, Agrippa muſt in juſtice have challenged the ſecond place; and if Agrippa's repreſentative had been admitted, Æneas would have had very little to do; which would not have redounded much to the honour of his emperor. If therefore Virgil has ſhadowed any great perſon beſides Auguſtus in his characters, they are to be found only in the meaner actors of his poem, among the diſputers for a petty victory in the fifth book, and perhaps in ſome few other places.

Sure, once you promis'd, that a race divine
Of Roman chiefs ſhould ſpring from Teucer's line;
The world in future ages to command,
And in the empire graſp the ſea and land.
Oh! ſov'reign father, ſay! what cauſe could move
The fix'd unalterable word of Jove?
Which ſooth'd my grief, when Ilion felt her doom;
And Troy I balanc'd with the fates of Rome.
But ſee! their fortune ſtill purſues her blow;
When wilt thou fix a period to their woe?
In ſafety, bold Antenor broke his way
Thro' hoſts of foes, and pierc'd th' Illyrian bay,
Where, thro' nine ample mouths, Timavus pours,
Wide as a ſea, and deluges the ſhores;
The flood rebellows, and the mountain roars,
Yet with his colonies, ſecure he came,
Rais'd Padua's walls, and gave the realms a name.
Then fix'd his Trojan arms; his labours ceaſe;
And now the hoary monarch reigns in peace.
But we, your progeny, ordain'd to riſe,
And ſhare th' eternal honours of the ſkies,
To glut the rage of one, our veſſels loſt,
Barr'd by her vengeance, from the promis'd coaſt.

326. *Where thro' nine.*] The river Timavus burſts out all at once, from the bottom of a mountain, and divides itſelf into nine different ſtreams before it runs into the Adriatic ſea. 'Tis ſo large itſelf that Virgil here calls it a ſea, *mare proruptum & pelago ſonanti.* As it is at the head of the gulph of Venice, the Italians now call it *la madre del mare*; as if they thought all that ſea was ſupplied from it. HOLDSWORTH.

Are theſe the palms that virtue muſt obtain,
And is our empire thus reſtor'd again?
The ſire of men and gods, ſuperior, ſmil'd
On the ſad queen, and gently kiſs'd his child.
Then, with thoſe looks that clear the clouded ſkies,
And calm the raging tempeſt, he replies.
Daughter, diſmiſs your fears; by doom divine
Fix'd are the fates of your immortal line.
Your eyes Lavinium's promis'd walls ſhall ſee,
And here we ratify our firſt decree.
Your ſon, the brave Æneas, ſoon ſhall riſe,
Himſelf a god; and mount the ſtarry ſkies.
To ſooth your care, theſe ſecrets I relate
From the dark volumes of eternal fate:
The chief fair Italy ſhall reach, and there
With mighty nations wage a dreadful war,
New cities raiſe, the ſavage nations awe,
And to the conquer'd kingdoms give the law.
The fierce Rutulians vanquiſh'd by his ſword,
Three years ſhall Latium own him ſovereign lord.
Your dear Aſcanius then, the royal boy,
(Now called Iülus, ſince the fall of Troy)
While thirty rolling years their orbs compleat,
Shall wear the crown, and from Lavinium's ſeat
Transfer the kingdom; and, of mighty length
Raiſe tow'ring Alba, glorying in her ſtrength.
There, ſhall the Trojan race enjoy the pow'r,
And fill the throne three hundred winters more.
Ilia, the royal prieſteſs, next ſhall bear
Two lovely infants to the god of war.

Nurs'd by a tawny wolf, her eldeſt ſon,
Imperial Romulus, ſhall mount the throne;
From his own name, the people Romans call,
And from his father Mars, his riſing wall.
No limits have I fix'd, of time, or place,
To the vaſt empire of the godlike race.
Ev'n haughty Juno ſhall the nation love,
Who now alarms earth, ſeas, and heav'n above;
And join her friendly counſels to my own,
With endleſs fame the ſons of Rome to crown,
The world's majeſtic lords, the nation of the gown.
This word be fate —— an hour ſhall wing its way,
When Troy in duſt ſhall proud Mycenae lay.
In Greece, Aſſaracus, his ſons ſhall reign,
And vanquiſh'd Argos wear the victor's chain.
Then Caeſar, call'd by great Iülus name,
(Whoſe empire ocean bounds, the ſtars his fame)
Sprung from the noble Trojan line, ſhall riſe
Charg'd with his Eaſtern ſpoils, and mount the ſkies.
Him, ſhall you ſee, advanc'd to theſe abodes;
Ador'd by Rome; a god among the gods.
From that bleſt hour all violence ſhall ceaſe,
The age grow mild; and ſoften into peace.

382. *Then Cæſar call'd by great Iülus' name.*] Livy after having informed us that Aſcanius was the ſon of Æneas, adds this of him farther, "*Quam, Iülum eundem Julia Gens auctorem nominis ſui nuncupat.*" B. 1. C. 3. The reader will find ſome of the firſt chapters of this hiſtorian, where he treats of the Aborigines of Italy, and other matters antecedent to the foundation of Rome, no diſagreeable or uſeleſs comment on ſeveral paſſages of the Æneis.

389. *The age grow mild.*] Here it might have been expected

With righteous Rhemus ſhall Quirinus reign,
Old faith, and Veſta, ſhall return again;
With many a ſolid hinge, and brazen bar,
Shall Janus cloſe the horrid gates of war.
Within the fane dire Fury ſhall be bound,
With a huge heap of ſhatter'd arms around;
Wrapt in an hundred chains, beneath the load
The fiend ſhall roar, and grind his teeth in blood.

pected that the poet ſhould have enlarged upon Auguſtus; whom it was his great buſineſs to praiſe. So an ordinary poet would have done. But Virgil is ſo far from it, that he does not here ſay one word about him; hints at his reign, but ſays nothing of his perſon; nay immediately breaks off when he comes to that period. This is ſurprizing, and leaves the mind in ſuſpence. Virgil very well knew the force of Horace's rule,

Pleraque differat, et praeſens in tempus omittat.

He had two more proper places for that ſubject, and for them he reſerved it. TRAPP.

394. *Within the fane dire Fury.*] "As the ancients enjoyed no ſmall privilege above us, in knowing the perſons hinted at in ſeveral of their authors; ſo they received a great advantage, in ſeeing often the pictures and images that are frequently deſcribed in many of their poets. When Phidias had carved out his Jupiter, and the ſpectators ſtood aſtoniſhed at ſo aweful and majeſtic a figure, he ſurprized them more by telling them it was a copy: and to make his words true, ſhew'd them the original in that magnificent deſcription of Jupiter, towards the latter end of the firſt Iliad: the comparing both together, probably diſcovered ſecret graces in each of them, and gave new beauty to their performances. Thus in Virgil's firſt Æneid where we ſee the repreſentation of Rage bound up, and chain'd in the temple of Janus:

——*Furor impius intus*
Saeva ſedens ſuper arma, & centum vinctus aheniſ
Poſt tergum nodis, fremet horridus ore cruento:

tho'

The thund'rer ſaid, and down th' aërial way
Sent with his high commands the ſon of May;
That Carthage may throw wide her friendly tow'rs,
And grant her gueſts the freedom of her ſhores;
Leſt Dido, blind to fate, and Jove's decree,
Should ſhut her ports, and drive them to the ſea.
Swift on the ſteerage of his wings he flies,
And ſhoots the vaſt expanſion of the ſkies.
Arriv'd, th' almighty's orders he performs,
Charm'd by the god, no more the nation ſtorms
With jealous rage; in chief the queen inclin'd
To peace, and mild benevolence of mind.
All night involv'd in cares Æneas lay,
But roſe impatient at the dawn of day,
To view the coaſt, the country to explore,
And learn if men, or beaſts poſſeſs'd the ſhore,
(For wide around the gloomy waſte extends)
And bear the tidings to his anxious friends.
Beneath a ſhelving rock his fleet diſpos'd,
With waving woods and aweful ſhades inclos'd,
Two glitt'ring ſpears he ſhook with martial pride,
And forth he march'd; Achates at his ſide.
As thro' the wilds the chief his courſe purſu'd
He meets his goddeſs-mother in the wood;

tho' we are much pleaſed with ſo wonderful a deſcription, how muſt the pleaſure double on thoſe who could compare the poet and the ſtatuary together; and ſee which had put moſt horror and diſtraction in his figure. But we, who live in theſe lower ages of the world, are ſuch entire ſtrangers to this kind of diverſion, that we often miſtake the deſcription of a picture for an allegory, and don't ſo much as know when it is hinted at." ADDISON's *Diſſertation*, &c.

420. *As thro' the wilds the chief.*] This is a moſt entertaining

In ſhow, an huntreſs ſhe appear'd, array'd
In arms and habit like a Spartan maid;
Or ſwift Harpalyce of Thrace, whoſe ſpeed
Out-flew the wings of winds, and tir'd the rapid ſteed.
Bare was her knee; and with an eaſy pride
Her poliſh'd bow hung graceful at her ſide.
Cloſe, in a knot, her flowing robes ſhe drew;
Looſe to the winds her wanton treſſes flew.
Ho! gentle youths, ſhe cry'd, have you beheld
One of my ſiſters wand'ring o'er the field,
Girt with a ſpeckled lynx's vary'd hide,
A painted quiver rattling at her ſide?
Or have you ſeen her with an eager pace
Urge with full cries the foaming boar in chace?

ing and delightful ſcene. A great prince thrown by a tempeſt upon a ſtrange coaſt, doubtful of its inhabitants, nay doubtful whether it has any inhabitants or not, is wandering in a wood; meets a perſon whom he knows not, but who appears to be a beautiful virgin. He ſuppoſes her a nymph, or a goddeſs, in that lovely romantic dreſs,

Namque humeris, &c.

She tells him a moſt ſurpriſing ſtory relating to the place in which ſhe finds him, gives him advice and comfort; afterwards appears to be indeed a goddeſs, and not only ſo, but his own mother, and then leaves him in ſuſpence and anxiety. The ſolitude of the receſs, the unexpectedneſs of the meeting, the ſurpriſing adventure, all conſpire to fill the ſoul with ideas of pleaſing melancholy, and impatient expectation of the event. TRAPP.

426. *Bare was her knee.*] This attitude is very graceful: Virgil had in his eye a paſſage of Homer, where he makes Minerva appear to Ulyſſes; but he has undoubtedly here excelled the Greek poet. Virgil took particular pleaſure we may ſuppoſe in deſcribing his huntreſs; as well as Æneas's killing the deer. Such objects ſuited his rural taſte.

None of your charming ſiſterhood (he ſaid)
Have we beheld, or heard, oh! beauteous maid.
Your name, oh! nymph, or oh! fair goddeſs, ſay?
A goddeſs, ſure, or ſiſter of the day,
You draw your birth from ſome immortal line,
Your looks are heav'nly, and your voice divine,
Tell me, on what new climate are we thrown?
Alike the natives and the lands unknown;
By the wild waves, and ſwelling ſurges toſt,
We wander ſtrangers on a foreign coaſt.
Then will we ſtill invoke your ſacred name,
And with fat victims ſhall your altars flame.
No goddeſs' aweful name, ſhe ſaid, I bear;
For know, the Tyrian maids, by cuſtom, here,
The purple buſkin, and a quiver wear.
Your eyes behold Agenor's walls aſpire;
The Punic realms; a colony from Tyre.
See! wide around, waſte Libya's bounds appear,
Whoſe ſwarthy ſons are terrible in war.
From her fierce brother's vengeance, o'er the main,
From Tyre, fled Dido, and enjoys the reign:
The tale is intricate, perplex'd and long;
Hear then, in ſhort, the ſtory of her wrong.
Sichæus was her lord, beyond the reſt
Of the Phœnician race, with riches bleſt;
Much lov'd by Dido, whom her father led
Pure, and a virgin, to his nuptial bed.
Her brother, fierce Pygmalion, fill'd the throne
Of Tyre, in vice unrivall'd and alone.
Ev'n at the ſacred altar in a ſtrife
By ſtealth the tyrant ſhed his brother's life;

Blind with the charms of gold, his faulchion drove,
Stern, and regardleſs of his ſiſter's love.
Then, with fond hopes, deceiv'd her for a time,
And forg'd pretences to conceal the crime.
But her unbury'd lord, before her ſight,
Roſe in a frightful viſion of the night:
Around her bed he ſtalks; grim! ghaſtly! pale!
And, ſtaring wide, unfolds the horrid tale
Of the dire altars, daſh'd with blood around;
Then bares his breaſt, and peints to every wound;
Warns her to fly the land without delay;
And to ſupport her thro' the tedious way,
Shews where, in maſſy piles, his bury'd treaſure lay.
Rous'd, and alarm'd, the wife her flight intends,
Obeys the ſummons, and convenes her friends:
They meet, they join, and in her cauſe engage,
All, who deteſt, or dread the tyrant's rage.
Some ſhips, already rigg'd, they ſeiz'd, and ſtow'd
Their ſides with gold; then launch'd into the flood.
They ſail; the bold exploit a woman guides:
Pygmalion's wealth is wafted o'er the tides.
They came, where now you ſee new Carthage riſe,
And yon proud citadel invade the ſkies.
The wand'ring exiles bought a ſpace of ground
Which one bull-hide inclos'd and compaſs'd round;
Hence Byrſa nam'd: but now, ye ſtrangers, ſay,
Who? whence you are? and whither lies your way?
Deep, from his ſoul, he draws a length of ſighs,
And, with a mournful accent, thus replies.

Shou'd I, o goddeſs, from their ſource relate,
Or you attend, the annals of our fate,
The golden ſun would ſink, and ev'ning cloſe,
Before my tongue could tell you half our woes.
By Grecian foes expell'd from Troy we came,
From ancient Troy (if e'er you heard the name)
Thro' various ſeas; when lo! a tempeſt roars,
And raging drives us on the Libyan ſhores.
The good ÆNEAS am I call'd; my fame,
And brave exploits, have reach'd the ſtarry frame:

504. *The good Æneas am I.*] Modern critics may perhaps be diſguſted at Æneas's praiſing himſelf: but the ancients entertained different notions concerning ſelf-commendation. Homer's Ulyſſes calls himſelf the wiſeſt of the Grecians, as his Achilles does not ſcruple to repreſent himſelf the beſt and moſt valiant of them; and that too in a council of all the princes: Virgil has given us his approbation of both the one and the other, in making Æneas talk frequently of his own piety and valour. Socrates in Plato, is always brought in to his advantage; he himſelf quotes the oracle, which pronounced him to be the wiſeſt of men. Xenophon repreſents Cyrus, upon his death-bed, as taking notice of the greateſt beauty of his own character, his humanity; in a piece which every one knows was deſigned for the character of a perfect prince. Caeſar and the great Jewiſh writer of his own life frequently commend themſelves: the greateſt critic, as well as the greateſt among the Romans, who ſo often reckons modeſty among the things which are moſt neceſſary toward rendering a man great in his profeſſion; how open and frequent is he in praiſing himſelf, and ſetting his own merit in a true light? But what put this beyond diſpute (and ſhews at the ſame time, That a juſt commendation of one's ſelf may be very conſiſtent with the greateſt modeſty) it is to be found in the ſacred writings, in which Moſes ſays of himſelf, that he was the meekeſt man upon earth.

SPENCE on Pope's Odyſſey, Part i. 52.

See Segrais' ſentiments on this ſubject, Vol. 2. B. 10. Note ver. 1175.

From Grecian flames I bear my reſcu'd gods,
Safe in my veſſels, o'er the ſtormy floods.
In ſearch of ancient Italy I rove,
And draw my lineage from almighty Jove.
A goddeſs-mother and the fates, my guides,
With twenty ſhips I plough'd the Phrygian tides,
Scarce ſev'n of all my fleet are left behind,
Rent by the waves, and ſhatter'd by the wind.
Myſelf, from Europe and from Aſia caſt,
A helpleſs ſtranger rove the Libyan waſte.
No more could Venus hear her ſon bewail
His various woes, but interrupts his tale.
Whoe'er you are, arriv'd in theſe abodes,
No wretch I deem abandon'd by the gods;
Hence then, with haſte, to yon' proud palace bend
Your courſe, and on the gracious queen attend.
Your friends are ſafe, the winds are chang'd again,
Or all my ſkill in augury is vain!
See thoſe twelve ſwans, a flock triumphant, fly,
Whom lately ſhooting from th' etherial ſky,
Th' imperial bird of Jove diſpers'd around,
Some hov'ring o'er, ſome ſettling on the ground.
As theſe returning clap their ſounding wings,
Ride round the ſkies, and ſport in airy rings;
So have your friends and ſhips poſſeſs'd the ſtrand,
Or with full-bellying ſails approach the land.
Haſte to the palace then, without delay,
And, as this path directs, purſue your way.

She ſaid, and turning round, her neck ſhe ſhow'd,
That with celeſtial charms divinely glow'd.
Her waving looks immortal odours ſhed,
And breath'd ambroſial ſcents around her head.
Her ſweeping robe trail'd pompous as ſhe trod,
And her majeſtic port confeſs'd the god.
Soon as he knows her thro' the coy diſguiſe,
He thus purſues his mother as ſhe flies.
Muſt never, never more our hands be join'd?
Are you, like heaven, grown cruel and unkind?
Why muſt thoſe borrow'd ſhapes delude your ſon?
And why, ah! why thoſe accents not your own?
He ſaid; then ſought the town; but Venus ſhrouds
And wraps their perſons in a veil of clouds;
That none may interpoſe to cauſe delay,
Nor fondly curious aſk them of their way.
Thro' air ſublime the queen of love retreats
To Paphos' ſtately tow'rs, and bliſsful ſeats;
Where to her name an hundred altars riſe,
And gums, and flow'ry wreaths, perfume the ſkies.

534.] *She ſaid, and turning round.*] As Phidias is ſaid to have conceived his ſublime idea of majeſty from Homer's deſcription of Jupiter, why may we not imagine that Raphael Urbin borrowed his idea of that grace, for which he is ſo famous, from Virgil's Venus? Addiſon has obſerved, that our poet is never better pleaſed than when he is deſcribing what is beautiful; and I think we may apply to him that moſt elegant and polite compliment of Tibullus to his miſtreſs,

Illam quidquid agit, quoquo veſtigia vertit,
Componit furtim, ſubſequiturque decor.

TIBULL. iv. 11.

Now o'er the lofty hill they bend their way,
Whence all the riſing town in proſpect lay,
And tow'rs and temples; for the mountain's brow
Hung bending o'er, and ſhaded all below.
Where late the cottage ſtood, with glad ſurprize
The prince beholds the ſtately palace riſe;
On the pav'd ſtreets, and gates, looks wond'ring down,
And all the crowd and tumult of the town.
The Tyrians ply their work; with many a groan
Theſe roll, or heave ſome huge unwieldy ſtone;
Thoſe bid the lofty citadel aſcend;
Some in vaſt length th' embattled walls extend;
Others for future dwellings chooſe the ground,
Mark out the ſpot, and draw the furrow round.
Some, uſeful laws propoſe, and ſome the choice
Of ſacred ſenates, and elect by voice.
Theſe ſink a ſpacious mole beneath the ſea,
Thoſe a huge theatre's foundation lay;
Hew maſſy columns from the mountain's ſide,
Of future ſcenes an ornamental pride.
Thus to their toils, in early ſummer, run
The cluſt'ring bees, and labour in the ſun;

563. *Theſe roll.*] Obſerve the buildings which Virgil hath elected, to make a particular mention of. 1. A temple for public worſhip. 2. A ſenate houſe to diſpenſe juſtice. 3. Walls and a citadel for defence. 4. Houſes of particular inhabitants. 5. A theatre for public ſpectacles. Pauſanias adds, to compleat the perfection of a great city, an academy for youth, and a reſervoir of water for the uſe of the public. CATROU.

574. This ſimile is borrowed from one of Homer's on the

Led forth, in colonies, their buzzing race,
Or work the liquid ſweets, and thicken to a maſs.
The buſy nation flies from flow'r to flow'r,
And hoards, in curious cells, the golden ſtore;
A choſen troop before the gate attends,
To take the burdens, and relieve their friends;
Warm at the fragrant work, in bands, they drive
The drone, a lazy robber, from the hive.

ſame ſubject: and Scaliger, according to his uſual method, very much prefers it to that of the Greek poet, and in particular extols the harmony and ſweetneſs of the verſification above that of Homer; againſt which cenſure (ſays Pope) we need only appeal to the ears of the reader.

Ηυτε εθνεα θισι μελισσαων αδιναων,
Πετρης εκ γλαφυρης αιει νεον ερχομεναων,
Βοτρυδον δε πετονται επ' ανθεσιν ηαρινοισιν,
Αι μεν τ' ενθα αλις πεποτηαται, αι δε τε ενθα.

But Scaliger was unlucky in his choice of this particular compariſon. There is a very fine one in the ſixth Æneid, ver. 707, that better agrees with Homer's: and nothing is more evident, than that the deſign of theſe two is very different. Homer intended to deſcribe the multitude of Greeks pouring out of the ſhips; Virgil, the diligence and labour of the builders of Carthage. And Macrobius, who obſerves this difference, Sat. l. v. c. 11. ſhould alſo have found, that therefore the ſimiles ought not to be compared together. The beauty of Homer's is not inferior to Virgil's, if we conſider with what exactneſs it anſwers to its end. Thus far Mr. Pope, Notes, Iliad 2. I will take this opportunity of aſſuring the reader, that in theſe notes, I ſhall be very cautious of leſſening the character of Homer and advancing Virgil's, by any invidious compariſons, as ſome of Virgil's tranſlators and commentators have done, for no other reaſon but becauſe I am at preſent engaged in publiſhing the latter of theſe writers. It will be both uſeleſs and impoſſible in the courſe of theſe notes to point out all Virgil's imitations of Homer. This is already done with incomparable judgment, in Dr. Clarke's edition of the Iliad.

The prince ſurveys the lofty tow'rs, and cries,
Bleſt, bleſt are you, whoſe walls already riſe :
Then, ſtrange to tell, he mingled with the crowds,
And paſs'd, unſeen, involv'd in mantling clouds.
Amid the town, a ſtately grove diſplay'd
A cooling ſhelter, and delightful ſhade.
Here, toſt by winds and waves, the Tyrians found
A courſer's head within the ſacred ground ;
An omen ſent by Juno, to declare
A fruitful ſoil, and race renown'd in war.
A temple here Sidonian Dido rais'd
To heav'n's dread empreſs, that with riches blaz'd ;
Unnumber'd gifts adorn'd the coſtly ſhrine,
By her own preſence hallow'd and divine.
Braſs were the ſteps, the beams with braſs were ſtrong,
The lofty doors, on brazen hinges, rung.
Here, a ſtrange ſcene before his eyes appears,
To raiſe his courage, and diſpel his fears ;
Here firſt, he hopes his fortunes to redreſs :
And finds a glimmering proſpect of ſucceſs.

585. *Bleſt, bleſt are you*, &c.] There is ſomething very natural and affecting in this exclamation of Æneas : it likewiſe artfully fixes our thoughts on the grand ſubject of this poem, viz. the founding a colony.

598. *Braſs were the ſteps*, &c.] This was not uncommon in the temples of the ancients. The doors to the Rotonda at Rome are covered with braſs and turn on braſs-hinges. The portico was covered with the ſame formerly ; and it reſted on braſs beams, faſtened on with braſs nails, or pins of the ſame metal. There is one of theſe very nails, which I have ſeen in the great duke's gallery, ſo large, that it weighs above forty-ſeven pounds. SPENCE.

While for the queen he waited, and amaz'd,
O'er the proud ſhrine and pompous temple gaz'd;
While he the town admires, and wond'ring ſtands
At the rich labours of the artiſts' hands;
Amid the ſtory'd walls, he ſaw appear,
In ſpeaking paint, the tedious Trojan war;
The war, that fame had blaz'd the world around,
And every battle fought on Phrygian ground.
There Priam ſtood, and Agamemnon here,
And Peleus' wrathful ſon, to both ſevere.
Struck with the view, oh! friend, the hero cries,
(Tears, as he ſpoke, came ſtarting from his eyes)
Lo! the wide world our miſeries employ;
What realm abounds not with the woes of Troy?
See! where the venerable Priam ſtands!
See virtue honour'd in the Libyan ſands!
For Troy, the generous tears of Carthage flow;
And Tyrian breaſts are touch'd with human woe.
Now baniſh fear, for ſince the Trojan name
Is known, we find our ſafety in our fame.
Thus while his ſoul the moving picture fed,
A ſhow'r of tears the groaning hero ſhed.

608. *Amid the ſtory'd walls,*] The Trojan war was with great propriety repreſented in a temple dedicated to Juno; for that goddeſs excited the war, and was the cauſe of the deſtruction of the city. 'Tis obſervable that Vitruvius, in his architecture, mentions the Trojan war as one of the fineſt ſubjects painting could afford, for the ornament of a palace or magnificent building. CATROU.

Virgil in a few verſes ſelects the moſt ſtriking and beautiful pictures of the Iliad; he has ſhewn his art in ſelecting thoſe that are moſt proper for painting, as well as poetic deſcription.

For here, the fainting Greeks in flight he view'd;
And there the Trojans to their walls purſu'd
By plum'd Achilles, with his dreadful ſpear,
Whirl'd on his kindling chariot thro' the war.
Not far from thence, proud Rhaeſus' tents he knows
By their white veils, that match'd the winter ſnows,
Betray'd and ſtretch'd amidſt his ſlaughter'd train,
And, while he ſlept, by fierce Tydides ſlain;
Who drove his courſers from the ſcene of blood,
Ere the fierce ſteeds had taſted Trojan food,
Or drank divine Scamander's fatal flood.
There Troilus flies diſarm'd (unhappy boy!)
From ſtern Achilles, round the fields of Troy:
Unequal he! to ſuch an arm in war!
Supine, and trailing from his empty car,
Still, tho' in death, he graſps the flowing reins,
His ſtartled courſers whirl him o'er the plains;

628. *By plum'd Achilles, with his dreadful ſpear.*] The art of Virgil is extremely delicate in this paſſage; every epithet he uſes is picturesque; and ſtrongly deſcriptive of the manner in which each particular perſon was painted; Virgil's deſcription of itſelf would be a ſufficient direction for any painter to work after. Let us particularly review each expreſſion.

Criſtatus Achilles. *Niveis* velis. Tydides *cruentus*. Pulvis *inſcribitur* haſta. Crinibus *paſſis*.—Diva *ſolo fixos* oculos *averſa* tenebat. *Tendentemque manus* Priamum. *Nigri* Memnonis *arma*. *Lunatis* peltis. *Exertae* mammae. *Aurea* cingula.

635. *E'er the fierce ſteeds.*] The original ſays *ardentes* equos: Mr. Upton conjectures it ſhould be wrote CANDENTES equos, in conformity to Homer who calls theſe very horſes λευκολενοι χιονος. Iliad. K. ver. 437. No copy however has *candentes*; but 'tis obſervable that Servius explains the word by *candidos* et veloces.

The ſpear inverted ſtreaks the duſt around;
His ſnowy neck and treſſes ſweep the ground.
Mean time a penſive ſupplicating train
Of Trojan matrons, to Minerva's fane
In ſad proceſſion with a robe repair,
Beat their white breaſts, and rend their golden hair.
Unmov'd with pray'rs, diſdainfully ſhe frown'd,
And fix'd her eyes, relentleſs on the ground.
Achilles here, his vengeance to enjoy,
Thrice dragg'd brave Hector round the walls of Troy:
Then to the mournful ſire, the victor ſold
The breathleſs body of his ſon for gold.
His groans now deepen'd, and new tears he ſhed,
To ſee the ſpoils and chariot of the dead,
And Priam both his trembling hands extend,
And, gaſh'd with wounds, his dear diſfigur'd friend.
Mix'd with the Grecian peers, and hoſtile train,
Himſelf he view'd, conſpicuous in the plain:
And ſwarthy Memnon, glorious to behold,
His eaſtern hoſts, and arms that flame with gold.

652. *Thrice dragg'd.*] Perhaps no poet before Virgil, ever aſſerted, that the dead body of Hector was dragged three times about the walls of Troy. The number of turns remarked by Homer, relate only to the ſepulture of Patroclus; and it is very probable, that Virgil converted the three circuits about the ſepulture of which Homer had expreſsly made mention, into three compaſſes round the walls; I ſay that he changed them in that manner; either thro' defect of memory, or for the ſake of verſe. The liberty taken in this alteration has ſcarce been imitated by any body; you no more find the three circuits round the walls in the authors that lived after Virgil than in thoſe who went before him. BAYLE.

All furious led Penthesilea there,
With moony shields, her Amazons to war;
Around her breast her golden belt she threw;
Then thro' the thick-embattled squadrons flew;
Amidst the thousands stood the dire alarms,
And the fierce maid engag'd the men in arms.
Thus, while the Trojan hero stood amaz'd,
And, fix'd in wonder, on the picture gaz'd,
With all her guards, fair Dido, from below,
Ascends the dome, majestically slow.
As on Eurotas' banks, or Cynthus' heads,
A thousand beauteous nymphs Diana leads,

670. *And, fix'd in wonder.*] Segrais observes, that an objection has been made to this incident of Æneas's meeting with the pictures of the Trojan war. How could the Trojan history (say some) be in so short a time so particularly known to the Carthaginians? And if it were, had they no exploits of themselves or ancestors, to adorn their temples with, but were they forced to fetch them from Greece and Troy? The answer is in substance as follows: Seven years had passed since the conclusion of that war, according to Virgil's account: nothing in the world had been ever so renowned; the gods and religion of these nations were the same: there might be, nay Virgil hints that there were, other decorations of the temple, besides this: tho' none of them was so likely to detain the eye of Æneas.

671. *Fair Dido.*] A modern poet would have minutely and particularly described, the shape, the eyes, the hair, the cheeks, &c. of this beautiful queen. But Virgil by a single epithet *(pulcherrima Dido)* like a masterly painter with one stroke of his pencil, gives one a fuller idea of her beauty, than all the florid expressions which Tasso has bestowed on his Armida. See the sixteenth book of *Godfrey of Bulloign*, as it is admirably translated by Fairfax: particularly page 356 of the last edition, printed correctly, with some judicious emendations, in the year 1749.

673. *As on Eurotas' banks.*] "The height of Diana's stature

While round their quiver'd queen the quires advance,
She tow'rs majeſtic, as ſhe leads the dance ;
She moves in pomp ſuperior to the reſt,
And ſecret tranſports touch Latona's breaſt.
So paſs'd the graceful queen amidſt her train,
To ſpeed her labours and her future reign.
Then with her guards ſurrounded, in the gate,
Beneath the ſpacious dome, ſublime ſhe ſate.
She ſhares their labours, or by lots ſhe draws ;
And to the crowd adminiſters the laws.

ture is frequently marked out by the poets ; and that generally by comparing her with her nymphs : I wiſh we could now enjoy the ſight of that famous picture of this goddeſs, by Apelles, in which this was ſo finely expreſſed. Pliny ſays that Apelles formed his idea of it from a celebrated paſſage in Homer ; (Odyſſey 108.) and that he even ſurpaſſed his original. Virgil has imitated the very ſame deſcription in his Æneid. What a pleaſure might it have been to have compared the copies of two ſuch ſcholars as Apelles and Virgil, with the work of ſo great a maſter as Homer ? at leaſt how much more pleaſing, than to fall a diſputing (as ſeveral of the critics have done) whether Homer or Virgil have given the fineſt ſtrokes on this occaſion ? This Diana both in the picture, and in the deſcriptions, was the *Diana Venatrix* ; tho' ſhe was not repreſented either by Virgil, or Apelles, or Homer, as hunting with her nymphs ; but as employed with them in that ſort of dances, which of old were regarded as very ſolemn acts of devotion."

Polymetis, Dialogue viii. p. 102.

A reader, that is curious in ſuch kind of criticiſms, may find in the ninth book of Gellius's *Noctes Atticæ*, that Valerius Probus was of opinion, that Virgil had failed more in this imitation of Homer, than he had in any other. Scaliger affirms quite the contrary with his uſual dogmatical bitterneſs. See the fifth book of his Poetics, Chap. 3. paſſim.

682. *Beneath.*] The ancient architects called the dome or cupola of a building, TESTUDO.

When lo! Æneas brave Cloanthus ſpies,
Antheus, and great Sergeſtus, with ſurprize,
Approach the throne, attended by a throng
Of Trojan friends, that pour'd in tides along;
Whom the wild whiſtling winds and tempeſts bore,
And widely ſcatter'd on a diſtant ſhore.
Loſt in his hopes and fears, amaz'd he ſtands,
And with Achates longs to join their hands:
But doubtful of th' event, he firſt attends,
Wrapt in the cloud, the fortune of his friends;
Anxious, and eager till he knew their ſtate,
And where their veſſels lay, and what their fate.
With cries, the royal favour to implore,
They came, a train ſelected, from the ſhore:
Then, leave obtain'd, Ilioneus begun,
And, with their common ſuit, addreſt the throne.
Oh! queen, indulg'd by Jove, theſe lofty tow'rs
And this proud town to raiſe on Libyan ſhores,
With high commands, a ſavage race to awe,
And to the barb'rous natives give the law,
We wretched Trojans, an abandon'd race,
Toſt round the ſeas, implore your royal grace;
Oh! check your ſubjects, and their rage reclaim,
Ere their wild fury wrap our fleet in flame.
Oh! ſave a pious race; regard our cry;
And view our anguiſh with a melting eye.
We come not, mighty queen, an hoſtile band,
With ſword and fire, and, ravaging the land,
To bear your ſpoils triumphant to the ſhore:
No ---- to ſuch thoughts the vanquiſh'd durſt not ſoar.

Once by Oenotrians till'd, there lies a place,
'Twas call'd Heſperia by the Grecian race,
(For martial deeds and fruits, renown'd by fame)
But ſince Italia, from the leader's name;
To that bleſt ſhore we ſteer'd our deſtin'd way,
When ſudden, dire Orion rous'd the ſea;
All charg'd with tempeſts roſe the baleful ſtar,
And on our navy pour'd his wat'ry war;
With ſweeping whirlwinds caſt our veſſels wide,
Daſh'd on rough rocks, or driving with the tide:
The few ſad relicks of our navy bore
Their courſe to this unhoſpitable ſhore.
What are the cuſtoms of this barbarous place?
What more than ſavage this inhuman race?
In arms they riſe, and drive us from the ſtrand,
From the laſt verge, and limits of the land.
Know, if divine and human laws you ſlight,
The gods, the gods will all our wrongs requite;
Vengeance is their's; and their's to guard his right.
Æneas was our king, of high renown;
Great, good, and brave; and war was all his own.
If ſtill he lives, and breathes this vital air,
Nor we, his friends and ſubjects, ſhall deſpair;
Nor you, great queen, repent, that you employ
Your kind compaſſion in the cauſe of Troy.
Beſides, on high the Trojan enſigns ſoar,
And Trojan cities grace Sicilia's ſhore;
Where great Aceſtes, of the Dardan ſtrain,
Deriv'd from ancient Teucer, holds his reign.
Permit us, from your woods, new planks and oars
To fell, and bring our veſſels on your ſhores;

That, if our prince and friends return again,
With joy, from Latium, we may plough the main.
But if thoſe hopes are vaniſh'd quite away,
If loſt, and ſwallow'd in the Libyan ſea,
You lie, great guardian of the Trojan ſtate,
And young Iülus ſhares his father's fate;
Oh! let us ſeek Sicilia's ſhores again,
And fly from hence to good Aceſtes' reign.
He ſpoke; a loud aſſent ran murmuring thro' the train.
Thus then, in ſhort, the gracious queen replies,
While on the ground ſhe fixt her modeſt eyes:
Trojans, be bold; againſt my will, my fate,
A throne unſettled, and an infant ſtate,
Bid me defend my realms with all my pow'rs,
And guard with theſe ſeverities my ſhores.
Lives there a ſtranger to the Trojan name,
Their valour, arms, and chiefs of mighty fame?
We know the war that ſet the world on fire;
Nor are ſo void of ſenſe the ſons of Tyre;
For here his beams indulgent Phœbus ſheds,
And rolls his flamiug chariot o'er our heads.

754. *He ſpoke.*] This harangue of Ilioneus is one of the fineſt pieces of eloquence in the whole Æneid: it accordingly produced the deſired effects in its hearers. Virgil, who conſtantly keeps up to the characters of each perſon he introduces in his poem, always employs this Ilioneus, being a fine ſpeaker, in embaſſies. Segrais informs us, that he omitted tranſlating the words

Nec ſpes jam reſtat Iüli, ver. 560.

becauſe it did not appear to him that Dido was obliged to know who this Iülus was. Perhaps this may be one of thoſe little overſights which Virgil would have corrected, had he lived to make this poem as perfect as the Georgics.

Seek you, my friends, the bleſt Saturnian plains,
Or fair Trinacria, where Aceſtes reigns?
With aids ſupply'd, and furniſh'd from my ſtores,
Safe will I ſend you from the Libyan ſhores.
Or would you ſtay to raiſe this growing town?
Fix here your ſeat; and Carthage is your own.
Haſte, draw your ſhips to ſhore; to me the ſame,
Your Troy and Tyre ſhall differ but in name.
And oh! that great Æneas had been toſt,
By the ſame ſtorm, on the ſame friendly coaſt!
But I will ſend, my borders to explore,
And trace the windings of the mazy ſhore.
Perchance, already thrown on theſe abodes,
He roams the towns, or wanders thro' the woods.
Rais'd in their hopes the friend and hero ſtood;
And long'd to break, tranſported, from the cloud.
Oh! goddeſs-born! cry'd brave Achates, ſay,
What are your thoughts, and why this long delay?
All ſafe you ſee; your friends and fleet reſtor'd;
One (whom we ſaw) the whirling gulf devour'd.
Lo! with the reſt your mother's words agree,
All but Orontes 'ſcap'd the raging ſea.
Swift as he ſpoke, the vapours break away,
Diſſolve in æther, and refine to day.
Radiant in open view, Æneas ſtood,
In form and looks, majeſtic as a god.

791. *Radiant in open view Æneas ſtood.*] This diſcovery is extremely beautiful. It equally ſurprizes and delights the reader. I ſhall ſcarce ever forget the pleaſure I felt upon firſt reading it. One may affirm that Ariſtotle, who appears ſo fond of ſurprizes and diſcoveries in his Poetics, would have been charmed with it.

Fluſh'd with the bloom of youth, his features ſhine,
His hair in ringlets waves with grace divine.
The queen of love the glance divine ſupplies,
And breathes immortal ſpirit in his eyes.
Like Parian marble beauteous to behold,
Or ſilver's milder gleam in burniſh'd gold,
Or poliſh'd iv'ry, ſhone the godlike man:
All ſtood ſurpriz'd; and thus the prince began.
Æneas, whom you ſeek, you here ſurvey;
Eſcap'd the tempeſt of the Libyan ſea,
O Dido, gracious queen, who make alone
The woes, and cauſe, of wretched Troy your own;
And ſhelter in your walls, with pious care,
Her ſons, the relicks of the Grecian war;
Who all the forms of miſery have bore,
Storms on the ſea, and dangers on the ſhore;
Nor we, nor all the Dardan nation, hurl'd
Wide o'er the globe, and ſcatter'd round the world,
But the good gods, with bleſſings, ſhall repay
Your bounteous deeds, the gods and only they;
(If pious acts, if juſtice they regard;)
And your clear conſcience ſtands its own reward.
How bleſt this age that has ſuch virtue ſeen?
How bleſt the parents of ſo great a queen?

797. *Like Parian marble.*] This compariſon contains a beauty which we are by no means ſo ſenſible of as a Roman reader might be; for the ancient ſtatues both of marble and ivory were poliſhed to ſuch an extreme degree, that there was even ſomething luminous and ſhining on their ſurfaces, and which dazzled the eyes of their beholders. The *vultus nimium lubricus aſpici*, of Horace, might probably allude to this appearance in ſtatues. SPENCE.

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And ſhelter in your walls, with pious care,
Her ſons, the relicks of the Grecian war;
Who all the forms of miſery have bore,
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While to the ſea the rivers roll, and ſhades
With aweful pomp ſurround the mountain heads;
While æther ſhines, with golden planets grac'd,
So long your honour, name, and praiſe ſhall laſt:
Whatever realm my fortune has aſſign'd,
Still will I bear your image in my mind.
This ſaid, the pious chief of Troy extends
His hands around, and hails his joyful friends:
His left Sergeſtus graſp'd with vaſt delight,
To great Ilioneus he gave the right.
Cloanthus, Gyas, and the Dardan train,
All, in their turns, embrac'd the prince again.
Charm'd with his preſence, Dido gaz'd him o'er,
Admir'd his fortune much, his perſon more.
What fate, O goddeſs-born, ſhe ſaid, has toſt
So brave a hero on this barbarous coaſt?
Are you Æneas, who in Ida's grove
Sprung from Anchiſes and the queen of love
By Simois' ſtreams? and now I call to mind,
When Teucer left his native ſhores behind;

821. *Whatever realm.*] Dido having offered Æneas and his Trojans a ſettlement at Carthage, he does not bluntly and plainly refuſe her generous propoſal; but he gives her to underſtand gently and obliquely that he was deſtined to ſettle in another land. So that from the hero's very firſt ſpeech ſhe might conceive but little hopes of detaining him at Carthage.

829. *Dido gaz'd him o'er.*] Here was the beginning of that violent paſſion Dido afterwards felt for Æneas.

835. *And now I call to mind.*] It is a very artful ſtroke in the poet to make Dido know ſomething of Æneas's family and actions, which renders this hoſpitable reception, from a ſtranger, more natural; and inclined her to a favourable opinion

The baniſh'd prince to Sidon came, to gain
Great Belus' aid, to fix him in his reign;
Then the rich Cyprian iſle, my warlike ſire
Subdu'd, and ravag'd wide with ſword and fire.
From him I learnt the Grecian kings of fame,
The fall of Ilion, and your glorious name:
He on your valour, tho' a foe, with joy
Would dwell, and proudly trace his birth from Troy.
Come to my palace then, my royal gueſt,
And, with your friends, indulge the genial feaſt.
My wand'rings and my fate reſembling yours,
At length I ſettled on theſe Libyan ſhores;
And, touch'd with miſeries myſelf have known,
I view, with pity, woes ſo like my own.
She ſpoke, then leads him to her proud abodes,
Ordains a feaſt, and offerings to the gods.

nion of him at firſt ſight. The ſentiment with which ſhe concludes her ſpeech, *non ignara mali, &c.* is founded on the trueſt knowledge of human nature; for the paſſion of pity is ever moſt ſtrongly felt by thoſe who have been unfortunate. It is in this ſtrain that Theſeus addreſſes OEdipus, in the OEdipus Colon. Of Sophocles, ver. 588, &c.

851. *She ſpoke.*] Boſſu has many excellent remarks on what the critics call the intrigue of the epic poem, or in other words, the obſtacles that are flung in the hero's way to retard him from proſecuting his main deſign. The conduct of Virgil, ſays he, in the intrigues he forms, has the ſimplicity of Homer in it. The tempeſts are made uſe of in the firſt part of the Æneid juſt as in the Odyſſey. In this very part of the Æneid, Virgil ſuits himſelf to the humour and character of his hero, juſt as Homer ſuits himſelf to the humour of Achilles. For as he is paſſionate, warm, and eaſily provoked, Agamemnon provokes him and urges him by the moſt ſenſible affronts. Æneas was of a ſoft and mild diſpoſition;

Twice fifty bleating lambs and ewes ſhe ſends,
And twice ten brawny oxen to his friends:
A hundred briſtly boars, and monſtrous ſwine;
With Bacchus' gifts, a ſtore of generous wine.
The inner rooms in regal pomp diſplay'd,
The ſplendid feaſts in ample halls are made;
Where, labour'd o'er with art, rich carpets lie,
That glow refulgent with the purple dye.
The boards are pil'd with plate of curious mould;
And their forefathers' deeds, in times of old,
Blaz'd round the bowls, and charg'd the riſing gold.
No more the prince his eager love ſuppreſt,
All the fond parent ſtruggled in his breaſt.
He ſends Achates to inform his ſon,
And guide the young Aſcanius to the town;
(On his Aſcanius turn his fear and joy,
The father's cares are center'd in the boy;)

poſition; therefore with the utmoſt propriety the poet makes uſe of good and benevolent offices, banquets and entertainments, and the moſt melting, and moſt endearing paſſions, to engage him to ſtay at Carthage.

855. *A hundred boars.*] A feaſt ſuited to the ſimplicity of ancient times.

864. *Eager love.*] Tenderneſs being the characteriſtic of Æneas, the poet takes all opportunities of diſplaying it.

866. *He ſends Achates.*] The character of Achates ſuggeſts to us an obſervation we may often make, on the intimacies of great men, who frequently chuſe their companions, rather for the qualities of the heart than thoſe of the head; and prefer fidelity in an eaſy, inoffenſive, complying temper, to thoſe endowments which make a much greater figure among mankind. I do not remember that Achates, who is repreſented as the firſt favourite, either gives his advice, or ſtrikes a blow, thro' the whole Æneid.

Spectator, No. 385.

To bring rich preſents to the queen of Tyre,
And relicks, reſcu'd from the Trojan fire.
A mantle wrought with ſaffron foliage round;
And a ſtiff robe with golden figures crown'd;
Fair Helen's dreſs, when, fir'd with lawleſs joy,
She left her native walls to ruin Troy,
(Her mother's preſent in the bridal hour;)
With gold a ſhining ſceptre ſtudded o'er,
That wont Ilione's fair hand to grace,
The eldeſt nymph of Priam's beauteous race;
Her necklace, ſtrung with pearls; her crown, that glows
Inſtarr'd with gems and gold in double rows.
To bring the ſpendid gifts, without delay,
Swift to the fleet, Achates bends his way.
But beauteous Venus in her breaſt deſign'd
New wiles, and plann'd new counſels in her mind,

874. *Fair Helen's dreſs.*] Our hero's preſents to Dido are all choſen with great elegance and propriety. And there is even ſomething of gallantry in ſending her a robe formerly worn by the beautiful Helen, and the ſceptre of Ilione.

884. *But beauteous Venus.*] "That the chief divinity who guides the holy, wiſe, and brave Æneas, ſhould be Venus, is ſomewhat unlucky. She well might tutor Paris, and favour all the Trojans, who had their ſeraglio's even then; but it required great diſcretion to make her act in the Æneid with any propriety. And after all, however we may be charmed with the delicacy of her appearance, and the pomp of the deſcription, I don't know but ſhe is introduced as a mere perſon, divine indeed, and of great power; but without any regard to her character and inclinations. It was hard to make her appear in a virtuous cauſe, or direct the enterprizes of the pious hero, in any other capacity than his traditional parent; except ſhe had condeſcended to accompany him when he went a hunting, and conducted him into the cave with Dido."

Enquiry into the life and writings of Homer, p. 217.

That winged Cupid to the court ſhould come
Like ſweet Aſcanius, in Aſcanius' room;
With the rich gifts the Tyrian queen inſpire,
And kindle in her veins the raging fire.
Her dread of Juno's arts, who guards the place,
Her juſt ſuſpicions of the treach'rous race,
Break, each revolving night, her golden reſt:
And thus the ſuppliant queen the god addreſt.
Oh ſon! my ſtrength! ſupreme in heav'n above!
Whoſe arrows triumph o'er the bolts of Jove:
To thee I fly, thy ſuccour to implore,
Court thy protection, and thy pow'r adore.
To tell how Juno's reſtleſs rage has toſt
Your brother round the ſeas, and ev'ry coaſt,
Is but to mention what too well you know,
Who ſigh'd my ſighs, and wept a mother's woe.
Him, in her town, the Tyrian queen detains,
With ſoft ſeducements, from the Latian plains.
But much I fear that hoſpitable place,
Where Juno reigns the guardian of the race:
And leſt this fair occaſion ſhe improve,
Know, I deſign to fire the queen with love;
A love, beyond the cure of pow'rs divine;
A love as ſtrong, and violent as mine.
But how the proud Phœnician to ſurprize
With ſuch a paſſion, hear what I adviſe.
The royal youth, Aſcanius, from the port,
Haſtes, by his father's ſummons, to the court;
With coſtly preſents charg'd he takes his way,
Sav'd from the Trojan flames, and ſtormy ſea;
But to prevent ſuſpicion, will I ſteep
His temples in the dews of balmy ſleep,

Then to Cythera's ſacred ſeats remove,
Or ſoftly lay him in th' Idalian grove.
This one revolving night, thyſelf a boy,
Wear thou the features of the youth of Troy;
And when the queen, tranſported with thy charms,
Amidſt the feaſt, ſhall ſtrain thee in her arms,
The gentle poiſon by degrees inſpire
Thro' all her breaſt; then fan the riſing fire,
And kindle all her ſoul. The mother ſaid,
With joy the god her ſoft commands obey'd.
Aſide his quiver, and his wings he flung,
And, like the boy Iülus, tript along.
Mean time the goddeſs on Aſcanius throws
A balmy ſlumber and a ſweet repoſe;
Lull'd in her lap to reſt, the queen of love
Convey'd him to the high Idalian grove.
There on a flow'ry bed her charge ſhe laid,
And, breathing round him, roſe the fragrant ſhade.
Now Cupid, pleas'd his orders to obey,
Brought the rich gifts; Achates led the way.

934. *There on a flow'ry bed.*] In the original, "Surrounded him with ſweet marjoram;" which would not ſound gracefully in Engliſh. Nothing, ſays Catrou, eſcapes the vaſt learning of Virgil: One may think at firſt ſight that he uſes ſweet marjoram in this paſſage, indifferently for any other odoriferous herb. 'Tis no ſuch thing. It is becauſe the marjoram of Cyprus had a power to drive away ſcorpions, which were ſo much to be feared during ſleep. Pliny confirms this —*Amaracum, in Cypro laudatiſſimum & odoratiſſimum, ſcorpionibus adverſatur.* Nat. Hiſt. B. 21. C. 22.

He came, and found on coſtly carpets ſpread
The queen majeſtic midſt her golden bed.
The great Æneas and the Trojans lie
On pompous couches ſtain'd with Tyrian dye:
Soft towels for their hands th' attendants bring,
And limpid water from the cryſtal ſpring.
They waſh; the menial train the tables ſpread;
And heap in glitt'ring caniſters the bread.
To dreſs the feaſt, full fifty handmaids join,
And burn rich incenſe to the pow'rs divine;
A hundred boys and virgins ſtood around,
The banquet marſhall'd, and the goblet crown'd.
To fill th' embroider'd beds the Tyrians come
Rank behind rank; and crowd the regal room.
The gueſts the gorgeous gifts and boy admire,
His voice, and looks, that glow with youthful fire;
The veil and foliage wond'ring they behold,
And the rich robe that flam'd with figur'd gold:
But chief the queen, the boy and preſents move,
The queen, already doom'd to fatal love.
Inſatiate in her joy, ſhe ſate amaz'd,
Gaz'd on his face, and kindled as ſhe gaz'd
Firſt, his diſſembled father he careſt,
Hung round his neck, and play'd upon his breaſt;

939. *The queen majeſtic.*] In the arrangement of the gueſts Dido takes place of Æneas (ſe *mediam* locavit) for the middle was the moſt honourable place among the Africans. Salluſt has expreſsly marked this; *Ne medius ex tribus*, ſays he, *quod apud Numidas honori ducitur, Jugurtha foret.* Farther, the queen's couch was of gold, that of Æneas and the Trojans of purple only. Dido being a woman did not give the upper place to her gueſt. A good poet ſhould obſerve even theſe trifling decorums. CATROU.

Next to the queen's embraces he withdrew;
She look'd, and ſent her ſoul at ev'ry view:
Then took him on her lap, devour'd his charms;
Nor knew poor Dido, blind to future harms,
How great a god ſhe fondled in her arms.
But he, now mindful of his mother, ſtole
By ſlow degrees Sichaeus from her ſoul;
Her ſoul, rekindling, in her huſband's ſtead,
Admits the prince; the living for the dead.
Soon as the banquet paus'd, to raiſe their ſouls
With ſparkling wine they crown the maſſy bowls.
Thro' the wide hall the rolling echo bounds,
The palace rings, the vaulted dome reſounds.
The blazing torches, and the lamps diſplay,
From golden roofs, an artificial day.
Now Dido crowns the bowl of ſtate with wine,
The bowl of Belus, and the regal line.
Her hands aloft the ſhining goblet hold,
Pond'rous with gems, and rough with ſculptur'd gold.
When ſilence was proclaim'd, the royal fair
Thus to the gods addreſt her fervent pray'r.
Almighty Jove! who plead'ſt the ſtranger's cauſe;
Great guardian god of hoſpitable laws!

970. *The living for the dead.*] *Vivo* amore (in the original,) that is with the love of a living man inſtead of a dead one as Sichaeus was; not amore *vehementi*, as ſome would have it. Praevertere, i. e. with reſpect to any deſign of Juno's. TRAPP.

978.] In the original, A Belo ſoliti, *ſunt implere* is underſtood.

Oh! grant this day to circle ſtill with joy,
Thro' late poſtority, to Tyre and Troy.
Be thou, O Bacchus! god of mirth, a gueſt;
And thou, O Juno! grace the genial feaſt.
And you, my lords of Tyre, your fears remove,
And ſhew your gueſts benevolence and love.
She ſaid, and on the board, in open view,
The firſt libation to the gods ſhe threw:
Then ſip'd the wine, and gave to Bitias' hand:
He roſe, obedient to the queen's command;
At once the thirſty Trojan ſwill'd the whole,
Sunk the full gold, and drain'd the foaming bowl.
Then thro' the peers, with ſparkling nectar crown'd,
The goblet circles, and the health goes round.
With curling treſſes grac'd, and rich attire,
Iopas ſtands, and ſweeps the golden lyre;

993. *Then ſip'd the wine.*] Virgil often deſcribes the incidents in his poem in alluſion to the Roman cuſtoms. The ladies of Rome never drank wine but at religious ceremonies, the laws of that city puniſhed with death, thoſe who drank it any other time. Thus Dido does not drink it here but as at a ceremony, and does no more than touch her lips with it.

CATROU.

995. *Swill'd the whole.*] Bitias is perhaps the only character of the comic and ridiculous kind to be found in the whole Æneid; and how judiciouſly is he placed at this feſtival ſcene.

999. *With curling treſſes grac'd.*] I cannot but fancy ſome celebrated maſter complimented under the name of Iopas the philoſophical muſician at Dido's banquet; for methinks the epithet, Crinitus, is ſo wholly foreign to the purpoſe, that it perfectly points at ſome particular perſon; who perhaps (to purſue a wandering gueſs) was one of the Grecian performers then in Rome; for beſides that they were the beſt

The truths, which ancient Atlas taught, he ſings,
And nature's ſecrets, on the ſounding ſtrings.
Why Cynthia changes; why the ſun retires,
Shorn of his radiant beams, and genial fires;
From what originals, and cauſes, came
Mankind and beaſts, the rain, and riſing flame;
Arcturus, dreadful with his ſtormy ſtar;
The wat'ry Hyads, and the northern car;
Why ſuns in ſummer the ſlow night detain,
And ruſh ſo ſwift in winter to the main.

beſt muſicians and philoſophers, the termination of the name belongs to their language, and the epithet is the ſame (χαρηκομοωντες) that Homer gives to his countrymen in general.

Thus far Addiſon: but Mr. Spence hath given a better interpretation to this paſſage.

"As the Romans muſt have been ſo familiarly acquainted with the dreſs of the Feſtal Apollo, his long robe which he always wore then, and his full-dreſſed hair; Virgil's applying the epithet Crinitus (the known epithet of Apollo) to Iopas on this occaſion, might imply to them, that he was dreſſed out like the Feſtal Apollo; in a long magnificent robe, and with his hair all flowing down his back; this by the way, is a ſtrong inſtance of the uſe of being acquainted with the ancient Roman Cuſtoms, and with the appearances their gods uſed to make, on ſuch and ſuch occaſions, towards underſtanding their poets. Had the author of a piece publiſhed a few years ago, under a name that would make every body fond of reading it, been aware of this, methinks he never could have called Crinitus here, an epithet ſo wholly foreign to the purpoſe." POLYMETIS, page 193.

1001. *Atlas.*] 'Tis with great propriety Atlas is here mentioned; he was a philoſopher of Africa, and king of Mauritania. From his ſkill in aſtrology he was ſaid to ſupport the ſkies.

1001. *The truths which ancient Atlas taught.*] An entertaining and ſprightly Frenchman makes the following re-

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1001. *The truths which ancient Atlas taught.*] An entertaining and ſprightly Frenchman makes the following re-

With ſhouts the Tyrians praiſe the ſong divine,
And in the loud applauſe the Trojans join.
The queen, in various talk, prolongs the hours,
Drinks deep of love, and ev'ry word devours;
This moment longs of Hector to enquire,
The next of Priam, his unhappy ſire;
What arms adorn'd Aurora's glorious ſon;
How high, above his hoſts, Achilles ſhone;
How brave Tydides thunder'd on his car;
How his fierce courſers ſwept the ranks of war.

mark. The banquet which Alcinous gives to Ulyſſes in the Odyſſey, is well contrived, very proper and gallant; nevertheleſs men only are preſent at it: The banquet which Dido gives to Æneas is not conducted with propriety: in the firſt, were ſung the gallantries and adventures of the gods, and other matters agreeable and gay: in the laſt, were ſung the courſe of the ſtars, the cauſes of eclipſes, and other philoſophical matters. Carry the banquet of Alcinous to the court of Carthage, and that of Dido to the iſland of the Pheacians, and all will be in its proper order.

Melanges de Vigneul Marville, Tom. iii.

Trapp will furniſh us with an anſwer to M. Vigneul Marville's objection. "To put ſo much natural philoſophy into a ſong, may ſeem ſtrange to a mere modern. Yet how much more grand and noble is it than a ſilly ſtory of Chloris and Phyllis; and ſuch like frothy trifles, which are the ſubjects of ſongs in our times! By the way, how pretty would have been an opera or maſquerade, to entertain Æneas and his friends, upon this occaſion? What pity it is, the ancients were not ſo polite and judicious as we are!"

117. *What arms adorn'd.*] 'Tis worth obſerving how natural and proper for a woman theſe queſtions of Dido are. *Quibus armis! Quantus Achilles! Qualis Diomedis equi!* Theſe are ſuch ſtrokes of nature as eſcape common readers, but are infinitely beautiful. Our Shakeſpear abounds in them beyond any other author whatever.

Nay, but at large, my godlike gueſt, relate
The Grecian wiles, ſhe ſaid, and Ilion's fate;
How far your courſe around the globe extends,
And what the woes and fortunes of your friends:
For, ſince you wander'd every ſhore and ſea,
Have ſev'n revolving ſummers roll'd away.

1021. *Nay, but at large, my godlike gueſt, relate.*] The ſudden change of perſons from the poet to the queen; the natural ſliding in of that *immo age* &c. and ſtealing the *inquit*, into the ſecond line, as it were out of the way, and in a place where we can ſcarce obſerve it; the paſſing from thoſe ſcatter'd particular queſtions, to the general requeſt in form and ſolemnity, preparatory to the noble narrative which follows upon it; the art of the poet being like that of muſicians, who ſport themſelves with little warbling eſſays and flouriſhes while they are preparing to begin a grand and full concert; and laſtly the concluding the book with that requeſt, and ſo leaving the mind of the reader in the moſt earneſt expectation; are all of them circumſtances marvellouſly beautiful; and the more they are conſider'd, the more beautiful they will appear.

TRAPP.

The End of the Firſt Book.

THE SECOND BOOK OF VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

ARGUMENT.

Æneas *relates how the city of* Troy *was taken, after a ten years ſiege, by the treachery of* Sinon, *and the ſtratagem of a wooden horſe. He declares the fixt reſolution he had taken not to ſurvive the ruins of his country, and the various adventures he met with in the defence of it: at laſt, having been before adviſed by* Hector's *ghoſt, and now by the appearance of his mother* Venus, *he is prevailed upon to leave the town, and ſettle his houſhold gods in another country. In order to this he carries off his father on his ſhoulders, and leads his little ſon by the hand, his wife following him behind. When he comes to the place appointed for the general rendezvous, he finds a great confluence of people, but miſſes his wife, whoſe ghoſt afterwards appears to him, and tells him the land which was deſigned for him.*

VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

THE

SECOND BOOK.

ALL gaz'd in ſilence, with an eager look,
Then from the golden couch the hero ſpoke.
Ah mighty queen! you urge me to diſcloſe,
And feel, once more, unutterable woes;

The deſtruction of an ancient, populous city, with all thoſe ſcenes of devaſtation, ſorrow, and miſery that muſt attend it, is one of the moſt ſtriking objects in the world. Virgil accordingly choſe it, as the propereſt ſubject imaginable to move the paſſions of pity and terror, and ſurely he hath ſucceeded to his wiſh. One cannot but think, that he was particularly pleaſed with this ſubject, as it happened to be left, untouched by Homer. Our poet however hath borrowed many fine hints and affecting circumſtances from two tragedies of Euripides, the Troades, and the Hecuba. Virgil, in general, ſeemeth to have been a great reader and lover of the works of this noble tragedian. And indeed theſe two writers ſeem to have nearly reſembled each other in their genius and manner: Both were remarkable for brevity, and an elegant ſimplicity of ſtyle, both were of a tender temper, and particularly ſkilled in moving the paſſions.

I muſt not neglect to obſerve, that Virgil recited this ſecond book to the emperor Auguſtus, in order to give his great patron a taſte of the reſt of his Æneid. The verſification of this book is extremely beautiful, and it is in general perhaps the moſt correct piece of the whole poem.

Ver. 1. *All gaz'd.*] An ingenious critic hath lately made

How vengeful Greece with victory was crown'd,
And Troy's fair empire humbled to the ground;
Thoſe direful ſcenes I ſaw on Phrygia's ſhore,
Thoſe wars in which ſo large a part I bore,

ſome juſt obſervations on this ſecond book: Let us conceive an objector to put the following query: "Suppoſing the author of the Æneis to have related, in the natural order, the deſtruction of Troy, would not the ſubject have been, to all intents and purpoſes, as much one, as it is, under its preſent form; in which that event is told, in the ſecond book, by way of epiſode?" I anſwer, by no means. The reaſon is taken from the nature of the work, and from the ſtate and expectations of the reader.

"1. The nature of an epic or narrative poem is this, that it lays the author under an obligation of ſhewing any event, which he formally undertakes in his own perſon, at full length, and with all its material circumſtances. Every figure muſt be drawn in full proportion, and exhibited in ſtrong, glowing colours. Now had the ſubject of the ſecond book of the Æneis been related, in this extent, it muſt not only have taken up one, but many books. By this faithful and animated drawing, and from the time it muſt neceſſarily have to play upon the imagination, the event would have grown into ſuch importance, that the remainder could only have paſſed for a kind of appendix to it.

"2. The ſame concluſion is drawn from conſidering the ſtate of the reader. For hurried away by an inſtinctive impatience, he purſues the propoſed event with eagerneſs and rapidity. So circumſtantial a detail, as was ſuppoſed, of an intermediate action not neceſſarily connected with it, breaks the courſe of his expectations, and throws back the point of view to an immoderate diſtance. In the mean time the action, thus interpoſed and preſented to his thoughts, acquires by degrees, and at length ingroſſes his whole attention. It becomes the important theme of the piece; or, at leaſt, what follows ſets out with the diſadvantage of appearing to him, as a new and diſtinct ſubject.

"But now being related by way of epiſode, that is, as a ſuccinct, ſummary narration, not made by the poet himſelf, but coming from the mouth of a perſon, neceſſarily engaged in the progreſs of the action, it ſerves for a ſhort time to interrupt, and, by that interruption to ſharpen the eager expectation

The fierceſt Argive would with tears bewail,
And ſtern Ulyſſes tremble at the tale:
And lo! the night precipitates away;
The ſtars, grown dim before the dawning day,

pectation of the reader. It holds the attention, for a while from the point of view; yet not long enough to deſtroy that impatient curioſity, which looks forward to it. And thus it contributes to the ſame end, as a piece of miniature, properly introduced into a large picture. It amuſes the eye with ſomething relative to the painter's deſign, yet not ſo, as to withhold its principal obſervation from falling on the greater ſubject. The parallel will not hold very exactly, becauſe the painter is, of neceſſity, confined to the ſame inſtant of time; but it may ſerve for an illuſtration of my meaning. Suppoſe the painter to take, for his ſubject, that part of Æneas's ſtory, where, with his Penates, his father, and his ſon, he is preparing to ſet ſail for Italy. To draw Troy in flames, as a conſtituent part of this picture, would be manifeſtly abſurd. It would be painting two ſubjects, inſtead of one. And perhaps *Troja incenſa* might ſeize the attention before,

Aſcanium Anchiſenque patrem Teucroſque Penates.

But a diſtant perſpective of burning Troy, might be thrown into a corner of the piece, that is epiſodically, with good advantage; where inſtead of diſtracting the attention, and breaking the unity of the ſubject, it would concenter, as it were, with the great deſign, and have an effect in augmenting the diſtreſs of it." HURD's Notes on Horace's art of poetry.

11. *And lo! the night precipitates away*] Notwithſtanding theſe words contain a good reaſon to excuſe Æneas from the taſk deſired of him; yet I much miſtake, if that was the only reaſon why the poet inſerted them: the idea of the night-ſcene adds very much to the ſolemnity and awefulneſs of the relation. Indeed the whole diſpoſition of the ſcene and the concomitant circumſtances is admirable in every reſpect. A great prince, driven by a ſtorm to a ſtrange coaſt, entertained by a great queen, in a numerous aſſembly of princes and nobility and guards, and attendants ſuppoſed to be liſtening at a diſtance, after a magnificent banquet, in the large hall of a ſtately palace, hung round with tapers and flambeaus, in the dead of night, relates to her, at her requeſt, ſuch a ſurpriſing hiſtory of wars, diſtreſſes, and travels, as was never before heard of. TRAPP.

Call to repoſe; but ſince you long to know,
And curious liſten to the ſtory'd woe;
Tho' my ſhock'd ſoul recoils, my tongue ſhall tell,
But with a bleeding heart, how Ilion fell.
The Grecian kings, (for many a rolling year,
Repell'd by fate, and harraſs'd by the war;)
By Pallas' aid, of ſeaſon'd fir compoſe
A ſteed, that tow'ring like a mountain roſe:

20. *A ſteed that tow'ring, &c.*] Servius obſerves, that when Virgil ſpeaks of the building this horſe, he makes uſe of the terms which belong to the ſhipwright's trade. Pauſanias ſays, that every one muſt either allow that this horſe was an engine made to batter the walls of Troy, or that the Trojans were moſt ſtrangely infatuated. Tubero and Hyginus, according to Servius on this paſſage, were likewiſe of opinion, that it was ſuch an engine as the ram or the teſtudo, invented for the purpoſe mentioned by Pauſanias, which Propertius (ſays Mr. Merric) ſeems to allude to when he ſays,

Aut quis equo pulſas abiegno noſceret arces?

But that it was expreſsly the ſame as the battering ram is aſſerted only by the authority of Pliny, whoſe words are as follows: *Equum, qui nunc Aries appellatur, in muralibus machinis, Epeum ad Trojam inveniſſe dicunt.* Lib. vii. c. 56. But no hiſtorical authority can be produced that is reconcileable with Pliny's aſſertion.

Though the original of this ſtory of the Trojan horſe be thus uncertain, yet it can ſcarce be imagined that the fiction could have been raiſed ſo early, and ſpread ſo univerſally, without ſome foundation in hiſtory. Several therefore have been inclined to believe the account which is given of it by Palaephatus, whoſe teſtimony carries with it the greater weight on account of his antiquity, as he is thought to have lived before Homer. It is reported, ſays this author, that the Greeks took Troy, by encloſing themſelves in a wooden horſe. But the truth of the ſtory is, that they built a horſe of ſo large a ſize, that it could not be drawn within the city walls. In the mean while the chief of them lay concealed in a hollow place near the city, which is to this day called αργειων λοχος, the Grecian ambuſcade. Sinon upon this deſerted to the Trojans, and perſuaded them to admit the horſe within the city, aſſuring

This they pretend their common vow, to gain
A ſafe return, and meaſure back the main:
Such the report; but guileful Argos hides
Her braveſt heroes in the monſter's ſides;
Deep, deep within, they throng'd the dreadful gloom,
And half a hoſt lay ambuſh'd in the womb.
An iſle, in ancient times renown'd by fame,
Lies full in view, and Tenedos the name;
Once bleſt with wealth, while Priam held the ſway,
But now a broken, rough, and dang'rous bay:
Thither their unſuſpected courſe they bore,
And hid their hoſts within the winding ſhore.
We deem'd them ſail'd for Greece; tranſported Troy
Forgot her woes, and gave a looſe to joy;

aſſuring them that the Greeks would not return to moleſt them any more. The Trojans believing him, make a breach in their walls to let in the horſe, thro' which the enemy entered at night, while the inhabitants were feaſting, and ſacked the town. Palaephatus, de Incredibilibus.

It is obſervable, that this relation agrees in many particulars with that which the poets have given us; and as to that remarkable circumſtance of the Grecian ambuſcade, it ſeems to be obſcurely hinted at, in a tradition mentioned by Servius; namely, that the Greeks lay in ambuſh behind a hill called Hippus, and from thence ſurprized the Trojans. Bonifacio, an Italian, joins with Aldus in ſuppoſing, that this hill not only took its name from the Greek word for a horſe, but was likewiſe in the figure of one; the ſame author obſerves, that the Italians to this day make uſe of a rampart which they call Cavalliero.

31. *Thither their unſuſpected courſe they bore.*] Mr. Merric, in his learned Notes on Tryphiodorus, has obſerved, that the Menapii, a people bordering on the Rhine, were ſurprized by the ſame ſtratagem, which the Greeks are here deſcribed making uſe of to circumvent the Trojans. The ſtory is related by Cæſar, in his hiſtory of the Gallic war, Lib. iv. cap. 4.

Threw wide her gates, and pour'd forth all her train,
To view th' abandon'd camp, and empty plain.
Here the Dolopian troops their ſtation held;
There proud Achilles' tent o'erlook'd the field;
Here rang'd the thouſand veſſels ſtood, and there
In conflicts join'd the furious ſons of war.
Some view the gift of Pallas with ſurprize,
The fatal monſter, and its wondrous ſize.
And firſt Thymoetes mov'd the crowd to lead
And lodge within the tower the lofty ſteed;
Or, with deſign, his country to deſtroy,
Or fate determin'd now the fall of Troy.
But hoary Capys, and the wiſe, require
To plunge the treacherous gift of Greece in fire,
Or whelm the mighty monſter in the tides,
Or bore the ribs, and ſearch the cavern'd ſides.
Their own wild will the noiſy crowds obey,
And vote, as partial fancy points the way;
Till bold Laocoon, with a mighty train,
From the high tower ruſh'd furious to the plain;
And ſent his voice from far, with rage inſpir'd---
What madneſs, Trojans, has your boſoms fir'd?
Think you the Greeks are ſail'd before the wind?
Think you theſe preſents ſafe, they leave behind?
And is Ulyſſes baniſh'd from your mind?
Or this prodigious fabric muſt incloſe,
Deep in its darkſom womb, our ambuſh'd foes;

61. *Deep in*] Modern hiſtory furniſhes us with an example of a ſtratagem that may ſerve to leſſen the improbability of the ambuſh in the Trojan horſe. Thuanus relates, that the Dutch recovered the city of Breda, from their cruel enemies

Or 'tis ſome engine, rais'd to batter down
The tow'rs of Ilion, or command the town;
Ah! truſt not Greece, nor touch her gifts abhorr'd;
Her gifts are more deſtructive than her ſword.
Swift as the word, his pond'rous lance he threw;
Againſt the ſides the furious javelin flew,
Thro' the wide womb a ſpacious paſſage found,
And ſhook with long vibrations in the wound.
The monſter groans, and ſhakes the diſtant ſhore;
And, round his caverns roll'd, the deep'ning thunders roar.
Then, had not partial fate conſpir'd to blind,
With more than madneſs, ev'ry Trojan mind,
The crowd the treach'rous ambuſh had explor'd,
And not a Greek had 'ſcap'd the vengeful ſword;
Old Priam ſtill his empire would enjoy,
And ſtill thy tow'rs had ſtood, majſteic Troy!
Meantime, before the king, the Dardan ſwains,
With ſhouts triumphant, brought a youth in chains,
A willing captive to the Trojan hands,
To open Ilion to the Grecian bands;
Bold and determin'd either fate to try;
Reſolv'd to circumvent, or fix'd to die.
The troops tumultuous gather round the foe,
To ſee the captive, and inſult his woe.
Now hear the falſhoods of the Grecian train;
All, all in one; a nation in a man.

enemies the Spaniards, by the means of ſeventy ſoldiers who had concealed themſelves in a boat, which, to all appearance, was laden with turf; and having paſs'd undiſcover'd, ſurpriz'd the caſtle. One of the ſoldiers being in danger of betraying the ſtratagem by coughing, bravely deſired his next companion to kill him.

For while confounded and diſarm'd he ſtands,
And trembling views around the Phrygian bands,
Alas! what hoſpitable land, (he cry'd)
Or oh! what ſeas a wand'ring wretch will hide?
Not only baniſh'd from the Grecian ſtate;
But Troy, avenging Troy, demands my fate.
His melting tears, and moving ſighs controul
Our riſing rage, and ſoften ev'ry ſoul.
We bid him tell his race, and long to know
The fate and tidings of a captive foe.
At length, encourag'd thus, the youth reply'd,
And laid his well-diſſembled fears aſide.
All, all, with truth, great monarch, I confeſs,
And firſt I own my birth deriv'd from Greece;
Wretch as he is, yet Sinon can defy
The frowns of fortune, and diſdains a lye.
You know, perchance, great Palamedes' name,
Thro' many a diſtant realm renown'd by fame;
Condemn'd, tho' guiltleſs, when he mov'd for peace,
Condemn'd for treaſon by the voice of Greece.
Tho' falſe the charge, the glorious heroe bled,
But now the Greeks deplore the warrior dead.
Me, yet a youth, my father ſent to ſhare
With him, my kinſman, in the toils of war.
Long as that heroe ſtood ſecure from fate,
Long as his counſels prop'd the Grecian ſtate,

103. *Yet Sinon can defy.*] Heſychius, ſays Mr. Merric, ſpeaks of a tragedy of Sophocles by the name of Sinon, and Ariſtotle ſeems to allude to it in his Poetics. Were this performance ſtill extant, we ſhould very probably find Virgil indebted to it for ſeveral particulars in the management of this incident.

Ev'n I could boaſt an honourable name,
And claim ſome title to a ſhare of fame;
But when the prince, (a well-known truth I tell,)
By dire Ulyſſes' arts and envy fell;
Soon as he ceas'd to breathe this vital air,
I drag'd my days in darkneſs and deſpair.
And, if kind heav'n ſhou'd give me back once more
Safe and triumphant to my native ſhore,
For innocence condemn'd, revenge I vow'd,
Mad as I was, and ſpoke my rage aloud.
This mov'd Ulyſſes' hate, and hence aroſe
My paſt misfortunes, and my preſent woes.
Eager he ſought the means, and watch'd the time
To charge me too with ſome pretended crime.
For conſcious of his guilt, my death he vow'd,
And with dark hints amus'd the liſt'ning crowd.
At length with Calchas he concerts the ſcheme—
But why, why dwell I on this hateful theme?
Or why detain you with a tale of woe?
Since you determine ev'ry Greek, a foe.

117. *Ulyſſes' arts.*] Some manuſcripts read *fallacis* inſtead of pellacis Ulyſſei; but the latter epithet ſeems the ſtronger of the two, and more applicable to the ſeducing Ulyſſes. Lucretius uſes the ſubſtantive, placidi *pellacia* ponti ſubdola.

130. *At length with Calchas he concerts the ſcheme.*] "Have you not obſerved a larger ſort of break, which is uſed artificially in a poem to incite the attention of the reader? I mean, when the narration is dropt in the moſt engaging parts of it, or juſt before ſome very material incident: this adds a double deſire of hearing: the audience generally make it their requeſt, that the ſpeaker would go on, and inform them of the ſequel. Thus it is in the eleventh Odyſſey. Ulyſſes, in the midſt of his account of the infernal regions, makes a feint of concluding: we are immediately told, that the Phæacians were eager to hear him on; and 'tis obſervable, that the

Strike, ſtrike; th' Atrides will my death enjoy,
And dire Ulyſſes thank the ſword of Troy.
Now blind to Grecian frauds, we burn to know
With fond deſire the cauſes of his woe;
Who thus, ſtill trembling as he ſtood, and pale,
Purſu'd the moving melancholy tale.
Oft' had our hoſts determin'd to employ
Their ſails for Greece, and leave untaken Troy,
Urg'd to a ſhameful flight, from deep deſpair,
And the long labours of a ten years war.
And oh! that they had ſail'd! — as oft' the force
Of ſouthern winds, and tempeſts ſtop'd their courſe.
But ſince this ſteed was rais'd; ſtrait, bellowing loud,
Deep thunders roar'd, and burſt from ev'ry cloud.
We ſent Eurypilus to Phœbus' ſhrine,
Who brought this ſentence from the voice divine;
When firſt ye ſail'd for Troy, ye calm'd the main
With blood, ye Grecians, and a virgin ſlain;

the very ſame break, and the very ſame ſentiment after it, is imitated by Virgil.

——*Donec Calchante miniſtro.*
Tum vero ardemus ſcitari.——

'Tis indeed improved in the latter; he has all the uſe of Homer's ſuſpenſe without the tediouſneſs of it."

Eſſay on Pope's Odyſſey, Part. ii. 43.

150. ——*Ye calm'd the main*
With blood, ye Grecians, and a virgin ſlain.]

This virgin was Iphigenia the daughter of Agamemnon; whom the oracle declared muſt be ſacrificed, before the Grecian fleet which lay at Aulis, could obtain a favourable wind to carry it to the ſiege of Troy. One of Euripides's fineſt tragedies is on this intereſting ſubject; and it has been imitated, and its principal beauties tranſlated, in one of Racine's, on the ſame ſubject.

And ere you meaſure back the foamy flood,
Know, you muſt buy a ſafe return with blood.
Theſe aweful words to ev'ry Greek impart
Surprize and dread, and chill the braveſt heart;
To the dire ſtroke each thought himſelf decreed,
Himſelf the victim that for Greece ſhould bleed.
Ulyſſes then, importunate and loud,
Produc'd ſage Calchas to the trembling crowd,
Bade him the ſecret will of heav'n relate——
And now my friends could propheſy my fate;
And baſe Ulyſſes' wicked arts, they ſaid,
Were levell'd all at my devoted head.
Ten days the prophet from the crowd retir'd,
Nor mark'd the victim that the gods requir'd.
So long beſieg'd by Ithacus he ſtood,
And ſeem'd reluctant to the voice of blood;
At length he ſpoke, and, as the ſcheme was laid,
Doom'd to the ſlaughter my predeſtin'd head.
All prais'd the ſentence, and were pleas'd to ſee
The fate that threaten'd all, confin'd to me.
And now the dire tremendous day was come,
When all prepar'd to ſolemnize my doom;
The ſalted barley on my front was ſpread,
The ſacred fillets bound my deſtin'd head;
I fled th' appointed ſlaughter, I confeſs,
And, till our troops ſhould hoiſt their ſails for Greece,
Swift to a ſlimy lake I took my flight,
Lay wrapt in flags, and cover'd by the night.
And now theſe eyes ſhall view my native ſhore,
My dear, dear children, and my ſire no more;

181. *My dear, dear children.*] No wonder the Trojans, who

Whom haply Greece to ſlaughter has decreed,
And for my fatal flight condemn'd to bleed.
But thee, o gracious monarch, I implore
By ev'ry god, by ev'ry ſacred pow'r,
Who conſcious of the facts my lips relate,
With truth inſpire me to declare my fate;
By all the ſolemn ſanctions that can bind
In holy ties the faith of human kind;
Have mercy, mercy, on a guiltleſs foe,
O'erwhelm'd and ſunk with ſuch a weight of woe!

His life we gave him, and diſpell'd his fears,
Touch'd with his moving eloquence of tears;
And, melting firſt, the good old king commands
To free the captive, and to looſe his hands.
Then with ſoft accents, and a pleaſing look,
Mild and benevolent the monarch ſpoke.

Henceforth let Greece no more thy thoughts employ,
But live a ſubject and a ſon of Troy;

who were ignorant of Sinon's deſign, were moved at theſe verſes, when 'tis ſcarce poſſible even for us, who know the villainy of them, to read them without tears: At leaſt I ſpeak for one; I have cry'd over them many a time when I was a ſchool-boy, and am not aſhamed to own that I am ſtill exceedingly affected by them; I take it to be one of the moſt moving paſſages I ever met with. Virgil, to ſhew the triumph of his art, will ſoften us with the tendereſt compaſſion by the mouth of one whom we know to be a perjur'd villain. It is not indeed upon the account of him, but of human nature in general: But ſtill the perſon thro' whom it was convey'd would have prejudic'd us againſt it; had not the force of it been irreſiſtible. No hope of ever more ſeeing his beloved native country, children, father! that was diſtreſsful enough; but little in compariſon of what follows: there was danger that thoſe dear lives would be ſacrificed in his abſence, and for his ſake. TRAPP.

With truth and ſtrict ſincerity proceed,
Say, to what end they fram'd this monſtrous ſteed;
Who was its author, what his aim, declare;
Some ſolemn vow? or engine of the war?
Skill'd in the frauds of Greece, the captive rears
His hands unſhackled to the golden ſtars;
You, ye eternal ſplendors! he exclaims,
And you divine inviolable flames,
Ye fatal ſwords and altars, which I fled,
Ye wreaths that circled this devoted head;
All, all, atteſt! that juſtly I releaſe
My ſworn allegiance to the laws of Greece,
Renounce my country, hate her ſons, and lay
Their inmoſt counſels open to the day.
And thou, o Troy, by Sinon ſnatch'd from fate,
Spare, ſpare the wretch, who ſaves the Phrygian ſtate.
Greece on Minerva's aid rely'd alone,
Since firſt the labours of the war begun.
But from that execrable point of time,
When Ithacus, the firſt in ev'ry crime,
With Tideus' impious ſon, the guards had ſlain,
And brought her image from the Phrygian fane,
Diſtain'd her ſacred wreaths with murderous hands,
Still red and reeking from the ſlaughter'd bands;
Then ceas'd the triumphs of the Grecian train,
And their full tide of conqueſt ſunk again;
Their ſtrength decay'd, and many a dreadful ſign
To trembling Greece proclaim'd the wrath divine.
Scarce to the camp the ſacred image came,
When from her eyes ſhe flaſh'd a living flame;

A briny

A briny ſweat bedew'd her limbs around,
And thrice ſhe ſprung indignant from the ground;
Thrice was ſhe ſeen with martial rage to wield
Her pond'rous ſpear, and ſhake her blazing ſhield.
With that, ſage Calchas mov'd the trembling train
To fly, and meaſure back the deeps again;
That 'twas not giv'n our armies to deſtroy
The Phrygian empire, and the tow'rs of Troy,
Till they ſhould bring from Greece thoſe favouring gods,
Who ſmil'd indulgent, when they plough'd the floods;
With more auſpicious ſigns repaſs the main,
And with new omens take the field again.
Now to their native country they repair,
With gather'd forces to renew the war;
The ſcheme of Calchas! but their vaniſh'd hoſt
Will ſoon return to waſte the Phrygian coaſt.
All Greece, atoning dire Ulyſſes' deed,
To Pallas' honour rais'd this wond'rous ſteed;
But Calchas order'd this enormous ſize,
This monſtrous bulk, that heaves into the ſkie
Leſt Troy ſhould lead it thro' her opening gate
And by this new palladium guard her ſtate.
For oh! ye Phrygians, had your rage profan'd
This gift of Pallas with an impious hand,

240. *With more auſpicious ſigns.*] It is certain that Virgil often attributes to the Greeks the cuſtoms of the Romans. Perhaps indeed they were the ſame in Greece that they afterwards were in Rome. At leaſt it appears to be certain, that the Roman generals always returned to Rome after an unfortunate expedition, and never returned to the ſame enterprize till they had taken new auſpices. Livy aſſures us of this, His l. 10. and l. 23. They called this ceremony *Redauſpicari*.

Some fate (which all ye pow'rs immortal ſhed
With all your vengeance on its author's head!)
In one prodigious ruin would deſtroy
Thy empire, Priam, and the ſons of Troy.
But would you join within your walls to lead
This pledge of heav'n, this tutelary ſteed;
Then, with her hoſts, all Aſia ſhall repair,
And pour on Pelops' walls a ſtorm of war;
Then Greece ſhall bleed, and periſh in her turn;
Her future ſons; her nations yet unborn.
  Thus did the perjur'd Sinon's art prevail;
Too fondly we believ'd the ſtudy'd tale;
And thus was Troy, who bravely could ſuſtain
Achilles' fury, when he ſwept the plain,
A thouſand veſſels, and a ten years war,
Won by a ſigh, and vanquiſh'd by a tear.
  Here a more dreadful object roſe to ſight,
And ſhook our ſouls with horror and affright.
Unbleſt Laocoon, whom the lots deſign
Prieſt of the year, at Neptune's holy ſhrine
Slew on the ſands, beſide the rolling flood,
A ſtately ſteer, in honour of the god.
When, horrid to relate! two ſerpents glide
And roll incumbent on the glaſſy tide,
Advancing to the ſhore; their ſpires they raiſe
Fold above fold, in many a tow'ring maze.
Beneath their burniſh'd breaſts the waters glow,
Their crimſon creſts inflame the deeps below;
O'er the vaſt flood extended long and wide,
Their curling backs lay floating on the tide;

Laſh'd

Laſh'd to a foam the boiling billows roar,
And now the dreadful monſters reach'd the ſhore;
Their hiſſing tongues they darted, as they came,
And their red eye-balls ſhot a ſanguine flame.
Pale at the ſight, we fled in dire diſmay;
Strait to Laocoon they direct their way;
And firſt in curling fiery volumes bound
His two young ſons, and wrapt them round and round,
Devour'd the children in the father's view;
Then on the miſerable father flew,
While to their aid he runs with fruitleſs haſte;
And all the man in horrid folds embrac'd:
Twice round his waiſt, and round his neck they rear
Their winding heads, and hiſs aloft in air.
His ſacred wreaths the livid poiſons ſtain,
And, while he labours at the knots in vain,
Stung to the ſoul, he bellows with the pain.

290. *And firſt in curling fiery volumes.*] There is now in Rome a very ancient ſtatue entangled in a couple of marble ſerpents, which admirable groupe of figures is ſaid to be the work of Phidias. Pliny the elder tells us he had ſeen it in the palace of Titus. But the poet has the advantage of the ſtatuary.

The ſtatuary can take but one point of time; the poet can deſcribe any action ſucceſſively. Here you have the whole ſuite. You firſt ſee the ſerpents on the ſea; then on the ſhore, then killing the two ſons of Laocoon; and laſtly killing Laocoon himſelf. This may make almoſt every particular in this deſcription of Laocoon's death, different from the famous groupe of it in the Vatican, except his own attitude, and the air of his head; which are like enough to be copied, the one from the other. SPENCE.

298. *Sacred wreaths.*] It heightens the pathetic to ſay *vittæ* and not only *tempora:* as it alſo does to repreſent Laocoon ſeized by the ſerpents while he was endeavouring to aſſiſt his children.

So, when the ax has glanc'd upon his ſkull,
Breaks from the ſhrine, and roars the wounded bull.
But each huge ſerpent now retires again,
And flies for ſhelter to Minerva's fane;
Her buckler's orb the goddeſs wide diſplay'd,
And ſcreen'd her monſters in the dreadful ſhade.
Then, a new fear the trembling crowd poſſeſt,
A holy horror pants in every breaſt;
All judge Laocoon juſtly doom'd to bleed,
Whoſe guilty ſpear profan'd the ſacred ſteed.
We vote to lead him to Minerva's tow'r,
And ſupplicate, with vows, th' offended pow'r;
All to the fatal labour bend their care,
Level the walls, and lay the bulwarks bare;
Some round the lofty neck the cables tye,
Some to the feet the rolling wheels apply;
The tow'ring monſter, big with Ilion's doom,
Mounts o'er the wall; an army in the womb;
Around the moving pile the children join
In ſhouts of tranſport, and in ſongs divine;
They run, they pull the ſtretching cords with joy,
And lend their little hands to ruin Troy!
In one loud peal th' enormous horſe rolls down,
And thund'ring gains the center of the town.
Oh Troy, renown'd in war! oh bright abodes!
Oh glorious Troy! the labour of the gods!
Thrice ſtop'd unmov'd the monſter in the gate,
And claſhing arms thrice warn'd us of our fate;
But we, by madneſs blinded and o'ercome,
Lodge the dire monſter in the ſacred dome.

Caſſandra too, inſpir'd, our fate declares
(So Phœbus doom'd) to unregarding ears;
We, thoughtleſs wretches! deck the ſhrines, and waſte
In ſports the day, which heav'n decreed our laſt.
Now had the ſun roll'd down the beamy light,
And from the caves of Ocean ruſh'd the night;
With one black veil her ſpreading ſhades ſuppreſs
The face of nature, and the frauds of Greece.
The Trojans round their walls in ſilence lay,
And loſt in ſleep the labours of the day.
When lo! their courſe the Grecian navy bore,
New-rigg'd and arm'd, and reach'd the well-known ſhore,
By ſilent Cynthia's friendly beams convey'd;
And the proud admiral a flame diſplay'd.
Then Sinon, favour'd by the partial gods,
Unlocks the mighty monſter's dark abodes;
His peopled caves pour forth in open air
The heroes, and the whole impriſon'd war.

331. *Caſſandra too, inſpir'd.*] Virgil does but juſt mention Caſſandra on this occaſion, without giving us the particulars of her prophecy. All he ſays of her is included in two lines:

Tunc etiam fatis aperit Caſſandra futuris
Ora, Dei juſſu non unquam credita Teucris.

It had been very injudicious in Virgil to have put a long harangue into her mouth, ſince whatever ſhe could have ſaid, would have been little elſe but a repetition of what Laocoon had ſaid at the beginning of the book. The death of Laocoon, which immediately follows his ſpeech (verſe 41) together with the amazing circumſtances attending it, were admirably contrived by Virgil, (or perhaps Sophocles, who is ſaid to have written a tragedy on that ſubject) and were ſufficient to confirm the Trojans in their belief of Sinon's ſtory.

MERRIC's notes on Tryphiodorus, pag. 71.

Led by the guiding cord, alight with joy
Th' impatient princes, in the midſt of Troy;
Machaon firſt, then great Achilles' heir,
Ulyſſes, Thoas, Acamas, appear;
A crowd of chiefs with Menelaus ſucceed;
Epeus laſt, who fram'd the fraudful ſteed.
Strait they invade the city, bury'd deep
In fumes of wine, and all diſſolv'd in ſleep;
They ſlay the guards, they burſt the gates, and join
Their fellows, conſcious to the bold deſign.
'Twas now the time when firſt kind heav'n beſtows
On wretched man the bleſſings of repoſe;
When, in my ſlumbers, Hector ſeem'd to riſe
A mournful viſion! to my cloſing eyes.
Such he appear'd, as when Achilles' car
And fiery courſers whirl'd him thro' the war;
Drawn thro' his ſwelling feet the thongs I view'd,
His beauteous body black with duſt and blood.
Ye gods! how chang'd from Hector! who with joy
Return'd in proud Achilles' ſpoils to Troy;
Flung at the ſhips, like heav'n's almighty fire,
Flames after flames, and wrapt a fleet in fire.

363. *Such he appear'd.*] There is a fragment of Ennius in his *Telamon*, which ſeems to reſemble theſe lines,

Hiccine Telamon ille eſt, modo quem gloria ad cœlum extulit
Quem adſpectabant, cujus ob os Graji orbvertebant ſua?

The dramatic *Livy* introduces the father of Horatius breaking out into an exclamation of this kind," *Hunccine (aiebat) quem modo decoratum, ovantemque victoriâ incedentem vidiſtis, Quirites, eum ſub furcâ vinctum, inter verbera & cruciatus videre poteſtis?* B. 1. c. 26.

Now gaſh'd with wounds that for his Troy he bore,
His beard and locks ſtood ſtiffen'd with his gore.
With tears and mournful accents I began,
And thus beſpoke the viſionary man!

Say, glorious prince, thy country's hope and joy,
What cauſe ſo long detains thee from thy Troy?
Say, from what realms, ſo long deſir'd in vain,
Her Hector comes, to bleſs her eyes again?
After ſuch numbers ſlain, ſuch labours paſt,
Thus is our prince! ah! thus return'd at laſt?
Why ſtream theſe wounds? or who could thus diſgrace
The manly charms of that majeſtic face?

Nought to theſe queſtions vain the ſhade replies,
But from his boſom draws a length of ſighs;
Fly, fly, oh! fly the gathering flames; the walls
Are won by Greece, and glorious Ilion falls;
Enough to Priam and to Troy before
Was paid; then ſtrive with deſtiny no more;
Could any mortal hand prevent our fate,
This hand, and this alone, had ſav'd the ſtate.
Troy to thy care commends her wand'ring gods;
With theſe purſue thy fortunes o'er the floods
To that proud city, thou ſhalt raiſe at laſt,
Return'd from wand'ring wide the watry waſte.
This ſaid, he brought from Veſta's hallow'd quire
The ſacred wreaths, and everlaſting fire.

376. *What cauſe.*] The confuſion and obſcure ideas of a man in a dream, are repreſented by theſe queſtions of Æneas who otherwiſe knew the death and deſtiny of Hector. Such ſtrokes, not attended to by common readers, ſhew a perfect inſight into human nature. The poet himſelf has pointed out this beauty by the uſe of the word *vana*.

Meantime tumultuous round the walls ariſe
Shrieks, clamours, ſhouts, and mingle in the ſkies.
And (tho' remote my father's palace ſtood,
With ſhades ſurrounded, and a gloomy wood)
Near, and more near, approach the dire alarms;
The voice of woe; the dreadful din of arms.
Rous'd at the deaf'ning peal that roars around,
I mount the dome, and liſten to the ſound.
Thus o'er the corn, while furious winds conſpire,
Rolls on a wide-devouring blaze of fire;
Or ſome big torrent, from a mountain's brow,
Burſts, pours, and thunders down the vale below,

397. *Round the walls ariſe.*] This puts me in mind of a line in Lucretius that is marvellouſly fine, where that poet who had the warmeſt imagination of all the Roman writers, unites together in one verſe all the dreadful images of war, which he ſays is carried on,

Vulneribus, clamore, fuga, terrore, tumultu.

Lib. v. 1335.

405. *Thus o'er the corn.*] Upon the occaſion of Æneas's making this ſimile, I cannot forbear hazarding an obſervation for which perhaps ſome critics may ſeverely cenſure me. However that may be, it appears to me, that Virgil is injudicious in putting theſe compariſons into the mouth of Æneas. The hero in this and ſome other paſſages, is by far too great a poet. Virgil ſeems to forget that Æneas is ſpeaking, and not himſelf. What can be more unnatural and offenſive to propriety, than for Æneas to ſtop in a narration, where he is deſcribing the deſolation of his own city, in order to make a laboured compariſon of five or ſix lines about a fire ſeizing a field of corn, or a ſhepherd liſtening to the roarings of a torrent? In ſhort, I think all the ſimiles Æneas uſes in this ſecond and the third book, during the time he is relating his ſtory and adventures to Dido, are as injudicious, and as ill-placed as thoſe laboured compariſons are with which the acts of ſeveral celebrated modern tragedies are concluded,

O'erwhelms the fields, lays waſte the golden grain,
And headlong ſweeps the foreſts to the main;
Stun'd at the din, the ſwain with liſt'ning ears
From ſome ſteep rock the ſounding ruin hears.
Now Hector's warning prov'd too clear and true,
The wiles of Greece appear'd in open view;
The roaring flames in volumes huge aſpire,
And wrap thy dome, Deïphobus, in fire;
Thine, ſage Ucalegon, next ſtrow'd the ground,
And ſtretch'd a vaſt unmeaſur'd ruin round,
Wide o'er the waves the bright reflection plays;
The ſurges redden with the diſtant blaze.
Then ſhouts and trumpets ſwell the dire alarms;
And, tho' 'twas vain, I madly flew to arms:

421. *Then ſhouts and trumpets.*] It is the obſervation of Monſ. Dacier, that Virgil hath been guilty of a miſtake in this particuluar, of deſcribing the trumpet as uſed in the ſacking of Troy.

Exoritur clamorque virûm clangorque turbarum.

And he likewiſe celebrates Miſenus as the trumpeter of Æneas: but as Virgil wrote at a time very remote from thoſe heroic ages, perhaps this liberty may be excuſed. However, a poet had better confine himſelf to cuſtoms and manners like a good painter; and it is equally a fault in either of them to aſcribe to times and nations any thing with which they were unacquainted.

This hath been a rock on which many a poet hath ſtruck, and made himſelf highly ridiculous to the judicious and diſcerning; prepoſterouſly and unnaturally mixing modern with ancient manners and cuſtoms. A practice as abſurd, to uſe Voltaire's alluſion, as it was for certain Italian and Flemiſh painters to repreſent the virgin Mary with a chaplet of beads hanging at her girdle, to place Swiſs guards at the door of the apartment of Pharaoh; and to mix cannons and carabines with the ancient arrows in the battles of Joſhua.

Eager to raiſe a band of friends, and pour
In one firm body, to defend the tow'r;
Rage and revenge my kindling boſom fire,
Warm, and in arms, to conquer or expire.
But lo! poor Pantheus, Phœbus' prieſt appears,
Juſt ſcap'd the foe, diſtracted with his fears,
The ſage his vanquiſh'd gods and reliques bore,
And with his trembling grandſon ſought the ſhore.
Say, Pantheus, how the fate of Ilion ſtands?
Say, if a tow'r remains in Trojan hands?
He thus with groans;---Our laſt ſad hour is come,
Our certain, fixt, inevitable doom.
Troy once was great, but oh! the ſcene is o'er,
Her glory vaniſh'd! and her name no more!
For partial Jove transfers her paſt renown
To Greece, who triumphs in her burning town;
And the huge monſter from his op'ning ſide
Pours forth her warriors in an endleſs tide;
With joy proud Sinon ſees the flames aſpire,
Heaps blaze on blaze, and mingles fire with fire;
Here thouſands pouring through the gates appear,
Far more than proud Mycenæ ſent to war.
Some ſeize the paſſes; groves of ſpears ariſe,
That thirſt for blood, and flaſh againſt the ſkies.

435. *Troy once was great.*] Virgil had his eye undoubtedly on a paſſage in the Troades of Euripides, where Andromache and Hecuba ſpeak, as follows,

Ανδρ.—Πρὶν ποτ' ἦμεν.
Εκαβ.—Βέβακεν ὄλβος, βέβακε Τροια.

The guards but juſt maintain a feeble fight
With their fierce foes, amidſt the gloomy night.
While Pantheus' words, while ev'ry god inſpires,
I flew to arms; and ruſh'd amidſt the fires,
Where the loud furies call, where ſhouts and cries
Ring round the walls, and thunder in the ſkies.
Now faithful Ripheus on my ſide appears,
With hoary Iphitus, advanc'd in years;
And valiant Hypazis and Dymas, known
By the pale ſplendors of the glimm'ring moon;
With theſe Chorœbus, Mygdon's generous boy,
Who came, ill-fated, to the wars of Troy;
Fir'd with the fair Caſſandra's blooming charms,
To aid her ſire with unavailing arms;
Ah! brave unhappy youth!—he would not hear
His bride inſpir'd, who warn'd him from the war!
Theſe when I ſaw, with fierce collected might,
Breathing revenge, and crowding to the fight;
With warmth I thus addreſs'd the gen'rous train:
Ye bold, brave youths, but bold and brave in vain!
If by your dauntleſs ſouls impell'd, you dare
With me to try th' extremities of war;
You ſee our hopeleſs ſtate; how every god,
Who guarded Troy, has left his old abode;
You aid a town already ſunk in fire;
Fly, fly to arms, and glorioufly expire;
Let all ruſh on, and, vanquiſh'd as we are,
Catch one laſt beam of ſafety from deſpair.

449. *While Pantheus' words.*] There is is a very majeſtic and ſolemn air of lamentation in this ſpeech of Pantheus; and its being put into the mouth of the prieſt of Phoebus, adds a dignity and importance to it.

Thus while my words inflame the liſt'ning crew.
With rage redoubled to the fight they flew
As hungry wolves, while clouds involve the day,
Ruſh from their dens; and, prowling wide for prey,
Howl to the tempeſt, while the ſavage brood,
Stretch'd in the cavern, pant and thirſt for blood;
So thro' the town, determin'd to expire,
Through the thick ſtorm of darts, and ſmoke and fire,
Wrapt and ſurrounded with the ſhades of night,
We ruſh'd to certain death, and mingled in the fight.
What tongue the dreadful ſlaughter could diſcloſe?
Or oh! what tears could anſwer half our woes?
The glorious empreſs of the nations round,
Majeſtic Troy, lay level'd with the ground;
Her murder'd natives crowded her abodes,
Her ſtreets, her domes, the temples of her gods.
Nor Ilion bled alone: her turn ſucceeds;
And then ſhe conquers, and proud Argos bleeds;
Death in a thouſand forms deſtructive frown'd,
And woe, deſpair, and horror rag'd around.

488. *Majeſtic Troy, lay level'd.*] This deſcription is ſublime and pathetic; but how infinitely is it excelled by a paſſage in the prophet Iſaiah, where he is ſpeaking of the deſtruction of Babylon? "And Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees excellency, ſhall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. It ſhall never be inhabited, neither ſhall it be dwelt in from generation to generation: neither ſhall the Arabian pitch tent there, neither ſhall the ſhepherds make their fold there. But wild beaſts of the deſart ſhall lie there, and their houſes ſhall be full of doleful creatures; and the wild beaſts of the iſlands ſhall cry in their deſolate houſes, and dragons in their pleaſant palaces." Chap. xiii.

And firſt Androgeos, whom a train attends,
With ſtile familiar hail'd us as his friends;
Haſte, brave aſſociates, haſte; what dull delay
Detains you here, while others ſeize the prey?
In flames your friends have laid all Ilion waſte,
And you come lagging from your ſhips the laſt.
Thus he; but ſoon from our reply he knows
His fatal error, compaſs'd round with foes;
Reſtrains his tongue, and, meditating flight,
Stops ſhort;---and ſtartles at the dreadful ſight.
So the pale ſwain, who treads upon a ſnake
Unſeen, and lurking in the gloomy brake,
Soon as his ſwelling ſpires in circles play,
Starts back, and ſhoots precipitate away.
Fierce we ruſh in, the heedleſs foes ſurround,
And lay the wretches breathleſs on the ground:

505. *So the pale ſwain.*] This fine ſimile, remarkable for its juſtneſs and propriety, is copied and imitated from one of Homer, in the third book of his Iliad. Pope makes this remark on it. "It may be ſaid to the praiſe of Virgil, that he has applied it upon an occaſion where it has an additional beauty. Paris, upon the ſight of Menelaus's approach, is compared to a traveller who ſees a ſnake ſhoot on a ſudden towards him: but the ſurprize and danger of Androgeus is more lively, being juſt in the reach of his enemies before he perceived it: and the circumſtance of the ſerpent rouſing his creſt,

(*Attollentem iras, et caerula colla tumentem*)

which brightens with anger, finely images the ſhining of their arms in the night time, as they were juſt lifted up to deſtroy him. Scaliger criticiſes on the needleſs repetition of the words in Homer, παλινορσος, and ανεχωρησεν, which is avoided in the tranſlation. But it muſt be obſerved in general, that little exactneſſes are what we ſhould not look for in Homer; the genius of his age was too incorrect, and his own too fiery to regard them."

Notes on the third book of the Iliad, v. 47.

New to the place, with ſudden terror wild;
And thus at firſt our flatt'ring fortune ſmil'd.
Then, by his courage and ſucceſs inſpir'd,
His warlike train the brave Chorœbus fir'd;
Lo! friends, the road of ſafety you ſurvey;
Come, follow fortune, where ſhe points the way;
Let each in Argive arms his limbs diſguiſe,
And wield the bucklers, that the foe ſupplies;
For if ſucceſs an enemy attends,
Who aſks, if fraud or valour gain'd his ends?
This ſaid, Androgeos' creſted helm he wore;
Then, on his arm, the ponderous buckler bore
With beauteous figures grac'd, and warlike pride;
The ſtarry ſword hung glitt'ring at his ſide.
Like him, bold Ripheus, Dymas, and the reſt,
Their manly limbs in hoſtile armour dreſt.
With gods averſe, we follow to the fight,
And, undiſtinguiſh'd in the ſhades of night,
Mix with the foes, employ the murdering ſteel,
And plunge whole ſquadrons to the depths of hell.
Some, wild with fear, precipitate retreat,
Fly to the ſhore, and ſhelter in the fleet;
Some climb the monſtrous horſe, a frighted train,
And there lie trembling in the ſides again.
But, heav'n againſt us, all attempts muſt fail,
All hopes are vain, nor courage can prevail;
For lo! Caſſandra, lo! the royal fair
From Pallas' ſhrine with looſe diſhevel'd hair

537. *For lo! Caſſandra, lo! the royal fair.*] This is a beautiful and moving picture of the lovely prophetess in distress.

Dragg'd by the ſhoutiag victors ;---to the ſkies
She rais'd, but rais'd in vain, her glowing eyes ;
Her eyes---ſhe could no more---the Grecian bands
Had rudely manacled her tender hands ;
Chorœbus could not bear that ſcene of woes,
But, fir'd with fury, flew amidſt the foes ;
As ſwift we follow to redeem the fair,
Ruſh to his aid, and thicken to the war.
Here from the temple on our troop deſcends
A ſtorm of javelins from our Trojan friends,

A reader of taſte will not be diſpleaſed to ſee her ſtory in the words of Mr. Thomſon, taken from his noble tragedy of Agamemnon, a play written in the true taſte of the ancients, and enriched with many excellent imitations and tranſlations from the Greek tragedies.

This Priam's faireſt daughter,
Is a young princeſs of engaging beauty
Rais'd by diſtreſs; of noble ſenſe and ſpirit,
But by poetic viſions led aſtray,
She dreamt Apollo lov'd her, and the gift
Of prophecy beſtowed to gain her promiſe :
The gift once hers, the chaſtly-faithleſs maid
Deceiv'd the god ; who therefore in revenge,
Since he could not recall it, made it uſeleſs,
For ever doom'd to meet with diſregard.

Acts iv. ſcene i.

Thomſon, among other qualifications, was an excellent Greek ſcholar, as appears not only by his *Liberty*, a poem, but alſo by the many paſſages he has interwoven in his plays from Sophocles and Euripides; particularly, from the Philocetes and the Alceſte.

541. *Her eyes--ſhe could no more*—] The only geſture deſcribed by Homer, as uſed by the ancients in the invocation of the gods, is the lifting up their hands to heaven. Virgil frequently alludes to this paſſage ; particularly in the ſecond book there is a paſſage, the beauty of which is much raiſed by this conſideration. Pope's Notes, Iliad vi.

There is a fine Caſſandra in the Florentine collection, in this attitude of diſtreſs.

Who from our arms and helmets deem'd us foes;
And hence a dreadful ſcene of ſlaughter roſe.
Then all the Greeks our ſlender band invade,
And pour enrag'd to ſeize the reſcu'd maid;
Ajax with all the bold Dolopians came,
And both the kings of Atreus' royal name.
So when the winds in airy conflict riſe,
Here ſouth aad weſt charge dreadful in the ſkies;
There louder Eurus, to the battle borne,
Mounts the ſwift courſers of the purple morn;
Beneath the whirlwind roar the bending woods;
With his huge trident Neptune ſtrikes the floods:
Foams, ſtorms, and tempeſting the deeps around,
Bares the broad boſom of the dark profound.
Thoſe too, we chas'd by night, a ſcatter'd train,
Now boldly rally, and appear again.
To them our Argive helms and arms are known,
Our voice and language diff'ring from their own.
We yield to numbers. By Peneleus' ſteel
Firſt at Minerva's ſhrine Chorœbus fell.
Next Ripheus bled, the juſteſt far of all
The ſons of Troy; yet heav'n permits his fall.
The like ſad fate brave Hypanis attends,
And hapleſs Dymas, ſlaughter'd by their friends.
Nor thee, ſage Pantheus! Phœbus' wreaths could ſave,
Nor all thy ſhining virtues from the grave.
Ye dear, dear ruins! and thou, Troy! declare
If once I trembled or declin'd the war:
Midſt flames and foes a glorious death I ſought,
And well deſerv'd the death for which I fought.

Thence we retreat, our brave aſſociates gone,
Pelias and Iphitus were left alone;
This ſlow with age and bending to the ground,
And that more tardy from Ulyſſes' wound.
Now from the palace-walls tumultuous ring
The ſhouts, and call us to defend the king;
There we behold the rage of fight, and there
The throne of death, and center of the war;
As Troy, all Troy beſide had ſlept in peace,
Nor ſtain'd by ſlaughter, nor alarm'd by Greece.
Shield lock'd in ſhield, advance the Grecian pow'rs,
To burſt the gates, and ſtorm the regal tow'rs;
Fly up the ſteep aſcent where danger calls,
And fix their ſcaling engines in the walls.
High in the left they graſp'd the fenceful ſhield,
Fierce in the right the rocky ramparts held;
Roofs, tow'rs, and battlements the Trojans throw,
A pile of ruins! on the Greeks below;
Catch for defence the weapons of deſpair,
In theſe the dire extremes of death and war.
Now on their heads the pond'rous beams are roll'd,
By Troy's firſt monarchs cruſted round with gold.

589. *Shield lock'd.*] The *teſtudo* was properly a figure which the ſoldiers caſt themſelves into; ſo that their targets ſhould cloſe altogether above their heads, and defend them from the miſſive weapons of the enemy; as if we ſuppoſe, the firſt rank to have ſtood upright on their feet, and the reſt to have ſtoop'd lower and lower by degrees, till the laſt rank kneel'd down upon their knees: ſo that every rank covering with their target, the heads of all in the rank before them, they reſembled a tortoiſe's ſhell, or a ſort of pent-houſe. KENNETT's Antiq. B. iv.

Here thronging troops with glitt'ring fau'chions ſtand,
To guard the portals, and the door command.
Strait to the palace, fir'd with hopes, I go
To aid the vanquiſh'd, and repel the foe.
A ſecret portico contriv'd behind,
Great Hector's manſion to the palace join'd,
By which his hapleſs princeſs oft would bring
Her royal infant to the good old king.
This way the topmoſt battlements I gain,
Whence the tir'd Trojans threw their darts in vain.
Rais'd on a lofty point, a turret rears
Her ſtately head unrival'd to the ſtars;

605. *A ſecret portico.*] The palace of Priam being ſtrongly beſieaguer'd and inveſted, before Æneas can enter to it's relief, he is driven to a neceſſity of ſtealing in with his party at a poſtern, either deſerted, or undiſcovered: thro' which they aſcend to an old tower, and puſh the battlements of it down upon the enemy. Theſe are circumſtances, of ſo low a nature in themſelves, as not to admit of being embelliſhed, or wrought up to the dignity of heroic poetry. Virgil was conſcious of this objection; and happily found the means of heightening, and enlivening, both circumſtances by the help of fiction. To elevate the affair of the blind poſtern, he feigns, that thro' this gate and paſſage, in the times of her proſperity, Andromache was uſed to lead her young Aſtyanax to viſit his old grandſire Priam; by this image, noble and elevated in itſelf, and full of tenderneſs, the lowneſs of the circumſtance, with regard to the poſtern, is avoided and loſt. To elevate the affair of the old mouldering tower being puſhed down, which conveys but a mean idea, he as happily feigns, that from thence they could take a proſpect of all Troy, diſcover the camp and motions of the enemy, and ſurvey the extent of their whole fleet. This, again, is giving the old turret a ſignificance which makes its demolition be conſidered with regret and pity; and quite turns off every thought of ridicule, ariſing from the manner of its tumbling. SEGRAIS.

From hence we wont all Ilion to ſurvey,
The fields, the camp, the fleets, and rolling ſea.
With ſteel the yielding timbers we aſſail'd.
Where looſe the huge disjointed fructure fail'd;
Then, tugg'd convulſive from the ſhatter'd walls,
We puſh the pile: the pond'rous ruin falls
Tumbling in many a whirl, with thund'ring ſound,
Down headlong on the foes, and ſmokes along the ground.
But crowds on crowds the bury'd troops ſupply;
And in a ſtorm the beams and rocky fragments fly.
Full in the portal rag'd with loud alarms
Brave Pyrrhus, glitt'ring in his brazen arms.

613. *From hence.*] This landſcape which lay in proſpect from the tower, diverſifies the ſcene of fire, and carnage he is deſcribing.

618. *We puſh the pile.*] This is a fine inſtance of the tranſlator's making the ſound of the verſes an echo to the ſenſe. The pauſe is likewiſe very judicious, and cloſely imitates the original,

——*convellimus altis*
Sedibus impulimuſque.——

I ſhall add a paſſage in *Leonidas*, where the Greeks gather together ſtones of the greateſt bulk and bodies of vaſt trees, and puſh them down from Mount Oeta upon the heads of the Perſians who fought beneath.

——Downward ſinks
The nodding pile, ſtupendous heap of death!
Trees roll'd on trees with mingled rock deſcend
Unintermitted ruin. Loud reſound
The hollow trunks againſt the mountain's ſide,
Swift bounds each craggy maſs.—

The poet then adds a circumſtance, which is entirely new and his own, and ſtrongly conceived.

——The foes beneath
Look up aghaſt, with horror ſhrink, and die.
Leonidas, Book v. 736.

So from his den, the winter ſlept away,
Shoots forth the burniſh'd ſnake in open day;
Who, fed with ev'ry poiſon of the plain,
Sheds his old ſpoils, and ſhines in youth again;
Proud of his golden ſcales rolls tow'ring on,
And darts his forky ſting, and glitters on the ſun.
To him the mighty Periphas ſucceeds,
And the bold * chief who drove his father's ſteeds;
With theſe the Scyrian bands advance, and aim
Full at the battlements the miſſive flame.
Fierce Pyrrhus in the front with forceful ſway
Ply'd the huge ax, and hew'd the beams away;
The ſolid timbers from the portal tore,
And rent from ev'ry hinge the brazen door.
At laſt the chief a mighty op'ning made,
And, all th' imperial dome, in all her length diſplay'd:
The ſacred rooms of Troy's firſt monarchs lie,
With Priam's pomp, profan'd by every eye;
In arms the centries to the breach repair,
And ſtand embody'd, to repel the war.
Now far within, the regal rooms diſcloſe,
Loud and more loud, a direful ſcene of woes;

625. *So from his den.*] This compariſon is copied from Homer, Il. X. v. 93. "Virgil (ſays Dr. Theobald) ſpeaks of the ſerpent, *mala gramina paſtus*, as if poiſonous herbs were his ordinary and conſtant diet: Homer, I think with more propriety, and a more intimate knowledge of nature, mentions the ſerpent as having eat poiſon, juſt when he meant to lie in wait, and was prepar'd for miſchief. Ανδρα μενησι, βεβρωκως κακα φαρμακα. Ælian (Lib. vi. c. 4.) in his hiſtory of animals, mentions this cuſtom of the ſerpent, and ſays it is alluded to by Homer."

645 *Now far within.*] The women in Greece, and all over

* Automedon.

The roof reſounds with female ſhrieks and cries,
And the ſhrill echo ſtrikes the diſtant ſkies.
The trembling matrons fly from place to place,
And kiſs the pillars with a laſt embrace;
Bold Pyrrhus ſtorms with all his father's fire;
The barrier's burſt; the vanquiſh'd guards retire;
The ſhatter'd doors the thund'ring engines ply;
The bolts leap back; the ſounding hinges fly;
The war breaks in; loud ſhout the hoſtile train;
The gates are ſtorm'd; the foremoſt ſoldiers ſlain:
Through the wide courts the crowding Argives roam,
And ſwarm triumphant round the regal dome.
Not half ſo fierce the foamy deluge bounds,
And burſts reſiſtleſs o'er the level'd mounds;

over the eaſt (as the cuſtom holds to this day) had their apartments quite diſtinct from thoſe of men, in the inner and moſt retired part of the houſe. For their chambers to be broken open and violated was the moſt dreadful of calamities. Servius tells us, that all this fine paſſage is taken from Ennius's deſcription of the ſiege of Alba; which Livy has ſo nobly painted in the firſt book of his hiſtory. The cuſtom of kiſſing beds, columns, and doors, before they were oblig'd to quit them, is mentioned frequently by Sophocles and Euripides.

647. *The roof reſounds.*] Arioſto has exactly and minutely imitated this fine deſcription in his Orlando Furioſo.

Sonar per gli alti e ſpatioſi tetti
S' odono gridi, e jeminil lamenti:
L' afflitti donne, percotendo i petti,
Corron per caſa pallide, e dolenti:
E abbracian gli uſci e i geniali letti,
Che toſto hanno a laſciare aſtrane genti.
Cant. xvii. Stan. 13.

'Tis remarkable that Sir J. Harrington has totally omitted this fine paſſage (as indeed he has many others) in his tranſlation of this celebrated Italian poet. There are a great many paſſages in Arioſto copied from this ſecond book of Virgil,

Pours down the vale, and roaring o'er the plain,
Sweeps herds, and hinds, and houſes to the main.
  Theſe eyes within the gate th' Atrides view'd,
And furious Pyrrhus cover'd o'er with blood;
Sad they beheld, amid the mournful ſcene,
The hundred daughters with the mother queen,
And Priam's ſelf polluting with his gore
Thoſe flames, he hallow'd at the ſhrines before.
The fifty bridal rooms, a work divine!
(Such were his hopes of a long regal line)
Rich in Barbaric gold, with trophies crown'd,
Sunk with their proud ſupport of pillars round;
And, where the flames retire, the foes poſſeſs the ground.
  And now, great queen, you haply long to know
The fate of Priam in this general woe.

664. *And furious Pyrrhus.*] The character of this ſon of Achilles is all along ſupported with great ſpirit. There is a fine paſſage in the eleventh book of the Odyſſey, which from the relation it bears to this ſecond book of the Æneid I ſhall quote at length. Achilles enquires of Ulyſſes the behaviour of his ſon, ſince he himſelf died: and Ulyſſes, to give him the higheſt idea of Pyrrhus his courage, anſwers him in the following lines:

When Ilion in the horſe receiv'd her doom,
And unſeen armies ambuſh'd in its womb,
Greece gave her latent warriors to my care,
'Twas mine on Troy to pour th' impriſon'd war:
Then when the boldeſt boſom beat for fear,
When the ſtern eyes of heroes drop'd a tear;
Fierce in his look his ardent valour glow'd,
Fluſh'd in his cheek or ſally'd in his blood;
Indignant in the dark receſs he ſtands,
Pants for the battle, and the war demands;
His voice breath'd death; and with a martial air,
He graſp'd his ſword, and ſhook his glittering ſpear.

Pope has animated and added fire to the original lines.

674.] *And now.*] This is the only line, throughout all Æneas's narration, in which he takes notice of his audience.

When with ſad eyes the venerable ſire
Beheld his Ilion ſunk in hoſtile fire;
His palace ſtorm'd, the lofty gates laid low,
His rich pavillions crowded with the foe;
In arms, long ſince diſus'd, the hoary ſage
Loads each ſtiff languid limb, that ſhook with age;
Girds on an unperforming ſword in vain,
And runs on death amidſt the hoſtile train.
Within the courts, beneath the naked ſky,
An altar roſe; an aged laurel by;
That o'er the hearth and houſhold-gods diſplay'd
A ſolemn gloom, a deep majeſtic ſhade:
Hither, like doves, who cloſe-embody'd fly
From ſome dark tempeſt black'ning in the ſky,
The queen for refuge with her daughters ran,
Clung and embrac'd their images in vain.
But when in cumbrous arms the king ſhe ſpy'd,
Alas! my poor unhappy lord! ſhe cry'd,
What more than madneſs, 'midſt theſe dire alarms,
Mov'd thee to load thy helpleſs age with arms?
No aid like thine this dreadful hour demands,
But aſks far other ſtrength, far other hands.
No! could my own dear Hector arm again,
My own dear Hector now would arm in vain.
Come to theſe altars; here we all ſhall have
One common refuge, or one common grave.

699. *My own dear Hector.*] De la Cerda imagines there is ſome hidden meaning in her ſaying My Hector, rather than Your's or Ours; as if he were the ſon of ſome god: Which conjecture is groundleſs and very far fetch'd. 'Tis certainly, as Trapp obſerves, only a fond, motherly expreſſion, and nothing more.

This ſaid, her aged lord the queen embrac'd,
And on the ſacred ſeat the monarch plac'd.
When lo! Polites, one of Priam's ſons,
Through darts and foes, from ſlaught'ring Pyrrhus runs,
Wounded he traverſes the cloyſter'd dome,
Darts through the courts, and ſhoots from room to room;
Cloſe, cloſe behind, purſu'd the furious foe,
Juſt graſp'd the youth, and aim'd the fatal blow;
Soon as within his parents ſight he paſt,
Pierc'd by the pointed death, he breath'd his laſt:
He fell; a purple ſtream the pavement dy'd,
The ſoul comes guſhing in the crimſon tide.
The king, that ſcene impatient to ſurvey,
Tho' death ſurrounds him, gives his fury way;
And oh! may ev'ry violated god,
Barbarian! thank thee for this deed of blood;
(If gods there are, ſuch actions to regard,)
Oh! may they give thy guilt the full reward;
Guilt, that a father's ſacred eyes defil'd
With blood, the blood of his dear murder'd child!
Unlike thy ſire, Achilles the divine!
(But ſure Achilles was no ſire of thine!)

722. *Unlike thy ſire.*] Achilles, in the twenty-fourth book of the Iliad, receives old Priam with tenderneſs and compaſſion, and reſtores to him the body of his ſon Hector.

I fancy this interview between Priam and Achilles would furniſh an admirable ſubject for a painter, in the ſurprize of Achilles and the other ſpectators, and the attitude of Priam, and the ſorrows in the countenance of this unfortunate king. That circumſtance of Priam's kiſſing the hands of Achilles is inimitably fine; "He kiſs'd, ſays Homer, the hands of Achilles, thoſe terrible, murderous hands, that had robb'd him

Foe as I was, the heroe deign'd to hear
The gueſt's, the ſuppliant's, king's, and father's pray'r;
To funeral rites reſtor'd my Hector ſlain,
And ſafe diſmiſs'd me to my realm again.
This ſaid, his trembling arm eſſay'd to throw
The dull dead javelin, that ſcarce reach'd the foe;
The weapon languiſhingly lagg'd along,
And, guiltleſs, on the buckler faintly rung.
Thou then be firſt, replies the chief, to go
With theſe ſad tidings to his ghoſt below;

him of ſo many ſons." By theſe two words the poet recalls to our minds, all the noble actions performed by Achilles in the whole Iliad: and at the ſame time ſtrikes us with the utmoſt compaſſion for this unhappy king, who is reduced ſo low as to be obliged to kiſs thoſe hands that had ſlain his ſubjects, and ruined his kingdom and family.

POPE's Iliad, xxiv. 586.

730. *The weapon languiſhingly.*] The tranſlator has expreſſed the weakneſs of Priam's effort by the flow of his verſe; and by a happy alliteration that marks debility, and an ineffectual attempt.

732. *Thou then be firſt.*] Virgil was too judicious, ſays Pope, to imitate Homer in ſome of his cruel and inhuman ſpeeches, made over the dying and the dead; and is much more reſerved in his ſarcaſms, and inſults. There are not above four or five in the whole Æneid. That of Pyrrhus to Priam in the ſecond book, though barbarous in itſelf, may be accounted for, as intended to raiſe a character of horror, and render the action of Pyrrhus odious; whereas Homer ſtains his moſt favourite characters with theſe barbarities. That of Aſcanius over Numanus in the ninth, was a fair opportunity where Virgil might have indulged the humour of a cruel raillery, and have been excuſed by the youth and gaiety of the ſpeaker; yet it is no more than a very moderate anſwer to the inſolencies with which he had juſt been provoked by his enemy, only retorting two of his own words upon him.

—I,

Begone---acquaint him with my crimes in Troy,
And tell my ſire of his degenerate boy.
Die then he ſaid, and dragg'd the monarch on,
Thro' the warm blood that iſſu'd from his ſon,
Stagg'ring and ſliding in the ſlipp'ry gore,
And to the ſhrine the royal victim bore;
Lock'd in the left he graſps the ſilver hairs,
High in the right the flaming blade he rears,
Then to the hilt with all his force apply'd,
He plung'd the ruthleſs fau'chion in his ſide.
Such was the fate unhappy Priam found,
Who ſaw his Troy lie levell'd with the ground;

——*I, verbis virtutem illude ſuperbis!*
Bis capti Phryges haec Rutulis reſponſa remittunt.

He never ſuffers his Æneas to fall into this practice, but while he is on fire with indignation after the death of his friend Pallas: That ſhort oue is the beſt that could be ſaid to ſuch a tyrant:

——*Ubi nunc Mezentius acer, et illa*
Effera vis animi?——

The worſt-natured one I remember (which yet is more excuſable than Homer's,) is that of Turnus to Eumedes in the twelfth book,

En, agros et quam bello, Trojane, petiſti,
Heſperiam metire jacens: haec praemia, qui me
Ferro auſi tentare, ferunt: ſic moenia condunt.

This note is ſo full of juſt criticiſm on ſo many paſſages of our author, that it's length does not want any excuſe.

744. *Such was the fate.*] There is a paſſage in Trapp's poetical lectures, where that critic compares the chaſte manner of Virgil's writing with the falſe and frivolous conceits and witticiſms of Seneca and Ovid; and he produces theſe verſes of Virgil as an inſtance. "*In Troade Senecae, Hecuba dolens quod Trojae excidio, Priami jaceret inhumatum cadaver, luctum ſuum ſic exprimit:*

Ille

He, who round Asia sent his high commands,
And stretch'd his empire o'er a hundred lands;
Now lies a headless carcass on the shore,
The man, the monarch, and the name no more!
Then, nor till then, I fear'd the furious foe,
Struck with that scene of unexampled woe;
Soon as I saw the murder'd king expire:
His old compeer, my venerable sire,
My palace, son, and consort left behind,
All, all, at once came rushing on my mind.
I gaz'd around, but not a friend was there;
My hapless friends, abandon'd to despair,
Had leap'd down headlong from the lofty spires,
Tir'd with their toils; or plung'd amidst the fires.
Thus left alone, and wand'ring, I survey
Where trembling Helen close and silent lay

Ille tot regum parens
Caret sepulchro Priamus, et flammâ indiget,
Ardente Trojâ——
Et eodem modo alius;
——Priamumque in littore truncum,
Cui non Troja rogus.——

Quid frigidius in materiâ tam grandi et sublimi? Quam leve ipsud dictum flammâ funebri caruisse Priamum, cum Troja flammis nimium abundaret? Quanto melius de re eâdem Virgilius! Haec finis Priami—*Grandia sunt omnia; majestatis plena et argumento congruentia; noluit poeta in re tam seriâ et magnificâ exiguis facetiis ludere.*" PRAELECT.

753. *Old compeer.*] This circumstance of his being put in mind of his father and family by seeing the lamentable death of old Priam, is very natural and moving. The distress is now work'd up to the height. Æneas is left alone amid all the dangers that surround him.

760. *Thus left alone.*] Varius and Tucca, who were appointed to revise the Æneid, are said to have struck out the twenty-

In Veſta's porch; and by the diſmal glare
Of rolling flames diſcern the fatal fair;
The common plague! by Troy and Greece abhor'd!
She fear'd alike the vengeful Trojan ſword,
Her injur'd country, and abandon'd lord.
Faſt by the ſhrine I ſpy'd the lurking dame,
And all my ſoul was kindled into flame:
My ruin'd country to revenge, I ſtood
In wrath reſolv'd to ſhed her impious blood.
Shall ſhe, this guilty fair, return in peace,
A queen, triumphant, through the realms of Greece,
And ſee, attended by her Phrygian train,
Her home, her parents, ſpouſe, and ſons again?
For her curſt cauſe ſhall raging flames deſtroy
The ſtately ſtructures of imperial Troy?
So many ſlaughters drench the Dardan ſhore?
And Priam's ſelf lie welt'ring in his gore?
No!---ſhe ſhall die---for tho' the victor gain
No fame, no triumph for a woman ſlain;
Yet if by juſt revenge the traitreſs bleed,
The world conſenting will applaud the deed:

twenty-two following verſes in the original, as containing ſome inconſiſtencies relating to Helen's flight, and ſome expreſſions not agreeable to the purity of Virgil's ſtyle. Catrou and Addiſon are for retrenching them, but Dr. Trapp has defended them at large, and thinks they deſerve to ſtand in their place. See ADDISON's travels, p. 425-6.

777. *Drench the Dardan ſhore.*] In the original, *ſudârit ſanguine tellus*, is very ſtrong, and is cenſured by ſome critics; but Virgil had Ennius's authority for it, from whom he has borrow'd many expreſſions of great force and energy:

——*Æs ſoiat,*
Franguntur haſtae, terra ſudat ſanguine.

To my own vengeance I devote her head,
And the great ſpirits of our heroes dead.
Thus while I rav'd, I ſaw my mother riſe,
Confeſs'd a goddeſs, to my wond'ring eyes,
In pomp unuſual, and divinely bright;
Her beamy glories pierc'd the ſhades of night;
Such ſhe appear'd, as when in heav'n's abodes
She ſhines in all her glories to the gods.
Juſt rais'd to ſtrike, my hand ſhe gently took,
Then from her roſy lips the goddeſs ſpoke.
What wrath ſo fierce to vengeance drives thee on?
Are we no objects of thy care, my ſon?
Think of Anchiſes, and his helpleſs age,
Thy hoary ſire expos'd to hoſtile rage;
Think if thy dear Creüſa yet ſurvive,
Think if thy child, the young Iülus live;
Whom, ever hov'ring round, the Greeks incloſe,
From every ſide endanger'd by the foes;
And, but my care withſtood, the ruthleſs ſword
Long ſince had ſlaughter'd, or the flames devour'd.
Nor beauteous Helen now, nor Paris blame,
Her guilty charms, or his unhappy flame;
The gods, my ſon, th' immortal gods deſtroy
This glorious empire, and the tow'rs of Troy.

785. *I ſaw my mother riſe.*] With what pomp and majeſty has the poet introduced this piece of machinery! at the ſame time, how great is his art and judgment in bringing in Venus to make Æneas deſiſt from any farther attempts in endeavouring to ſave the city! nothing but the appearance of this goddeſs, who plainly ſhews him the deities that are engaged in deſtroying Troy, could make Æneas forſake the fight.

Hence then retire, retire without delay,
Attend thy mother, and her words obey;
Look up, for lo! I clear thy clouded eye
From the thick midſt of dim mortality;
Where yon' rude piles of ſhatter'd ramparts riſe,
Stone rent from ſtone, in dreadful ruin lies,
And black with rolling ſmoke the duſty whirlwind flies:
There, Neptune's trident breaks the bulwarks down,
There, from her baſis heaves the trembling town;
Heav'n's aweful queen, to urge the Trojan fate,
Here ſtorms tremendous at the Scæan gate:

814. *There Neptune's trident.*] This imagery is magnificent and ſublime; the thought of Venus's clearing his eye, and ſhewing him the Gods at work in deſtroying the city, is nobly conceived. I apprehend this to be one of the ſublimeſt paſſages in Virgil's writings, and indeed it is comparable to any thing in Homer, the greateſt commendation that can be given it.

The hint ſeems to have been given by Homer, Iliad V. 127. And this paſſage has been imitated by Milton, Book xi. 411. and by Taſſo, Canto xviii. Stanza 93. But the following paſſage in the Old Teſtament, greatly exceeds all the beforementioned ones: "And Eliſha prayed and ſaid, Lord, I pray thee open his eyes that he may ſee. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he ſaw; and behold, the mountain was full of horſes, and chariots of fire, round about Eliſha." *Book of Kings*, 2. C. 6. 17.

816. *Heaven's aweful queen, &c.*] In the ancient gems and marbles the Juno Matrona is always repreſented in a modeſt and decent dreſs; as the Juno Regina, and the Juno Moneta, are always in a fine and more magnificent one: Yet when one has formed an idea of Juno, either from the ſimplicity of the one, or the magnificence of the others, one is ſtill at a loſs what to make of Virgil's account of her arms and military chariot in the firſt Æneid (ver 17.) or of that angry and warlike figure he has given of her in this paſſage.

"At my firſt conſidering theſe warlike deſcriptions of Juno in Virgil, I ſaw they did not agree with the moſt eſtabliſhed

Radiant in arms the furious goddeſs ſtands,
And from the navy calls her Argive bands.
On yon' high tow'r the martial maid behold,
With her dread Gorgon blaze in clouds of gold.
Great Jove himſelf the ſons of Greece inſpires,
Each arm he ſtrengthens, and each ſoul he fires.
Againſt the Trojans, from the bright abodes,
See! where the thund'rer calls th' embattled gods.
Strive then no more with heav'n;---but oh! retreat,
Ourſelf will guide thee to thy father's ſeat;
Ourſelf will cover and befriend thy flight.
She ſaid, and ſunk within the ſhades of night;
And lo! the gods with dreadful faces frown'd,
And lower'd, majeſtically ſtern, around.

characters of that goddeſs among the Romans: I therefore thought, for ſome time, that Virgil took a good deal of liberty in caſes of this nature, and that theſe were to be reckoned among his negligences. But on a more careful review, I found the fault was in myſelf; and that Virgil in both thoſe places intended to ſpeak of Juno, not according to the appearances ſhe uſed to make among the Romans, but according to the repreſentations of her in other countries. In the firſt he certainly ſpeaks of the Carthaginian Juno; and in the ſecond, of the Juno Argiva; or, at leaſt, ſome particular Juno of the Greeks.

"It ſhould, by the rules of propriety, be ſome Grecian Juno, or other; becauſe ſhe is aſſiſting the Greeks, to overturn the empire of the Aſiatics. One of the moſt celebrated among the Grecian Juno's was the Juno Argiva. She was worſhiped under that name even in Italy; and Ovid has a long deſcription of a proceſſion to her at Faliſci, Lib. iii. El. 13.

"Helenus had ordered the Romans, by Æneas, to worſhip Juno moſt particularly, to get her over to their party. Virgil, Æn. iii. ver. 433—439. They did ſo, and thought that, in time, ſhe came to prefer them to all her moſt favourite nations. Ovid's Faſt. Lib. 6. ver. 45—48."

Polymetis, p. 56.

Then fell proud Ilion's bulwarks, tow'rs and ſpires;
Then Troy, tho' rais'd by Neptune, ſunk in fires.
So when an aged aſh, whoſe honours riſe
From ſome ſteep mountain tow'ring to the ſkies,

834. *So when an aged aſh.*] This ſimile is copied from Homer, whoſe great advocate Macrobius gives the preference in this inſtance to Virgil. The tranſlator has done it juſtice, and we venture to affirm it has loſt no one beauty under his hands. The laſt line, is an eminent example of the ſound's being an echo to the ſenſe: as is the fourth line

The tall tree trembling——

of a beauty in ſtyle much admired, called, the alliteration, or beginning many words that are placed together with the ſame letter: Waller thought this a beauty, and Dryden was wonderfully fond of it. Some late writers under the notion of imitating theſe two great verſifiers in this point, run into downright affectation, and are guilty of the moſt improper and ridiculous expreſſions, provided there be but an alliteration. 'Tis obſervable, that there are many inſtances of this beauty of ſtyle in Lucretius, ſuch are,

Verbera ventorum vitare——
Et murmur a magna minarum:

but a moſt charming inſtance of it appears in another paſſage of this fine old poet, in a line the moſt ſoft and ſmooth imaginable, where ſpeaking of ſwans, he ſays,

Et liquidam tollunt lugubri voce querelam.
Lib. iv. 552.

A reader of a muſical ear will eaſily perceive the beauty of ſo many of the letter L concurring.

"'Tis very remarkable, that the affectation of this beauty is ridiculed by Shakeſpear, in his Love's Labours Loſt, act ii. where the pedant Holofernes ſays, I will ſomething affect the letter, for it argues facility.

The praiſeful princeſs pierc'd and prickt——

'Tis ridiculed too in Chaucer, in a paſſage which I believe not every reader underſtands.

The *Plowman's tale* is written, in ſome meaſure, in imitation of Piers Plowman's viſion, and runs chiefly upon ſome

With many an ax by ſhouting ſwains is ply'd,
Fierce they repeat the ſtrokes from every ſide;
The tall tree trembling, as the blows go round,
Bows the high head, and nods to every wound:
At laſt quite vanquiſh'd, with a dreadful peal,
In one loud groan rolls craſhing down the vale,
Headlong with half the ſhatter'd mountain flies,
And ſtretch'd out huge in length th' unmeaſured ruin lies.
Now, by the goddeſs led, I bend my way,
Tho' javelins hiſs, and flames around me play;
With ſloping ſpires the flames obliquely fly,
The glancing darts turn innocently by.
Soon as, theſe various dangers paſt, I come
Within my rev'rend father's ancient dome,
Whom firſt I ſought, to bear his helpleſs age
Safe o'er the mountains, far from hoſtile rage;
An exil'd life diſdaining to enjoy,
He ſtands determin'd to expire with Troy:
Fly you, who health, and youth, and ſtrength maintain,
You, whoſe warm blood beats high in every vein;
For me had heav'n decreed a longer date,
Heav'n had preſerv'd for me the Dardan ſtate;

one letter, or at leaſt many ſtanzas have this affected iteration, as

A full ſterne ſtreif is ſtirred now——
For ſome be grete grown on grounde.

When the parſon therefore in his order comes to tell his tale which reflected on the clergy, he ſays,

——I am a ſouthern man,
I cannot jeſt, rum, ram, ruf, by letter,
And God wote rime, hold I but little better."

UPTON's letter concerning Spenſer, p. 2

Too much of life already have I known,
To ſee my country's fall prevent my own;
Think then, this aged corſe with Ilion fell,
And take, oh! take your ſolemn laſt farewell:
For death---theſe hands that office yet can do;
If not---I'll beg it from the pitying foe.
At leaſt the ſoldier for my ſpoils will come;
Nor heed I now the honours of a tomb.
Grown to my friends an uſeleſs heavy load,
Long have I liv'd, abhorr'd by every god,
Since, in his wrath, high heaven's almighty ſire
Blaſted theſe limbs with his avenging fire.
Thus he; and obſtinately bent appears:
The mournful family ſtand round in tears.
Myſelf, my ſhrieking wife, my weeping ſon,
Friends, ſervants, all, intreat him to be gone,
Nor to the general ruin add his own;
Bid him be reconcil'd to life once more,
Nor urge a fate, that flew too ſwift before.
Unmov'd, he ſtill determines to maintain
His cruel purpoſe, and we plead in vain.
Once more I hurry to the dire alarms,
To end a miſerable life in arms;

871. *The mournful family.*] The pathetic was ſcarce ever perhaps carried farther than in this moving paſſage. Old Anchiſes, in the utmoſt deſpair, reſolving to die on the ſpot, and thinking it impoſſible to try to eſcape, Creuſa and Iülus, and Æneas, all ſtanding about him, and perſuading him to fly, to whoſe advice he continues inflexible, are moſt ſtriking circumſtances. This would have been a finer ſubject for Le Brun, than Darius's tent.

For oh! what meaſures could I now purſue,
When death, and only death, was left in view:
To fly the foe, and leave your age alone,
Could ſuch a ſire propoſe to ſuch a ſon?
If 'tis by your's and heav'n's high will decreed,
That you, and all, with hapleſs Troy, muſt bleed:
If not her leaſt remains you deign to ſave;
Behold! the door lies open to the grave.
Pyrrhus will ſoon be here, all cover'd o'er
And red from venerable Priam's gore;
Who ſtab'd the ſon before the father's view,
Then at the ſhrine the royal father ſlew.
Why, heavenly mother! did thy guardian care
Snatch me from fires, and ſhield me in the war?
Within theſe walls to ſee the Grecians roam,
And purple ſlaughter ſtride around the dome;
To ſee my murder'd conſort, ſon, and ſire,
Steep'd in each other's blood, on heaps expire!
Arms! arms! my friends, with ſpeed my arms ſupply,
'Tis our laſt hour, and ſummons us to die;
My arms!---in vain you hold me,---let me go---
Give, give me back this moment to the foe.
'Tis well---we will not tamely periſh all,
But die reveng'd, and triumph in our fall.
Now ruſhing forth, in radiant arms, I wield
The ſword once more, and gripe the pond'rous ſhield.
When, at the door, my weeping ſpouſe I meet,
The fair Creüſa, who embrac'd my feet,

901. *My arms!*] Whoever attentively conſiders this animated paſſage, cannot ſurely think, that either Æneas or Virgil wants ſpirit and fire.

And clinging round them, with diſtraction wild,
Reach'd to my arms my dear unhappy child:
And oh! ſhe cries, if bent on death thou run,
Take, take with thee, thy wretched wife and ſon;
Or, if one glimmering hope from arms appear,
Defend theſe walls, and try thy valour here;
Ah! who ſhall guard thy ſire, when thou art ſlain,
Thy child, or me, thy conſort once in vain?
Thus while ſhe raves, the vaulted dome replies
To her loud ſhrieks, and agonizing cries.
When lo! a wond'rous prodigy appears,
For while each parent kiſs'd the boy with tears,

910. *Reach'd to my arms my dear unhappy child,*
And oh! ſhe cries———]

This ſhort ſpeech of Creuſa is moving, and her holding out the little Iülus to his father, is a moſt tender circumſtance. None of the poets (ſays Addiſon) have touched this paſſion of grief like Virgil: the generality of other writers, when they attempt to move their readers, offend in this point, that they are too prolix in ſpinning out their complaints, and think their flood of tears inexhauſtible; or elſe, while they labour to expreſs the greatneſs of their genius, in the profuſeneſs of their verſe, rather raiſe our admiration at the flowing of their numbers, than excite our pity at the cataſtrophe of their ſtory. Virgil has carefully avoided both theſe extremes, and dreſſes his images of ſorrow in their native ſimplicity; and wherever he touches upon the pathetic, he does it, with a maſterly quickneſs.

The declamatory writers of long ſpeeches in tragedy, uttered by perſons in deep diſtreſs, ſhould conſider a little this practice of our judicious poet.

919. It is certain (ſays Catrou) that Virgil borrowed this event from the Roman hiſtory; for a flame appeared upon the head of Servius Tullius, according to the relations of Pliny and Plutarch, whilſt he was yet an infant. It was conjectured by that incident, that he would be a king. Anchiſes, ſkilled in auguries, judged, by the ſame prognoſtic, that a kingdom was promiſed to his grandſon.

Sudden a circling flame was ſeen to ſpread
With beams refulgent round Iülus' head;
Then on his locks the lambent glory preys,
And harmleſs fires around his temples blaze.
Trembling and pale we quench with buſy care
The ſacred fires, and ſhake his flaming hair.
But old Anchiſes lifts his joyful eyes,
His hands and voice, in tranſport, to the ſkies.
Almighty Jove! in glory thron'd on high,
This once regards us with a gracious eye;
If e'er our vows deſerv'd thy aid divine,
Vouchſafe thy ſuccour, and confirm thy ſign.
Scarce had he ſpoke, when ſudden from the pole,
Full on the left, the happy thunders roll;
A ſtar ſhot ſweeping through the ſhades of night,
And drew behind a radiant trail of light,
That o'er the palace, gliding from above,
To point our way, deſcends in Ida's grove;
Then left a long continu'd ſtream in view,
The track ſtill glittering where the glory flew.
The flame paſt gleaming with a bluiſh glare,
And ſmokes of ſulphur fill the tainted air.
At this convinc'd, aroſe my reverend ſire,
Addreſs'd the gods, and hail'd the ſacred fire.
Proceed, my friends, no longer I delay,
But inſtant follow where you lead the way.
Ye gods, by theſe your omens, you ordain
That from the womb of fate ſhall riſe again,
To light and life, a glorious ſecond Troy;
Then ſave this houſe, and this auſpicious boy;

Convinc'd by omens ſo divinely bright,
I go, my ſon, companion of thy flight.
Thus he---and nearer now in curling ſpires
Through the long walls roll'd on the roaring fires.
Haſte then, my ſire, I cry'd, my neck aſcend,
With joy beneath your ſacred load I bend;
Together will we ſhare, where-e'er I go,
One common welfare, or one common woe.
Ourſelf with care will young Iülus lead;
At ſafer diſtance you my ſpouſe ſucceed;
Heed too theſe orders, ye attendant train;
Without the wall ſtands Ceres' vacant fane,
Rais'd on a mount; an aged cypreſs near,
Preſerv'd for ages with religious fear;
Thither, from different roads aſſembling, come,
And meet embody'd at the ſacred dome:
Thou, thou, my ſire, our gods and relicks bear;
Theſe hands, yet horrid with the ſtains of war,

967. *Thou, thou, my ſire, our gods and relicks bear*—]
As the not taking the true ſcope of the Æneid has occaſioned miſtakes to Virgil's diſadvantage, concerning the plan and conduct of the poem; ſo hath it likewiſe concerning the characters. The piety of Æneas, and his high veneration for the gods, ſo much offends a celebrated a French writer, (Monſieur de St. Evremont) that he ſays, "the hero was "fitter to found a religion than a monarchy." But he did not know, that the image of a perfect lawgiver is held out to us in Æneas; and had he known that he had perhaps been ignorant, that it was the office of ſuch, to found religions and colleges of prieſts, as well as ſtates and corporations. And that Virgil tells us this was his,

——*Dum conderet urbem*
Inferretque Deos latio.——

WARBURTON's Divine Legation, Book ii. ſect. 4.

Refrain their touch unhallow'd till the day,
When the pure ſtream ſhall waſh the guilt away.
Now, with a lion's ſpoils beſpread, I take
My ſire, a pleaſing burthen, on my back;
Cloſe clinging to my hand, and preſſing nigh,
With ſteps unequal trip'd Iülus by;
Behind, my lov'd Creüſa took her way;
Through every lonely dark receſs we ſtray:
And I, who late th' embattled Greeks could dare,
Their flying darts, and whole embody'd war,
Now take alarm, while horrors reign around,
At every breeze, and ſtart at every ſound.
With fancy'd fears my buſy thoughts were wild
For my dear father, and endanger'd child.
Now, to the city gates approaching near,
I ſeem the ſound of trampling feet to hear.
Alarm'd my ſire look'd forward thro' the ſhade,
And, fly my ſon, they come, they come, he ſaid;

The reader is deſired to bear this obſervation in his mind, which will ſerve to clear up a variety of paſſages and incidents throughout the poem; and for want of attending to which, Virgil's aim and meaning have been frequently miſinterpreted and miſunderſtood.

980. *At every breeze.*] Fulvius Urſinus has obſerved that Virgil had in his eye this verſe of Sophocles,

Απαντα γαρ τοι τω φοβουμενω φοβος.

There is likewiſe a fine fragment of Turpilius in a play called Leucadia to this purpoſe:

Miſeram terrent me omnia, maris ſonitus, ſcopuli,
Et ſolitudo, et ſanctitudo Apollinis.

After Mackbeth has murdered the king he exclaims,

How is't with me, when ev'ry noiſe appalls me!

986. *And, fly, my ſon, they come.*] This ſudden fear and excla-

Lo! from their ſhields I ſee the ſplendors ſtream;
And ken diſtinct the helmet's fiery gleam,
And here, ſome envious god, in this diſmay,
This ſudden terror, ſnatch'd my ſenſe away.
For while o'er devious paths I wildly trod,
Studious to wander from the beaten road;
I loſt my dear Creüſa, nor can tell
From that ſad moment, if by fate ſhe fell;

exclamation of his father puts Æneas into a hurry and agitation, and therefore makes his eſcape thro' devious paths very natural; and for the ſame reaſon, the loſing Creuſa very probable.

993. *I loſt my dear Creüſa.*] The addreſs of Virgil in the contrivance in this incident is admirable. For had not Æneas been ſuppoſed to traverſe back through the ruins of Troy in queſt of his wife, we muſt neceſſarily have loſt the narrative of many things, that happened in that dreadful night, which he neither could have ſeen, nor had any knowledge of; as, the pillaging of the palaces and temples, the number of Trojans that were made captives, and the very burning of his own houſe. SEGRAIS.

993. *I loſt.*] Some have imputed it as a fault, it ſeems, to Æneas, that he took no more care of his wife: But Æneas charges himſelf with the care of his old father, and infant ſon, as the moſt weak and helpleſs perſons; and he cautions his wife to follow him, ſo as neither to be at his heels, nor yet to quit ſight of him; that their flight may be the more eaſily diſguiſed, and that he might the more eaſily ſuccour her upon occaſion: She is loſt, becauſe he could not foreſee the misfortune, nor look behind him, incumber'd as he was with his father on his ſhoulders. Virgil has taken care to prevent the objection, by that great judgment, which he ſhews upon every emergency. It cannot be inferr'd, that Æneas preferr'd his father to his wife, through a want of affection to her: That is anſwer'd by the great care which he takes to recover her; and the great dangers, which he runs through to that end. It is, beſides, a fine ſtroke of art in the poet, to make her ſay, that her loſs, or death, is not without the appointment

Or ſunk fatigu'd; or ſtraggled from the train;
But ah! ſhe never bleſt theſe eyes again!
Nor, till to Ceres' ancient wall we came,
Did I ſuſpect her loſt, nor miſs the dame.
There all the train aſſembled, all but ſhe,
Loſt to her friends, her father, ſon, and me.
What men, what gods did my wild fury ſpare?
At both I rav'd, and madden'd with deſpair.
In Troy's laſt ruins did I ever know
A ſcene ſo cruel! ſuch tranſcendent woe!
Our gods, my ſon, and father to the train
I next commend, and hide them in the plain;
Then fly for Troy, and ſhine in arms again.
Reſolv'd the burning town to wander o'er,
And tempt the dangers that I ſcap'd before.
Now to the gate I run with furious haſte,
Whence firſt from Ilion to the plain I paſt;
Dart round my eyes in every place in vain,
And tread my former footſteps o'er again.
Surrounding horrors all my ſoul affright;
And more, the dreadful ſilence of the night.
Next to my houſe I flew without delay,
If there, if haply there ſhe bent her way.

pointment of the Gods. It was deſtin'd to Æneas, to go to Italy, and there to marry Lavinia: (for by this alliance the Romans were to deſcend from the Trojans:) and therefore if Creuſa had not been properly diſpoſed of, ſhe muſt of conſequence have been a bar to that match. SEGRAIS.

1017. *If there, if.*]

Si forte pedem, ſi forte tuliſſet.

That repetition, expreſſive of doubt and uncertainty, is very elegant, ſays Trapp. Pitt has endeavoured to preſerve this beauty.

In vain---the conquering foes were enter'd there;
High, o'er the dome, the flames emblaze the air;
Fierce to devour, the fiery tempeſt flies,
Swells in the wind, and thunders to the ſkies.
Back to th' embattled citadel I ran,
And ſearch'd her father's regal walls in vain.
Ulyſſes now and Phœnix I ſurvey,
Who guard, in Juno's fane, the gather'd prey:
In one huge heap the Trojan wealth was roll'd,
Refulgent robes, and bowls of maſſy gold;
A pile of tables on the pavement nods,
Snatch'd from the blazing temples of the gods.
A mighty train of ſhrieking mothers bound,
Stood with their captive children trembling round.
Yet more---I boldly raiſe my voice on high,
And in the ſhade on dear Creüſa cry;
Call on her name a thouſand times in vain,
But ſtill repeat the darling name again.
Thus while I rave and roll my ſearching eyes,
Solemn and ſlow I ſaw her ſhade ariſe,

1033. *And in the ſhade on dear Creüſa cry.*] The grief and diſtreſs with which Æneas ſays he was o'erwhelm'd, at the loſs of his wife, his care and diligence in ſearching for her, and his venturing back again, alone and unaſſiſted, into the thickeſt of the enemy, to find her; were all a plain indication of his great tenderneſs, ſenſibility, and conjugal affection; and as ſuch, muſt needs make a very deep impreſſion on Dido's heart. *Profecto, me horror capit atque etiam quatit, ubi videre, atque audire videor, in nocte, inter hoſtes, fortem ſimul atque pium virum, etiam clamore cariſſimam uxorem quaerere.* SCALIGER.

Si ſic ——omnia dixiſſet!

1037. *I ſaw her ſhade ariſe.*] This machine of Creuſa's ghoſt is judiciouſly introduced. There was a *dignus vindice nodus,*

The form enlarg'd majeſtic mov'd along;
Fear rais'd my hair, and horror chain'd my tongue;
Thus as I ſtood amaz'd, the heav'nly fair
With theſe mild accents ſooth'd my fierce deſpair.
Why with exceſs of ſorrow raves in vain
My deareſt Lord, at what the gods ordain?
Oh could I ſhare thy toils!---but fate denies;
And Jove, dread Jove, the ſovereign of the ſkies.
In long, long exile, art thou doom'd to ſweep
Seas after ſeas, and plow the watry deep.
Heſperia ſhall be thine, where Tyber glides
Thro' fruitful realms, and rolls in eaſy tides,
There ſhall thy fates a happier lot provide,
A glorious empire, and a royal bride.
Then let your ſorrows for Creüſa ceaſe;
For know, I never ſhall be led to Greece;
Nor feel the victor's chain, nor captive's ſhame,
A ſlave to ſome imperious Argive dame.
No!---born a princeſs, ſprung from heav'n above,
Ally'd to Venus, and deriv'd from Jove,

nodus. No other expedient could be found to ſtop the further ſearch of Æneas for his wife, and let him return again to rejoin his friends in their expedition.

1051. *And a royal bride.*] Æneas relating this prophecy of his wife to Dido, thereby informs her, that he was reſerved by deſtiny for the bed of Lavinia: and ſo inforces the reaſons of his obligation to quit Carthage. Dido therefore betrays herſelf by an indiſcreet paſſion, and is not betray'd by any perfidy of Æneas. SEGRAIS.

1054. *Captive's ſhame.*] Slavery was deemed the greateſt of miſeries by the ancients. Andromache, to perſuade Hector from going to the field of battle in the Iliad, tells him that if he ſhould be ſlain, ſhe ſhould be made a captive by the Grecians; as the moſt powerful motive ſhe could think of, to detain him in the city.

Sacred from Greece, 'tis mine, in theſe abodes,
To ſerve the glorious mother of the gods.
Farewell; and to our ſon thy care approve,
Our ſon, the pledge of our commutual love.
Thus ſhe; and as I wept, and wiſh'd to ſay
Ten thouſand things, diſſolv'd in air away.
Thrice round her neck my eager arms I threw;
Thrice from my empty arms the phantom flew,
Swift as the wind, with momentary flight,
Swift as a fleeting viſion of the night.
Now, day approaching, to my longing train,
From ruin'd Ilion I return again;
To whom, with wonder and ſurprize, I find
A mighty crowd of new companions join'd;
A hoſt of willing exiles round me ſtand,
Matrons, and men, a miſerable band;
Eager the wretches pour from every ſide,
To ſhare my fortunes on the foamy tide;
Valiant, and arm'd, my conduct they implore,
To lead and fix them on ſome foreign ſhore:

1061. *Our ſon.*] Thus Alceſtes in Euripides, juſt upon the point of death, v. 375.

Παιδας χειρος εξ εμης δεχου·
Συ νυν γενου τοις δ' αντ' εμου πατηρ τεκνοις.

1072. *A hoſt of willing exiles.*] The poet by this circumſtance ſignifies how greatly Æneas was beloved by the Trojans, and the weight and importance of his character.

1076. *Arm'd.*] *Opibus* (in the original) may mean arms, or conveniencies, or neceſſaries for their intended expedition. Catrou ſays that by *velim deducere* (v. 800 in the original) is implied that they elected Æneas their king and leader, after the manner of ancient times.

And now, o'er Ida with an early ray
Flames the bright ſtar, that leads the golden day.
No hopes of aid in view, and every gate
Poſſeſt by Greece, at length I yield to fate.
Safe o'er the hill my father I convey,
And bear the venerable load away.

1083. *And bear the venerable load away.*] This inſtance of filial piety, a great prince and hero's bearing his old feeble father on his ſhoulders, is highly pleaſing. A modern leader or general would never ſubmit to ſo laborious a taſk, but would order their ſervants or ſoldiers to undertake it. I queſtion whether Addiſon in his Campaign could have ventured to deſcribe ſuch a circumſtance.

The End of the Second Book.

THE THIRD BOOK OF VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

ARGUMENT.

Æneas *proceeds in his relation: he gives an account of the fleet in which he ſailed, and the ſucceſs of his firſt voyage to* Thrace: *from thence he directs his courſe to* Delos, *and aſks the oracle what place the gods had appointed for his habitation? By a miſtake of the oracle's anſwer, he ſettles in* Crete; *his houſhold gods give him the true ſenſe of the oracle in a dream. He follows their advice, and makes the beſt of his way for* Italy: *he is caſt on ſeveral ſhores, and meets with very ſurprizing adventures, till at length he lands on* Sicily; *where his father* Anchiſes *dies. This is the place which he was ſailing from, when the tempeſt roſe, and threw him upon the* Carthaginian *coaſt.*

VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

THE

THIRD BOOK.

WHEN heav'n deſtroy'd, by too ſevere a fate,
The throne of Priam, and the Phrygian ſtate,
When Troy, tho' Neptune rais'd her bulwarks round,
The pride of Aſia, ſmok'd upon the ground;

It is the opinion of the judicious M. de Segrais, that this book is the fulleſt of matter of any in the whole Æneid, and that it contains the ſubſtance of almoſt the whole Odyſſey. What Æneas here relates, contains the ſpace of ſeven years: whereas (except the fourth book which deſcribes all that paſſed after Æneas arrived at Carthage till he left that city) each of all the other books contain but a few days. This book is very learned for its geography, and for the deſcription of the manners of the people, in which Virgil ſhews his uſual knowledge and exactneſs. Thoſe different nations where he makes his hero land, the adventure of the Harpies, which is an allegory of bad women, or (as ſome commentators ſay) of the remorſe of conſcience ſucceeding bad actions; the adventure of the Cyclops, which is an image of men whom cruelty, gluttony, and drunkenneſs, have brutalized; all theſe ſerve excellently to teach us how a wiſe man ought to conduct himſelf in the dangers and perils to which human life is expoſed. This abundance of matter is adorned and ſet off with great eloquence, and there are as many fine paſſages as in any other book where the poet is ſo much extolled: nevertheleſs, this book is one of thoſe, and I believe the very one, of the whole Æneid which is leaſt read and admired. This neglect, I believe, is as much owing to the diſadvantage of its ſituation as to any other reaſon; for the ſecond book, which immediately pre-

We ſought in vacant regions new abodes,
Call'd by the guiding omens of the gods.
Secret, a ſudden navy we provide,
Beneath Antandros, and the hills of Ide.
Doubtful, where heav'n would fix our wand'ring train,
Our gather'd pow'rs prepare to plow the main.
Scarce had the ſummer ſhot a genial ray;
My ſire commands the canvas to diſplay,
And ſteer wherever fate ſhould point the way.
With tears I leave the port, my native ſhore,
And thoſe dear fields, where Ilion roſe before.
An exil'd wretch, I lead into the floods
My ſon, my friends, and all my vanquiſh'd gods.
The warlike Thracians till a boundleſs plain,
Sacred to Mars, Lycurgus' ancient reign;
Ally'd to Troy, while fortune own'd her cauſe;
The ſame their gods and hoſpitable laws;
Thither, with fates averſe, my courſe I bore,
And rais'd a town amid the winding ſhore.

precedes it, containing the deſtruction and burning of Troy, preſents ſo great an object to the reader, that he diſdains the third: and the fourth is ſo charming and intereſting by the tenderneſs and paſſion which it contains, that one has naturally an impatience to read it. Thus, as it is enough to know, that after the taking of Troy, Æneas arrived at Carthage; this third book is often paſſed over intirely, or if the reader runs over its argument and contents curſorily, yet he diſdains to ſtudy it ſo attentively as the others; nevertheleſs, it is in this book, (next to the ſixth) that there is more to be learnt than in the whole Æneid, as well from this ancient geographical chart, which is very exact, as from the different pictures of civil life, and from thoſe fine monuments of the ancient religious cuſtoms, which are not to be found elſewhere. What therefore appears to be admirable in this great work, is, that every thing in it is beautiful, but nothing alike.

Then from my name the riſing city call,
And ſtretch along the ſtrand th' embattled wall.
Here to my mother, and the favouring gods,
I offer'd victims by the rolling floods;
But ſlew a ſtately bull to mighty Jove,
Who reigns the ſovereign of the pow'rs above.
Rais'd on a mount, a cornel grove was nigh,
And with thick branches ſtood a myrtle by.
With verdant boughs to ſhade my altars round,
I came, and try'd to rend them from the ground.
When lo! a horrid prodigy I ſee;
For ſcarce my hands had wrench'd the rooted tree,

34. *When lo! a horrid prodigy.*] If there be any inſtance (ſays Mr. Addiſon) in the Æneid, liable to exception, it is in the beginning of the third book, where Æneas is repreſented as tearing up the myrtle that dropped blood. This circumſtance ſeems to have the marvellous without the probable, becauſe it is repreſented as proceeding from natural cauſes, without the interpoſition of any god, or rather ſupernatural power, capable of producing it. Dr. Warburton's anſwer to this objection is ſenſible: When this amiable writer, ſays he, made this remark, he appears not to have recollected what Æneas ſays on the occaſion:

——*Nymphas venerabar agreſtes,*
Gradivumque patrem, Geticis qui praeſidet arvis,
Rite ſecundarent viſus, omenque levarent.

Now theſe kind of omens, for there were two ſorts, were always ſuppoſed to be produced by the intervention of a ſupernatural power; as was the raining of blood ſo frequently related by the Roman annaliſts. And the poet was certainly within the bounds of the probable, while he told no more than what the graveſt hiſtorians recorded in every page of their annals. But this was not done to make us ſtare. He is, as we obſerve, in a legiſlative capacity, and writes to poſſeſs the people of the interpoſition of the gods, in omens and prodigies; which was in the method of the old lawgivers. So Plutarch tells us, that with divinations and omens,

When, from the fibres, drops of grimſon gore
Ran trickling down, and ſtain'd the ſable ſhore.
Amaz'd, I ſhook with horror and affright,
My blood all curdled at the dreadful ſight;
Curious the latent cauſes to explore,
With trembling hands a ſecond plant I tore;
That ſecond wounded plant diſtill'd around
Red drops of blood, and ſprinkled all the ground.
Rack'd with a thouſand fears, devout I bow'd
To every nymph, and Thracia's guardian god.
Theſe omens to avert by pow'r divine,
And kindly grant a more auſpicious ſign.
But when once more we tug'd with toiling hands,
And eager bent my knees againſt the ſands;
Live I to ſpeak it?---from the tomb I hear
A hollow groan, that ſhock'd my trembling ear.

omens, Lycurgus ſanctified the Lacedemonians, Numa the Romans, Ion the Athenians, and Deucalion all the Greeks in general; and by hopes and fears kept up in them the awe and reverence of religion. The ſcene of this adventure is laid, with the utmoſt propriety, on the uncivilized inhoſpitable ſhores of Thrace, to inſpire horror for barbarous manners, and an inclination and appetite for civil policy."

Divine Legation, book ii. ſect. 4.

This marvellous ſtory was particularly pleaſing to the fine imaginations of the Italian poets: Taſſo has cloſely imitated it, Book xiii. ſtanza 41, &c. And Arioſto, in the transformation of Aſtolfo; from whom their excellent diſciple Spenſer hath copied it, B. 1. canto ii. ſtanza 30. of the Fairy Queen.

51. *A hollow groan.*] The only way to judge truly of the ancients, in points that are purely ancient; is to imagine ourſelves in their places, which the ſame ſort of ideas they had, and the ſame circumſtances of things about us. As we can very ſeldom do this, we are very often miſtaken about them.

How can thy pious hands, Æneas, rend
The bury'd body of thy hapleſs friend?
This ſtream that trickles from the wounded tree
Is Trojan blood, and once ally'd to thee.
Ah! fly this barbarous land, this guilty ſhore,
Fly, fly the fate of murder'd Polydore.
This grove of lances, from my body ſlain,
Now blooms with vegetable life again.
Then, as amaz'd in deep ſuſpenſe I hung,
Fear rais'd my hair, and horror chain'd my tongue.
Ill-fated Priam, when the Grecian pow'rs
With a cloſe ſiege begirt the Dardan tow'rs,
No more confiding in the ſtrength of Troy,
Sent to the Thracian prince the hapleſs boy,

I cannot ſay that I approve this paſſage; but is not the fault in myſelf? Would it have ſhock'd me had I been born a Roman, in the time of Auguſtus, and had read it ſoon after the Æneid was publiſh'd?

They ſtock'd every thing with divinities and intelligences: there was not a river, a lake, a grot, or a grove without them. Theſe were not poetical ornaments, but the real objects of the belief and religion of the common people, and the profeſs'd religion of the great.

When they believed every grove, and every tuft of trees, to have ſome particular divinities belonging to it; it was but one ſtep further to entertain the notion of intelligences vitally annex'd to a tree, which was their receiv'd notion of the Hamadryades. See Bayle, Dict. Art. HAMAD.

Theſe ſtories of Daphne, Phaeton's ſiſters, &c. were known ſtories too, and tolerably well believ'd by the moſt believing part of mankind, the vulgar.

There is even an ambaſſador in Livy, that treats a conſecrated tree in general, as an intelligent being, and as a deity. *Tum ex legatis unus unus abiens*, "*Et haec* (*inquit*) ſacrata "quercus, *et quicquid deorum eſt*, audiant *foedus a vobis rup-*"*tum.*" Lib. iii. 25. SPENCE.

With mighty treaſures, to ſupport him there,
Remov'd from all the dangers of the war.
This wretch, when Ilion's better fortunes ceaſe,
Clos'd with the proud victorious arms of Greece;
Broke thro' all ſacred laws, and uncontroll'd
Deſtroy'd his royal charge, to ſeize the gold.
Curs'd gold!---how high will daring mortals riſe
In ev'ry guilt, to reach the glittering prize?

72. *Curs'd gold*] This ſententious exclamation is very judiciouſly placed by the poet, and may exemplify that juſt and elegant rule of Petronius: *Curandum eſt, ne ſententiae eminent extra corpus orationis expreſſae, ſed intexto veſtibus colore niteant: Homerus teſtis, et Lyrici, Romanuſque Virgilius.* This poet is indeed admirable in the art and propriety of introducing what the critics call ſentences, or moral reflections on life and manners: They ſhould be but ſparingly introduced in an epic poem; and require great delicacy, and judgment, in the management of them. The abſurdities of Lucan in his Pharſalia, and of Seneca in his tragedies, are innumerable in this particular; they are perpetually declaiming; and drag in philoſophical reflections, without any propriety, decorum, or regard to the character of the perſon ſpeaking. Hecuba, overwhelmed with various misfortunes, utters a great many grave and calm ſentences, and fine moral reflections on the inſtability of all human grandeur and honours, whom the poet had juſt before repreſented as utterly diſtracted with grief, and as almoſt having loſt her reaſon and underſtanding. See the Troas of Seneca, Act I. I cannot forbear adding a rule of Boſſu. The beſt remedy to cure theſe indecencies and improprieties is, to imagine we hear the true perſons talking naturally together: and to ſuppoſe ourſelves in their places, and ſee what we ourſelves would ſay on ſuch and ſuch an occaſion. By this means a man will learn to uſe ſentences ſeldomer, and to retrench thoſe that being not neceſſary to raiſe the idea of what he would repreſent, are only dreſs'd up for a ſhow. He will likewiſe learn to ſtrip a great many thoughts of that pompous air, which forms a general precept out of a trifle. And he will ſay upon theſe occaſions; I command you to ſpeak; do you obey: and not, like

Soon as my ſoul recover'd from her fears,
Before my father and the gather'd peers,
I lay the dreadful omens of the gods;
All vote at once to fly the dire abodes;
To leave th' unhoſpitable realm behind,
And ſpread our op'ning canvas to the wind.
But firſt we paid the rites to Polydore,
And rais'd a mighty tomb amid the ſhore.
Next, to his ghoſt, adorn'd with cypreſs boughs
And ſable wreaths, two ſolemn altars roſe;
With lamentable cries and hair unbound,
The Trojan dames in order mov'd around.
Warm milk and ſacred blood in bowls we brought,
To lure the ſpirit with the mingled draught;
Compos'd the ſoul; and, with a diſmal knell,
Took thrice the melancholy laſt farewell.
Soon as our fleet could truſt the ſmiling ſea,
And the ſoft breeze had ſmooth'd the watry way;
Call'd by the whiſp'ring gales, we rig the ſhips,
Crowd round the ſhores, and launch into the deeps.
Swift from the port our eager courſe we ply,
And lands and towns roll backward, as we fly.
By Doris lov'd, and Ocean's azure god,
Lies a fair iſle amid th' Ægean flood;
Which Phœbus fix'd; for once ſhe wander'd round
The ſhores, and floated on the vaſt profound.

like Seneca, He who does not ſpeak when commanded, does not do as we commanded him. Some modern writers that may be named, might profit if they conſidered this Remark, eſpecially the generality of our tragedy writers.

See vol. 4. POSTSCRIPT.

But now unmov'd, the peopled region braves
The roaring whirlwinds, and the furious waves.
Safe in her open ports the ſacred iſle
Receiv'd us, harraſs'd with the naval toil.
Our rever'nce due to Phœbus' town we pay,
And holy Anius meets us on the way;
Anius, whoſe brows the wreaths and laurels grace,
Prieſt of the god, and ſovereign of the place.
Well-pleas'd to ſee our train the ſhore aſcend,
He flew to meet my ſire, his ancient friend:
In hoſpitable guiſe our hands he preſt,
Then to the palace led each honour'd gueſt.
To Phœbus' aged temple I repair,
And ſuppliant to the god prefer my pray'r:
To wand'ring wretches, who in exile roam,
Grant, o Thymbræan god, a ſettled home;
Oh! grant thy ſuppliants, their long labours paſt,
A race to flouriſh, and a town to laſt;
Preſerve this little ſecond Troy in peace,
Snatch'd from Achilles and the ſword of Greece;
Vouchſafe, great father, ſome auſpicious ſign;
And oh! inform us with thy light divine,
Where lies our way? and what auſpicious guide,
To foreign realms ſhall lead us o'er the tide?

115. *Grant, o Thymbræan God.*] The poet makes here no mention of ſacrifice or immolations. The reaſon is, becauſe they never killed any animals on the altars of Delos. Pythagoras, who held the Metempſychoſis, made his vow only, ſays Tully, at the altars of Delos, as theſe were never ſtain'd with blood. CATROU.

Sudden, the dire alarm the temple took;
The laurels, gates, and lofty mountains ſhook.
Burſt with a dreadful roar, the veils diſplay
The hallow'd tripods in the face of day.
Humbled we fell; then, proſtrate on the ground,
We hear theſe accents in an aweful ſound:
Ye valiant ſons of Troy, the land that bore
Your mighty anceſtors to light before,
Once more their great deſcendants ſhall embrace;
Go—ſeek the ancient mother of your race.
There the wide world, Æneas' houſe ſhall ſway,
And down from ſon to ſon, th' imperial power convey.
Thus Phœbus ſpoke; and joy tumultuous fir'd
The thronging crowds; and eager all enquir'd,
What realm, what town, his oracles ordain,
Where the kind god would fix the wand'ring train?
Then in his mind my ſire revolving o'er
The long, long records of the times before;
Learn, ye aſſembled peers, he cries, from me,
The happy realm the laws of fate decree;
Fair Crete ſublimely tow'rs amid the floods,
Proud nurſe of Jove, the ſovereign of the gods.
There ancient Ida ſtands, and thence we trace
The firſt memorials of the Trojan race;
A hundred cities the bleſt iſle contains,
And boaſts a vaſt extent of fruitful plains.

134. *There the wide world.*] Theſe two lines in the original are tranſlated literally from Homer, Il. xx. 307. except that Virgil ſays *cunctis oris*, and Homer τρωεσσιν αναξει Hence it is conjectured that Æneas did in reality never come into Italy. The learned Bochart has ſupported this opinion in a curious diſſertation, added to M. Segrais' tranſlation of Virgil.

Hence our fam'd anceſtor old Teucer bore
His courſe, and gain'd the fair Rhætean ſhore,
There the great chief the ſeat of empire choſe,
Before proud Troy's majeſtic ſtructures roſe;
Till then, if rightly I record the tale,
Our old forefathers till'd the lowly vale.
From hence arriv'd the mother of the gods,
Hence her loud cymbals and her ſacred woods:
Hence, at her rites religious ſilence reigns,
And lions whirl her chariot o'er the plains.
Then fly we ſpeedy where the gods command,
Appeaſe the winds, and ſeek the Cretan land:
Nor diſtant is the ſhore; if Jove but ſmile,
Three days ſhall waft us to the bliſsful iſle.
This ſaid; he ſlays the victims due, and loads
In haſte the ſmoaking altars of the gods.

157. *Hence her loud cymbals.*] There is a fine paſſage in Lucretius, in which he accounts for the fable of Cybele, and deſcribes her worſhip at the ſame time.

Hanc veteres Graiûm docti cecinere poetae
Sublimem in curru bijugos agitare leones;
Aeris in ſpatio magnam pendere docentes
Tellurem; neque poſſe in terrâ ſiſtere terram:
Adjunxere feras; quia, quamvis effera, proles
Officiis debet mollirier victa parentûm:
Muralique caput ſummum cinxere corona,
Eximiis munita locis quod ſuſtinet urbes:
Quo nunc inſigni per magnas praedita terras
Horrifice fertur divinae matris imago. Lib. II. 900.

I cannot forbear adding, that the poem of Catullus, in which he introduces Atys a prieſt of Cybele ſtruck with madneſs by this goddeſs, abounds with ſome of the ſtrongeſt ſtrokes of paſſion, and true poetic enthuſiaſm, of any thing the Roman poeſy has left us.

A bull to Phœbus, and a bull was ſlain
To thee, great Neptune, monarch of the main:
A milk white ewe to ev'ry weſtern breeze,
A black, to ev'ry ſtorm that ſweeps the ſeas.
Now fame reports Idomeneus' retreat,
Expell'd and baniſh'd from the throne of Crete;
Free from the foe the vacant region lay:
We leave the Delian ſhore, and plow the watry way.
By fruitful Naxos, o'er the flood we fly,
Where to the Bacchanals the hills reply;
By green Donyſa next and Paros ſteer,
Where, white in air, her glitt'ring rocks appear.
Thence through the Cyclades the navy glides,
Whoſe cluſt'ring iſlands ſtud the ſilver tides.
Loud ſhout the ſailors, and to Crete we fly;
To Crete our country, was the general cry.
Swift ſhoots the fleet before the driving blaſt,
And on the Cretan ſhore deſcends at laſt.
With eager ſpeed I frame a town, and call
From ancient Pergamus the riſing wall.

175. *Where to the Bacchanals the hills reply.*] The tranſlator in this and the following lines hath enlarged a little, (tho' very juſtifiably) and by adding a few deſcriptive epithets (*glittering* rocks appear, *cluſtring* iſlands, &c.) hath given us a beautiful landſcape of every different iſland and country that the navy paſſed by, and hath convey'd as full images of the whole ſcene as if we had viewed it from one of Æneas his ſhips.

177. *Where, white in air.*] Lord Sandwich ſaid to a gentleman from whom I had it; "that when he paſt by the "iſland of Paros, ſeveral parts of it look'd as white to him, as "the riſing grounds about Turin, then covered with ſnow;" when he was there, in the year 1740.

Pleas'd with the name, my Trojans I command
To raiſe ſtrong tow'rs, and ſettle in the land.
Soon as our luſty youth the fleet could moor,
And draw the veſſels on the ſandy ſhore,
Some join the nuptial bands: with buſy toil
Their fellows plow the new-diſcover'd ſoil.
To frame impartial laws I bend my cares,
Allot the dwellings, and aſſign the ſhares.
When lo! from ſtanding air and poiſon'd ſkies,
A ſudden plague with dire contagion flies.
On corn and trees the dreadful peſt began;
And laſt the fierce infection ſeiz'd on man.
They breathe their ſouls in air; or drag with pain
Their lives, now lengthen'd out for woes, in vain;
Their wonted food the blaſted fields deny,
And the red dog-ſtar fires the ſultry ſky,
My ſire advis'd, to meaſure back the main,
Conſult, and beg the Delian god again
To end our woes, his ſuccour to diſplay,
And to our wand'rings point the certain way.
'Twas night; ſoft ſlumbers had the world poſſeſt,
When, as I lay compos'd in pleaſing reſt,
Thoſe gods I bore from flaming Troy, ariſe
In aweful figures to my wond'ring eyes:
Cloſe at my couch they ſtood, divinely bright,
And ſhone diſtinct by Cynthia's gleaming light,

196. *On corn and trees the dreadful peſt began.*] The progreſs of this contagion is marked out according to the beſt philoſophical and phyſical notions.

211. *And ſhone diſtinct, &c.*] As to the difficulties, in the original of the word *inſertas* applied to feneſtras: inſertas for *inſe-*

Then, to diſpel the cares that rack'd my breaſt,
Theſe words the viſionary pow'rs addreſt:
Thoſe truths the god in Delos would repeat,
By us, his envoys, he unfolds in Crete;
By us, companions of thy arms and thee,
From flaming Ilion o'er the ſwelling ſea.
Led by our care, ſhall thy deſcendants riſe,
The world's majeſtic monarchs, to the ſkies.
Then build thy city for imperial ſway,
And boldly take the long laborious way.
Forſake this region; for the Delian pow'r
Aſſign'd not for thy ſeat the Gnoſſian ſhore.
Once by Oenotrians till'd, there lies a place,
'Twas call'd Heſperia by the Grecian race;
For martial deeds and fruits renown'd by fame;
But ſince, Italia, from the leader's name.
Theſe are the native realms the fates aſſign;
Hence roſe the fathers of the Trojan line;
The great Iäſius, ſprung from heaven above,
And ancient Dardanus, deriv'd from Jove,
Riſe then, in haſte theſe joyful tidings bear,
Theſe truths unqueſtion'd to thy father's ear.
Begone—the fair Auſonian realms explore,
For Jove himſelf denies the Cretan ſhore.
Struck with the voice divine, and aweful ſight,
No common dream, or viſion of the night;

inſeratas according to Servius ſeems very harſh; and per *inſertas* feneſtras, for *inſertim per* feneſtras according to La Cerda, is more forced and unnatural than the other. And therefore I like it with Turnebus, in its plain literal ſenſe; in which there is no difficulty at all. For what can be more proper, than fenestra *inſerta parieti?* TRAPP.

I ſaw the wreaths, their features; and a ſtream
Of trickling ſweat ran down from every limb.
I ſtarted from my bed, and rais'd on high
My hands and voice in rapture to the ſky.
Then (to our gods the due oblations paid)
The ſcene divine before my ſire I laid.
He owns his error of each ancient place,
Our two great founders, and the double race.
My ſon, he cry'd, whom adverſe fates employ,
Oh! exercis'd in all the woes of Troy!
Now I reflect, Caſſandra's word divine
Aſſign'd theſe regions to the Dardan line.
But who ſurmiz'd, the ſons of Troy ſhould come
To fair Heſperia from their diſtant home?
Or who gave credit to Caſſandra's ſtrain,
Doom'd by the fates to propheſy in vain?
Purſue we now a ſurer, ſafer road,
By Phœbus pointed, and obey the god.
Glad we comply, and leave a few behind;
Then ſpread our ſails to catch the driving wind;
Forſake this realm; the ſparkling waves divide,
And the ſwift veſſels ſhoot along the tide.
Now vaniſh'd from our eyes the leſſening ground;
And all the wide horizon ſtretching round,
Above was ſky, beneath was ſea profound:
When, black'ning by degrees, a gathering cloud,
Charg'd with big ſtorms, frown'd dreadful o'er the flood,

263. *When, black'ning by degrees.*] We have here a deſcription of a ſecond tempeſt. It is obſerved that it is entirely different from that in the firſt book. By deſcribing the ſame ſubject with new circumſtances, the poet admirably diſplays the fruitfulneſs of his invention. SEGRAIS.

And darken'd all the main ; the whirlwinds roar,
And roll the waves in mountains to the ſhore.
Snatch'd by the furious guſt, the veſſels keep
Their road no more, but ſcatter o'er the deep :
The thunders roll, the forky light'nings fly ;
And in a burſt of rain deſcends the ſky.
Far from our courſe was daſh'd the navy wide,
And dark we wander o'er the toſſing tide.
Not ſkilful Palinure in ſuch a ſea,
So black with ſtorms, diſtinguiſh'd night from day ;
Nor knew to turn the helm, or point the way.
Three nights, without one guiding ſtar in view,
Three days, without the ſun, the navy flew ;
The fourth, by dawn, the ſwelling ſhores we ſpy,
See the thin ſmokes, that melt into the ſky,
And blewiſh hills juſt opening on the eye.
We furl the ſails, with bending oars divide
The flaſhing waves, and ſweep the foamy tide.
Safe from the ſtorm the Strophades I gain,
Incircled by the vaſt Ionian main,
Where dwelt Celæno with her harpy train ;
Since Boreas' ſons had chac'd the direful gueſts
From Phineus' palace, and their wonted feaſts.

287. *From Phineus' palace.*] Phineus was a king of Thrace; or, as ſome ſay, of Arcadia. He ordered the eyes of his two ſons to be torn out, to ſatisfy their mother-in-law. The gods puniſhed his cruelty ; they ſtruck him with blindneſs, and ſent the Harpies to him, which took the meat from his mouth. The Argonauts arrived in his country, and amongſt them Zetes and Calaïs, the ſons of Boreas. Theſe two winged princes delivered Phineus from the Harpyes, who had almoſt ſtarv'd

But fiends to ſcourge mankind, ſo fierce, ſo fell,
Heav'n never ſummon'd from the depths of hell;
Bloated and gorg'd with prey, with wombs obſcene,
Foul paunches, and with ordure ſtill unclean;
A virgin face, with wings and hooky claws;
Death in their eyes, and famine in their jaws.
The port we enter'd, and with joy beheld
Huge herds of oxen graze the verdant field,
And feeding flocks of goats, without a ſwain,
That range at large, and bound along the plain;
We ſeize, we ſlay, and to the copious feaſt
Call every god, and Jove himſelf a gueſt.
Then on the winding ſhore the tables plac'd,
And ſate indulging in the rich repaſt;
When from the mountains, terrible to view,
On ſounding wings the monſter Harpyes flew.

ſtarv'd him; and purſued them to the Strophades, where they gave over the purſuit. Apollonius has finely enlarged on this fable in his Argonautics, book ii. Theſe Harpyes were called out of hell, and ſeem'd to have been of the number of the Furies, a permiſſion was given them to dwell on earth, to puniſh the wicked; by which the poets would repreſent to us the remorſe of a bad conſcience. CATROU.

303. *The monſter Harpyes.*] The greateſt part of the events included in the Æneid, are to be found in Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus. He mentions with accuracy the courſe of the navigation of Æneas. He does not omit the fable of Harpyes, the predictions uttered by Celænus, the eating up of the cakes, &c. As to the metamorphoſes of the ſhips into nymphs, if Dionyſius does not mention it, Virgil himſelf takes care to juſtify ſuch an abſurdity, by telling us, that it was an ancient tradition:

Priſca fides facto, ſed fama perennis.

It ſeems that Virgil, aſhamed of ſuch a fairy tale, hath a mind to excuſe it by the common belief.

They taint the banquet with their touch abhorr'd,
Or ſnatch the ſmoaking viands from the board.
A ſtench offenſive follows where they fly,
And loud they ſcream, and raiſe a dreadful cry.
Thence to a cavern'd rock the train remove,
And the cloſe ſhelter of a ſhady grove;
Once more prepare the feaſt, the tables raiſe;
Once more with fires the loaded altars blaze.
Again the fiends from their dark covert fly,
But from a different quarter of the ſky;
With loathſome claws they ſnatch the food away,
Scream o'er our heads, and poiſon all the prey.
Enrag'd, I bid my train their arms prepare,
And with the direful monſters wage the war.
Cloſe in the graſs, obſervant of the word,
They hide the ſhining ſhield, and gleaming ſword.
Then, as the Harpyes from the hills once more
Pour'd ſhrieking down, and crowded round the ſhore,
On his high ſtand Miſenus ſounds from far
The brazen trump, the ſignal of the war.
With unaccuſtom'd fight we flew, to ſlay
The forms obſcene, dread monſters of the ſea.
But proof to ſteel their hides and plumes remain;
We ſtrike th' impenetrable fiends in vain,

Many paſſages in Virgil conſidered in this view, are entirely vindicated againſt his critics, whoſe good ſenſe was miſled in that particular, by their inattention.

VOLTAIRE on epic poetry, p. 37.

321. *Pour'd ſhrieking down.*] It required much art and delicacy in deſcribing the Harpyes, to impreſs *horror* and not *diſguſt* on the minds of the readers. Virgil has ſucceeded accordingly. His favourite writer Apollonius Rhodius furniſhed him with many hints on this ſubject.

Who from the fragments wing th' aërial way,
And leave, involv'd in ſtench, the mangled prey;
All but Celæno;—from a pointed rock
Where perch'd ſhe ſate, the boding Fury ſpoke:
Then was it not enough, ye ſons of Troy,
Our flocks to ſlaughter, and our herds deſtroy?
But war, ſhall impious war your wrongs maintain,
And drive the Harpyes from their native reign?
Hear then your dreadful doom with due regard,
Which mighty Jove to Phœbus has declar'd;
Which Phœbus open'd to Celæno's view,
And I, the Furies queen, unfold to you.
To promis'd Italy your courſe you ply,
And ſafe to Italy at length ſhall fly;
But never, never raiſe your city there,
'Till, in due vengeance for the wrongs we bear,
Imperious hunger urge you to devour
Thoſe very boards on which you fed before.
She ceas'd, and fled into the gloomy wood.
With hearts dejected my companions ſtood,
And ſudden horrors froze their curdling blood.
Down drop the ſhield and ſpear; from fight we ceaſe,
And humbly ſue by ſuppliant vows for peace;

345. *Thoſe very boards.*] It was an hiſtorical tradition, reported by D. of Halicarnaſſus and Strabo, that Æneas had been warned by the oracle, that they ſhould not be eſtabliſhed in Italy till after having been reduced to eat his own tables. Varro relates that Æneas received this prediction in the foreſt of Dodona. Virgil manages this adventure like a true poet; and he puts this oracle into the mouth of an Harpy. It here makes a fine epiſode. We ſhall ſee by and by the completion of this prophecy, which now detains the mind of the reader in ſuſpence.

CATROU.

And whether goddeſſes, or fiends from hell,
Proſtrate before the monſtrous forms we fell.
But old Anchiſes, by the beating floods,
Invok'd with ſacrifice th' immortal gods;
And rais'd his hands and voice:—ye pow'rs divine,
Avert theſe woes, and ſpare a righteous line.
Then he commands to cut the cords away;
With ſouthern gales we plow the foamy ſea.
And, where the friendly breeze or pilot guides,
With flying ſails we ſtem the murmuring tides.
Now, high in view, amid the circling floods
We ken Zacynthus crown'd with waving woods.
Dulichian coaſts, and Samian hills we ſpy,
And proud Neritos tow'ring in the ſky.
Rough Ithaca we ſhun, a rocky ſhore,
And curſe the land that dire Ulyſſes bore.
Then dim Leucate ſwell'd to ſight, who ſhrouds
His tall aërial brow in ambient clouds;
Laſt opens, by degrees, Apollo's fane,
The dread of ſailors on the wintry main.
To this ſmall town, fatigu'd with toil, we haſte;
The circling anchors from the prows are caſt.
Safe to the land beyond our hopes reſtor'd,
We paid our vows to heaven's almighty lord.

365. *Rough Ithaca we ſhun, a rocky ſhore.*] To expreſs his contempt of the barrenneſs of Ithaca, Æneas calls it *Scopulos* Ithacæ, the rocks of Ithaca; and adds *Lærtia regna*, as if thoſe fruitleſs rocks were the boundaries of this kingdom. The terms *execramur* et *ſævi* Ulyſſei are very properly applied by the poet, to intimate his hero's deteſtation of ſo great an enemy to the Trojans as Ulyſſes: and there is a peculiar emphaſis in his curſing Ithaca merely becauſe it gave *birth* to Ulyſſes—terram *altricem* Ulyſſei.

All bright in ſuppling oil, my friends employ
Their limbs in wreſtling, and revive with joy
On Actian ſhores the ſolemn gam of Troy.
Pleas'd we reflect that we had paſs'd in peace
Through foes unnumber'd, and the towns of Greece.
Meantime the ſun his annual race performs,
And bluſt'ring Boreas fills the ſea with ſtorms;
I hung the brazen buckler on the door,
Which once in fight the warlike Abas bore;
And thus inſcrib'd—theſe arms with blood diſtain'd,
From conquering Greece the great Æneas gain'd;
Then, rous'd at my command, the ſailors ſweep
And daſh with bending oars the ſparkling deep.

377. *On Actian ſhores.*] *Nobilitamus* Actium promontorium *ludis*, &c. ſays Ruæus; and it may be true, ſays Dr. Trapp, but I rather take it by way of Hyppallage, Celebramus ludos littoribus, &c. eſpecially ſince the change is ſo eaſy and natural. Tho' the literal ſenſe is here ſufficient; yet doubtleſs Virgil had a farther view to the ſports afterwards inſtituted by Auguſtus, in memory of his victory at Actium.

383. *The warlike Abas.*] It is difficult to gueſs who this Abas might be. He ſeems however to have been a Grecian ſlain by Æneas in combat, from whom he took his buckler. Æneas fix'd it to the gate of Apollo's temple, with an inſcription: and that even in a Grecian city. This was to let the Grecians underſtand, that there ſtill remained revengers of Troy. We ſhould obſerve that this inſcription, which is only one line, is (after the manner of ancient inſcriptions) the moſt ſimple and ſhort imaginable. Euripides makes a fine uſe of this cuſtom, in the Phæniſſæ; where Jocaſta, after having aſked her ſon Polynices, what trophies he will erect in memory of having conquered his *own* country, adds,

Και σκυλα γραψεις πως επ' Ιναχȣ ῥοαις;
Θηβας πυρωσας. ΤΑΣΔΕ ΠΟΛΥΝΕΙΚΗΣ ΘΕΟΙΣ
ΑΣΠΙΔΑΣ ΕΘΗΚΕ.——Ver. 578.

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ΑΣΠΙΔΑΣ ΕΘΗΚΕ.——Ver. 578.

Soon had we loſt Phæacia's ſinking tow'rs,
And ſkimm'd along Epirus' flying ſhores.
On the Chaonian port at length we fall;
Thence we aſcend to high Buthrotos' wall.
Aſtoniſh'd here a ſtrange report we found,
That Trojan Helenus in Greece was crown'd.
The captive prince, (victorious Pyrrhus dead,)
At once ſucceeded to his throne and bed;
And fair Andromache, to Troy reſtor'd,
Once more was wedded to a Dardan lord.
With eager joy I left the fleet, and went
To hail my royal friends, and learn the ſtrange event.
Before the walls, within a gloomy wood,
Where a new Simois roll'd his ſilver flood;
By chance, Andromache that moment paid
The mournful offerings to her Hector's ſhade.
A tomb, an empty tomb her hands compoſe
Of living turf; and two fair altars roſe.
Sad ſcene! that ſtill provok'd the tears ſhe ſhed;
And here the queen invok'd the mighty dead.
When lo! as I advanc'd, and drew more nigh,
She ſaw my Trojan arms and enſigns fly;

401. *Where a new Simois.*] Helenus and Andromache comforted themſelves for the loſs of Troy, in giving to a river of Epirus, the name of a Trojan river. CATROU.

402. *By chance Andromache.*] This unexpected meeting with Andromache has an infinite beauty, and muſt be very pleaſing to the reader: her ſurprize at the ſight of the Trojan arms is naturally painted.

404. *An empty tomb.*] The bones of Hector were not depoſited in this tomb. It was empty, and therefore Virgil ſtyles it *inanem*: it was literally what the Latins called *monumentum.* CATROU.

It is probable Catrou might mean *Cenotaphium.*

So ſtrange a ſight aſtoniſh'd to ſurvey,
The princeſs trembles, falls, and faints away.
Her beauteous frame the vital warmth forſook,
And, ſcarce recover'd, thus at length ſhe ſpoke:
Ha!—is it true?—in perſon? and alive?
Still, doſt thou ſtill, oh! goddeſs-born, ſurvive?
Or, if no more thou breathe the vital air,
Where is my lord, my Hector, tell me where?
Then, the big ſorrow ſtreaming from her eyes,
She fill'd the air with agonizing cries.
Few words to ſooth her raging grief I ſay,
And ſcarce thoſe few, for ſobs, could find their way.
Ah! truſt your eyes, no phantoms here impoſe;
I live indeed, but drag a life of woes.
Say then, oh ſay, has fortune yet been juſt
To worth like yours, ſince Hector ſunk in duſt?
Or oh! is that great heroe's conſort led
(His dear Andromache) to Pyrrhus' bed?
To this, with lowly voice, the fair replies,
While on the ground ſhe fixt her ſtreaming eyes:
Thrice bleſt Polyxena! condemn'd to fall
By vengeful Greece beneath the Trojan wall;

427. *To Pyrrhus' bed.*] Theſe words of Æneas would have been a ſevere reproach, if Andromache had been miſtreſs of her own fortune. Her ſlavery rendered her marriage with Pyrrhus excuſable; notwithſtanding which ſhe is ſtill confuſed, modeſtly caſts her eyes to the ground, and replies with a low voice; not anſwering his queſtion directly, but breaking out into that paſſionate exclamation, O felix una, &c. meaning Polyxena, who was ſacrificed by the Grecians to appeaſe the ghoſt of Achilles.

430. *Thrice bleſt Polyxena.*] Polyxena the daughter of Priam and Hecuba, was beloved by Achilles; who, when he came

Stab'd at Pelides' tomb the victim bled,
To death deliver'd from the victor's bed.
Nor lots diſgrac'd her with a chain, like me,
A wretched captive, drag'd from ſea to ſea!
Doom'd to that hero's haughty heir, I gave
A ſon to Pyrrhus, more than half a ſlave.
From me, to fair Hermione he fled
Of Leda's race, and ſought a Spartan bed;
My ſlighted charms to Helenus reſign'd,
And in the bridal bands his captives join'd.
But fierce Oreſtes, by the Furies toſt
And made with vengeance for the bride he loſt,
Swift on the monarch from his ambuſh flew,
And at Apollo's hallow'd altar ſlew.
On Helenus devolv'd (the tyrant ſlain,)
A portion of the realm, a large domain:
From Chaon's name the fruitful tract he calls,
And from old Pergamus, his growing walls.

came to marry her in the temple of Apollo, was treacherouſly murdered by Paris during the ceremony of the nuptials. After the ſacking of Troy, Achilles's ghoſt appeared, and demanded that Polyxena ſhould be ſacrificed to him: ſhe was accordingly ſlain upon his tomb by Pyrrhus the ſon of Achilles. The Hecuba of Euripides is founded on this ſubject; and the deſcription of Polyxena's manner of dying, related by the herald Talthybius in the third act, is very noble.

445. *At Apollo's.*] Upon theſe lines of Virgil, Racine has built the ſtory of one of his beſt tragedies called Andromache; of which we have a tranſlation, with the addition of ſome original beauties, in the *Diſtreſt Mother*; written by Mr. Amb. Phillips, a poet by no means ſo contemptible as SWIFT and POPE endeavoured to make him. Seneca has a tragedy on the death of Aſtyanax, ſtuffed with bombaſt, and unnatural thoughts.

But oh! what winds, what fates, what gracious pow'rs,
Led you, unknowing, to theſe friendly ſhores?
Does yet Aſcanius live, the hope of Troy?
Does his fond mother's death afflict the boy?
Or glory's charms his little ſoul inflame,
To match my Hector's or his father's fame?
So ſpoke the queen with mingled ſobs and cries,
And tears in vain ran trickling from her eyes.
When lo! in royal pomp the king deſcends
With a long train, and owns his ancient friends.
Then to the town his welcome gueſts he led;
Tear follow'd tear, at ev'ry word he ſaid.
Here in a foreign region I behold
A little Troy, an image of the old;
Here creeps along a poor penurious ſtream,
That fondly bears Scamander's mighty name:

452. *Does yet Aſcanius live.*] In the original there is an hemiſtich follows this line. There are many other breaks or half lines in the Æneid, which circumſtance of itſelf, excluſive of other proofs, is ſufficient to evince that Virgil did not give the laſt finiſhing to this poem. There is not one hemiſtich in the Georgics or Eclogues which he left complete; nor in any other old Latin poem, that I know of. The ſpirit of correctneſs and exactneſs, ſo remarkable in this poet, would certainly have ſpread itſelf, if his death had not prevented it, thro' all his works.

458. *The king deſcends.*] Boſſu judiciouſly obſerves, that the reader of a poem is offended, when that is related to him which he already perfectly knows. This was not ſo great a fault in Homer's time. Virgil is more exact in this particular. Venus in the firſt book would not hear Æneas make a recital of his misfortunes; ſhe interrupts it to comfort him. And in the third book, when good manners obliged Æneas to relate his ſtory to Andromache, Helenus comes in very opportunely, and ſo hinders him from going on with his diſcourſe.

A ſecond Scæan gate I claſp with joy,
In dear remembrance of the firſt in Troy.
With me, the monarch bids my friends, and all,
Indulge the banquet in the regal hall;
Crown'd with rich wine the foamy goblets hold;
And the vaſt feaſt was ſerv'd in maſſy gold.
Two days were paſt, and now the ſouthern gales
Call us aboard, and ſtretch the ſwelling ſails.
A thouſand doubts diſtract my anxious breaſt,
And thus the royal prophet I addreſs'd:
Oh ſacred prince of Troy, to whom 'tis giv'n,
To ſpeak events, and ſearch the will of heav'n,
The ſecret mind of Phœbus to declare
From laurels, tripods, and from every ſtar:
To know the voice of every fowl that flies,
The ſigns of every wing that beats the ſkies;
Inſtruct me, ſacred ſeer; ſince every god,
With each bleſt omen, bids me plow the flood,
To reach fair Italy, and meaſure o'er
A length of ocean to the deſtin'd ſhore:
The Harpy queen, and ſhe alone, relates
A ſcene of ſad unutterable fates,
A dreadful famine ſent from heaven on high,
With all the gather'd vengeance of the ſky:

466. *A ſecond Scæan gate I claſp'd with joy.* Thoſe who were going out to baniſhment, or about to travel into ſome diſtant country, were wont to embrace the pillars and threſholds of their houſes. This they alſo did at their return. Hence V. Flaccus, Arg. b. i.—*Patriaeque amplecti limina portae.*

This cuſtom they practiſed likewiſe in the colonies, dependent upon their reſpective countries.

Tell me, what dangers I muſt firſt oppoſe,
And how o'ercome the mighty weight of woes.
Now, the due victims ſlain, the king implores
The grace and favour of th' immortal pow'rs;
Unbinds the fillets from his ſacred head,
Then, by the hand, in ſolemn ſtate he led
His trembling gueſt to Phœbus' fair abode,
Struck with an aweful reverence of the god.
At length, with all the ſacred fury fir'd,
Thus ſpoke the prophet, as the god inſpir'd:
Since, mighty chief, the deities, your guides,
With proſperous omens waft you o'er the tides,
Such is the doom of fate, the will of Jove,
The firm decree of him who reigns above:
Hear me, of many things, explain a few,
Your future courſe with ſafety to purſue;
And, all theſe foreign floods and countries paſt,
To reach the wiſh'd Auſonian port at laſt.
The reſt the fates from Helenus conceal,
And heav'n's dread queen forbids me to reveal.
Firſt then, that Italy, that promis'd land,
Tho' thy fond hopes already graſp the ſtrand,
(Tho' now ſhe ſeems ſo near,) a mighty tide,
And long, long regions from your reach divide.
Sicilian ſeas muſt bend your plunging oars;
Your fleet muſt coaſt the fair Auſonian ſhores,
And reach the dreadful iſle, the dire abode
Where Circe reigns; and ſtem the Stygian flood,

514. *Plunging oars.*] In the original *lentandus*: i. e. curvandus et flectendus: the oar being *lentus*, tough, and ſo made for *bending* not breaking.

Before your fated city ſhall aſcend.
Hear then, and theſe auſpicious ſigns attend:
When, loſt in contemplation deep, you find
A large white mother of the briſtly kind,
With her white brood of thirty young, who drain
Her ſwelling dugs, where Tyber bathes the plain:
There, there, thy town ſhall riſe, my godlike friend,
And all thy labours find their deſtin'd end.
Fear then Celæno's direful threats no more,
That your fierce hunger ſhall your boards devour.
Apollo, when invok'd, will teach the way,
And fate the myſtic riddle ſhall diſplay.
But theſe next borders of th' Italian ſhores,
On whoſe rough rocky ſides our ocean roars,
Avoid with caution, for the Grecian train
Poſſeſs thoſe realms that ſtretch along the main.
Here, the fierce Locrians hold their dreadful ſeat;
There, brave Idomeneus, expell'd from Crete,
Has fixt his armies on Salentine ground,
And awes the wide Calabrian realms around.

521. *White mother.*] This circumſtance of finding a white ſow and her thirty young ones was founded, according to Varro, upon an ancient hiſtorical tradition. On their account, Alba, which Aſcanius built, had its name and origin. There is no fiction either in the geography, or in the antiquities and origin of the nations mentioned in this third book. Virgil had ſeen with his own eyes, the ſeas, the iſlands, the countries, ports, and cities, thro' which his hero paſſed. For he himſelf made the very ſame voyage, that he deſcribes Æneas to have made, on purpoſe that he might be more exact in his account. CATROU.

See note on ver. 63. B. 8.

Here Philoctetes, from Theſſalian ſhores,
Rears ſtrong Petilia fenc'd with walls and tow'rs.
Soon as tranſported o'er the rolling floods,
You pay due vows in honour of the gods;
When on the ſnore the ſmoaking altars riſe,
A purple veil draw cautious o'er your eyes;
Leſt hoſtile faces ſhould appear in ſight,
To blaſt and diſcompoſe the hallow'd rite.

538. *Here Philoctetes.*] Philoctetes was the ſon of Pæan, and the companion and friend of Hercules, who gave him in his laſt moments the famous poiſoned arrows; but Philoctetes being unfortunately bit by a ſerpent in his foot, the wound became very offenſive to the camp, and the Grecian army thinking the bite was a puniſhment from the gods, agreed to ſend Philoctetes into the ſolitary iſland of Lemnos. But the oracle afterwards declaring that Troy could not be taken without the arrows of Hercules, he was brought back again by Ulyſſes and Neoptolemus; and hearing after Troy was taken, of an inſurrection or rather rebellion of the Meliboei; he came into Italy; and either built, or fortified Petilia with walls. There is a moſt beautiful tragedy of Sophocles on this ſimple ſubject of Philoctetes's being brought back to the Grecian army by Ulyſſes: the ſubſtance and capital beauties of which, have been tranſlated by Fenelon, and inſerted into the fifteenth book of his Telemachus; the lamentations of Philoctetes in the latter part of this tragedy, where he takes leave of his cave and ſolitary iſland, are extremely poetical; particularly, where he wiſhes great birds would come to carry him away; and where he regrets the loſs of his beloved bow. See ver. 1130. & 1161, &c.

543. *A purple veil.*] This veil with which the head was to be covered during ſacrifice, was a piece of hiſtory of which Virgil hath made a poetical uſe. Aurelius Victor relates, that Æneas ſacrificing on the ſhore of Italy, ſuddenly perceived Ulyſſes and his fleet approaching; and for fear of being known, covered his face with a purple veil. From this adventure, Virgil makes Helenus give Æneas a ceremonial precept, for all his poſterity. Such uſe does the poet make of the leaſt hiſtorical circumſtances in the life of his hero.

CATROU.

Obſerve this form before the ſacred ſhrine,
Thou, and thy friends, and all thy future line.
When near Sicilian coaſts thy bellying ſails
At length convey thee with the driving gales;
Pelorus' ſtraits juſt opening by degrees;
Turn from the right; avoid the ſhores and ſeas.
Far to the left thy courſe in ſafety keep,
And fetch a mighty circle round the deep.
That realm of old, a ruin huge! was rent
In length of ages from the continent;
With force convulſive burſt the iſle away;
Through the dread op'ning broke the thund'ring ſea:
At once the thund'ring ſea Sicilia tore,
And ſunder'd from the fair Heſperian ſhore;
And ſtill the neighbouring coaſts and towns divides
With ſcanty channels, and contracted tides.
Fierce to the right tremendous Scylla roars,
Charybdis on the left the flood devours:

563. *Charybdis on the left, &c.*] Virgil has coped this deſcription from the twelfth book of the Odyſſey; and I think equals Homer in it. The conoiſſeurs in painting are curious in obſerving how different maſters acquit themſelves in working upon the ſame ſubjects. In imitation of them, let us ſee how far below Virgil Ovid has fallen, in deſcribing Scylla and Charybdis!

Quid, quod neſcio qui mediis concurrere in undis
Dicuntur montes; ratibuſque inimica Charybdis
Nunc ſorbere fretum, nunc reddere, cinctaque ſaevis
Scylla rapax canibus Siculo latrare profundo.

How flat and puerile is this in compariſon of the majeſty and energy of,

Dextrum Scylla latus, laevum impacata Charybdis
Obſidet, atque imo barathri ter gurgite vaſtos
Sorbet in abruptum fluctus, rurſuſque ſub auras
Erigit alternos, et ſidera verberat undâ.

Me-

Thrice ſwallow'd in her womb, ſubſides the ſea,
Deep, deep as hell; and thrice ſhe ſpouts away
From her black bellowing gulphs, diſgorg'd on high,
Waves after waves, that daſh the diſtant ſky.
Lodg'd in a darkſom cavern's dreadful ſhade,
High o'er the ſurges Scylla rears her head:
Grac'd with a virgin's breaſt, and female looks,
She draws the veſſels on the pointed rocks.
Below, ſhe lengthens in a monſtrous whale,
With dogs ſurrounded, and a dolphin's tail.
But oh! 'tis far, far ſafer with delay
Still round and round to plow the watry way,
And coaſt Pachynus, than with curious eyes
To ſee th' enormous den where Scylla lies;

Methinks we have been looking on a piece of Michael Angelo's, and one of Verrio's on the ſame ſubject. I cannot forbear tranſcribing Milton's noble and juſt deſcription of the allegorical figure of Sin, as it has a relation to this paſſage of Virgil.

——About her middle round
A cry of hell-hounds, never ceaſing bark'd,
With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal: yet when they liſt, would creep,
If ought diſturb'd their noiſe, into her womb
And kennel there: yet there ſtill bark'd and howl'd
Within, unſeen. Far leſs abhorr'd than theſe
Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the ſea that parts
Calabria, from the hoarſe Trinacrian ſhore.
Par. Loſt, book ii. 654.

Milton ſeems to have taken the hint of this famous allegory from theſe words in St. James's epiſtle, i. 15. "When "LUST hath conceived it bringeth forth SIN; and SIN, "when it is finiſhed, bringeth forth DEATH:" Where LUST, and SIN, and DEATH, are plainly perſonify'd. DEATH alſo, Θανατος, is introduced as a perſon in the Alceſtis of Euripides: Milton, it is well known, was a conſtant reader of this tragic poet, and I have ſometimes thought that he might borrow his *Thanatus* from Euripides.

The dire tremendous fury to explore,
Where, round her cavern'd rocks, her watry monſters [roar.
Beſides, if Helenus the truth inſpires,
If Phœbus warms me with prophetic fires;
One thing in chief, O prince of Venus' ſtrain,
Tho' oft repeated, I muſt urge again.
To Juno firſt with gifts and vows repair,
And vanquiſh heaven's imperial queen with pray'r.
So ſhall your fleets in ſafety waft you o'er,
From fair Trinacria to th' Heſperian ſhore;
There when arriv'd you viſit Cuma's tow'rs,
Where dark with ſhady woods Avernus roars,
You ſee the Sibyl in her rocky cave,
And hear the furious maid divinely rave.
The dark decrees of fate the virgin ſings,
And writes on leaves, names, characters, and things.
The myſtic numbers, in the cavern laid,
Are rang'd in order by the ſacred maid;
There they repoſe in ranks along the floor;
At length a caſual wind unfolds the door;
The caſual wind diſorders the decrees,
And the looſe fates are ſcatter'd by the breeze.
She ſcorns to range them, and again unite
The fleeting ſcrolls, or ſtop their airy flight.
Then back retreat the diſappointed train,
And curſe the Sibyl they conſult in vain.
Bnt thou more wiſe, thy purpos'd courſe delay,
Though thy raſh friends ſhould ſummon thee away;
And wait with patience, though the flattering gales
Sing in thy ſhrowds, and fill thy opening ſails.

With ſuppliant pray'rs intreat her to relate,
In vocal accents all thy various fate.
Her voice the Italian nations ſhall declare,
And the whole progreſs of thy future war.
Thy numerous toils the propheteſs ſhall ſhow,
And how to ſhun, or ſuffer every woe.
With reverence due, her potent aid implore,
So ſhalt thou ſafely reach the diſtant ſhore:
Thus far I tell thee, but muſt tell no more.
Proceed, brave prince, with courage in thy wars,
And raiſe the Trojan glory to the ſtars.
When thus my fates the royal ſeer foretold,
He ſent rich gifts of elephant and gold;
Within my navy's ſides large treaſures ſtow'd,
And brazen cauldrons that refulgent glow'd.
To me the monarch gave a ſhining mail,
With many a golden claſp, and golden ſcale;

616. *Thus far I tell thee.*] Virgil repreſents the prophet Helenus, as reſtrain'd in his diſcoveries of what was to happen to Æneas, in his going from Italy. The great point in which he was thus reſtrain'd, was Æneas's delay at Carthage; and the danger that aroſe from it, of his quite breaking off his voyage, and ſettling in that city. Hence he ſays afterwards, "If Juno does not prevent it, you ſhall go from "Sicily to Italy." And 'tis true he did ſo; but that was after the ſecond time of his being at Sicily: and the whole affair of his being driven to the coaſt of Africa, and his ſtaying ſo long at Carthage (which happen'd after his firſt leaving Sicily) is totally dropt by Helenus, All he tells him is, how he may eſcape the other dangers in his voyage; and what he is to do, and where to fix, when he is got to Italy. SPENCE.

Prophecies ſhould be rarely introduced into a poem, becauſe they foreſtall the events of the action; except they are delivered with an air of obſcurity, and only hint obliquely at the future

With this, a beauteous radiant helm, that bore
A waving plume; the helm that Pyrrhus wore.
My father too with coſtly gifts he loads,
And ſailors he ſupplies to ſtem the floods,
And generous ſteeds, and arms to all my train,
With ſkilful guides to lead us o'er the main.
And now my ſire gave orders to unbind
The gather'd ſails, and catch the riſing wind;
Whom thus, at parting, the prophetic ſage
Addreſs'd with all the reverence due to age.
O favour'd of the ſkies! whom Venus led
To the high honours of her genial bed,
Her own immortal beauties to enjoy,
And twice preſerv'd thee from the flames of Troy:
Lo! to your eyes Auſonian coaſts appear;
Go—to that realm your happy voyage ſteer.
But far beyond thoſe regions you ſurvey,
Your coaſting fleet muſt cut the lengthen'd way.

635. *Whom Venus led.*] Among other gallantries of Venus, it was ſaid ſhe had an amour with Anchiſes, as he was keeping his ſheep on Mount Ida. This adventure is deſcribed at large, and in the moſt glowing colours, in Homer's hymn to Venus. The fable was probably invented (ſays the Abbe Banier) to cloak ſome piece of gallantry, and to calm the jealouſy of Anchiſes's wife, who ſaw him too often frequent the banks of the river Simois, where he was probably ſmitten with the charms of ſome ſhepherdeſs, who was perhaps denominated Venus on account of her beauty. It would ſeem that it was that Venus whom Homer makes to have been the daughter of Dione, Il. ix. and who is mentioned by Cicero, De Nat. Deor. l. iii. The poets add, that Venus enjoined her gallant not to ſpeak of this adventure, but that he not being able to keep the ſecret, was ſtruck with thunder, by which Servius ſays he loſt his ſight; others ſay, the wound he received thereby, could never be cloſed up.

Still, ſtill at diſtance lies the fated place,
Aſſign'd by Phœbus to the Trojan race.
Go then, he ſaid, with full ſucceſs go on,
Oh bleſt! thrice bleſt in ſuch a matchleſs ſon.
Why longer ſhould my words your courſe detain,
When the ſoft gales invite you to the main?
Nor leſs the queen, her love and grief to tell,
With coſtly preſents takes her ſad farewell.
She gave my ſon a robe; the robe of old
Her own fair hands embroider'd o'er with gold:
With precious veſts ſhe loads the darling boy,
And a refulgent mantle wrought in Troy.
Accept, dear youth, ſhe ſaid, theſe robes I wove
In happier days, memorial of my love.
This trifling token of thy friend receive,
The laſt, laſt preſent Hector's wife can give.
Ah! now, methinks, and only now, I ſee
My dear Aſtyanax revive in thee!

659, 660. *I ſee My dear Aſtyanax revive in thee!*] This reflection of Andromache is delicate and moving. 'Tis the very voice of nature; the mother appears in it; eſpecially where ſhe adds with a ſigh,

Et nunc *aequali tecum pubeſceret* aevo!

It ſuggeſts to one, the delight ſhe would have felt to have ſeen Iülus and Aſtyanax together, engaged in friendſhip, and fond of the ſame purſuits! After the deſtruction of Troy, the Grecian prieſt Calchas declared that the gods, to ſend them a favourable wind for their return, demanded that the ſon of Hector and Andromache muſt periſh. His mother concealed Aſtyanax, but Ulyſſes diſcovered him; and he was thrown from the battlements of a high tower.

Seneca has written a tragedy on this ſubject; which like the reſt of that unnatural writer's compoſitions, is filled with far-fetched ſentiments, affected conceits, falſe ornaments, and declamation; the bane of true tragedy.

Such were his motions! ſuch a ſprightly grace
Charm'd from his eyes, and open'd in his face!
And had it pleas'd, alas! the pow'rs divine,
His blooming years had been the ſame as thine.
Thus then the mournful laſt farewell I took,
And, bath'd in tears, the royal pair beſpoke:
Live you long happy in a ſettled ſtate;
'Tis our's to wander ſtill from fate to fate.
Safe have you gain'd the peaceful port of eaſe,
Not doom'd to plow th' immeaſurable ſeas;
Nor ſeek for Latium, that deludes the view,
A coaſt that flies as faſt as we purſue.
Here you a new Scamander can enjoy;
Here your own hands erect a ſecond Troy:
With happier omens may ſhe riſe in peace,
And leſs obnoxious than the firſt to Greece.
If e'er the long-expected ſhore I gain,
Where Tyber's ſtreams enrich the flow'ry plain;
Or if I live to raiſe our fated town;
Our Latian Troy and yours ſhall join in one;
In one ſhall center both the kindred ſtates,
The ſame their founder, and the ſame their fates!

661. *Such were his motions!*] Here we may remark the propriety of behaviour and the decorum which Virgil obſerves with relation to the characters of Helenus and Andromache. She is entirely taken up with Aſcanius, and the remembrance of her loſt Aſtyanax. She makes no preſents but to the young prince. Thoſe which Helenus gives are to Anchiſes and Æneas.

682. *The ſame their fates.*] The adventures of Æneas and Helenus had a great reſemblance. They were both the iſſue of Dardanus; both fugitives from Troy; one had founded a colony in Epirus, the other was going to do the ſame in Italy.

And may their ſon to future times convey
The ſacred friendſhip which we ſign to-day.
We take to Italy the ſhorteſt road,
By ſteep Ceraunian mountains, o'er the flood.
Now the deſcending ſun roll'd down the light,
The hills lie cover'd in the ſhades of night;
When ſome by lot attend, and ply the oars,
Some, worn with toil, lie ſtretch'd along the ſhores:
There, by the murmurs of the heaving deep
Rock'd to repoſe, they ſunk in pleaſing ſleep.
Scarce half the hours of ſilent night were fled,
When careful Palinure forſakes his bed;
And every breath explores that ſtirs the ſeas,
And watchful liſtens to the paſſing breeze;
Obſerves the courſe of ev'ry orb on high,
That moves in ſilent pomp along the ſky.
Arcturus dreadful with the ſtormy ſtar,
The watry Hyads, and the northern car,
In the blue vault his piercing eyes behold,
And huge Orion flame in arms of gold.
When all ſerene he ſaw th' etherial plain,
He gave the ſignal to the ſlumb'ring train.

684. *The ſacred friendſhip.*] De La Cerda from Nennius (to both whom I refer the reader) is particular in ſhewing the friendſhip between theſe nations in after times; by which this prophecy (as they call it) was fulfilled: but ſure they forgot Pyrrhus king of Epirus, who was no great friend to the Romans. But hiſtory is not my buſineſs: what Æneas ſays may be regarded as his own reſolution, and as a wiſh to poſterity: and that is ſufficient. TRAPP.

We rouze; our opening canvas we diſplay,
And wing with ſpreading ſails the watry way.
Now every ſtar before Aurora flies,
Whoſe glowing bluſhes ſtreak the purple ſkies:
When the dim hills of Italy we view'd,
That peep'd by turns, and div'd beneath the flood.
Lo! Italy appears, Achates cries,
And Italy, with ſhouts, the crowd replies.
My ſire, tranſported, crowns a bowl with wine,
Stands on the deck, and calls the pow'rs divine:
Ye gods! who rule the tempeſts, earth, and ſeas,
Befriend our courſe, and breathe a proſperous breeze.
Up ſprung th' expected breeze; the port we ſpy,
Near, and more near; and Pallas' fane on high,
With the ſteep hill, roſe dancing to the eye.
Our ſails are furl'd; and from the ſeas profound,
We turn the prows to land, while Ocean foams around.
Where from the raging eaſt the ſurges flow,
The land indented bends an ample bow,
The port conceal'd within the winding ſhore,
Daſh'd on the fronting cliffs, the billows roar.
Two lofty tow'ring rocks extended wide,
With outſtretch'd arms embrace the murmuring tide.
Within the mighty wall the waters lie,
And from the coaſt the temple ſeems to fly.
Here firſt, a dubious omen I beheld;
Four milk-white courſers graz'd the verdant field.

711. *Achates cries.*] To make Achates a perſon of ſome weight and conſequence, whoſe character is generally inſignificant and unimportant, the poet has contrived that he ſhould be the perſon who firſt diſcovers Italy.

War, cry'd my ſire, theſe hoſtile realms prepare;
Train'd to the fight, theſe ſteeds denounce the war.
But ſince ſometimes they bear the guiding rein,
Yok'd to the car; the hopes of peace remain.
Then, as her temple rais'd our ſhouts, we paid
Our firſt devotions to the martial maid.
Next, as the rules of Helenus enjoin,
We veil'd our heads at Juno's ſacred ſhrine;
And ſought heav'n's aweful queen with rites divine.
This done;—once more with ſhifting ſails we fly,
And cautious paſs the hoſtile regions by.
Hence we renown'd Tarentum's bay behold,
Renown'd, 'tis ſaid, from Hercules of old.
Oppos'd, Lacinia's temple roſe on high,
And proud Caulonian tow'rs ſalute the ſky.
Then, near the rocky Scylacaean bay
For wrecks defam'd, we plow the watry way.

732. *War, cry'd my ſire.*] The character of Anchiſes is well ſupported to the laſt, throughout that ſhort part which he acts in the poem. Virgil repreſents him ſkilful in divination; before his departure from Troy, he foretold that Iülus ſhould be a king from the fire which ſurrounded his hair, B. ii. ver. 944. in this paſſage he foretells the arrival of the Trojans in Italy, from the ſight of theſe white horſes. The poet has painted him likewiſe with the natural infirmities of old age. Hence his weak memory makes him miſtake the import of the Delphic oracle: he thought that they were directed to ſail to Crete, becauſe Teucer, one of the founders of Troy, was a Cretan; and had forgotten that Dardanus, who was another founder of Troy, came from Italy. At the ſame time, Virgil has given him all the virtues of an old hero: he is reſolved to periſh with his country; he makes his old age a reaſon for his deſpiſing death; nothing but a prodigy could induce him to leave the city of Troy though in flames. CATROU.

Now we behold, emerging to our eyes
From diſtant floods, Sicilian Ætna riſe ;
And hear a thund'ring din, and dreadful roar
Of billows breaking on the rocky ſhore.
The ſmoaking waves boil high, on every ſide,
And ſcoop the ſands, and blacken all the tide.
Charybdis' gulph, my father cries, behold !
The direful rocks the royal ſeer foretold ;
Ply, ply your oars, and ſtretch to every ſtroke :
Swift as the word, their ready oars they took ;
Firſt ſkilful Palinure ; then all the train
Steer to the left, and plow the liquid plain.
Now on a tow'ring arch of waves we riſe,
Heav'd on the bounding billows, to the ſkies.
Then, as the roaring ſurge retreating fell,
We ſhoot down headlong to the depths of hell.
Thrice the rough rocks rebellow in our ears ;
Thrice mount the foamy tides, and daſh the ſtars.
The wind now ſinking with the lamp of day,
Spent with her toils, and dubious of the way ;
We reach the dire Cyclopean ſhore, that forms
An ample port, impervious to the ſtorms.
But Ætna roars with dreadful ruins nigh,
Now hurls a burſting cloud of cinders high,
Involv'd in ſmoaky whirlwinds to the ſky ;

771. *But Ætna roars with dreadful.*] This deſcription is worked up with great ſpirit and ſublimity. Dr. Pearce, in his learned and judicious notes on Longinus, remarks, that the expreſſion of ſidera lambit in the fourth line of it, has the ſwell in it, which Longinus, Sect. 3. calls ſuper-tragical. It is obſervable that Addiſon has taken no notice of thoſe words in

With loud diſploſion, to the ſtarry frame:
Shoots fiery globes, and furious floods of flame: 775

in a tranſlation he has made of this paſſage: Which tranſlation of part of this third book of the Æneid is by no means worthy that author.

This deſcription of Ætna ſeems to have been copied from a very ſublime one of Pindar, which Mr. Weſt hath nobly tranſlated, and illuſtrated with obſervations, not to be omitted in this place.

" Now under ſulph'rous Cuma's ſea-bound coaſt,
And vaſt Sicilia lies his ſhaggy breaſt;
By ſnowy Ætna, nurſe of endleſs froſt,
The pillar'd prop of heav'n, for ever preſt:
Forth from whoſe nitrous caverns iſſuing riſe
Pure liquid fountains of tempeſtuous fire,
And veil in ruddy miſts the noon-day ſkies,
While wrapt in ſmoke the eddying flames aſpire,
Or gleaming thro' the night with hideous roar
Far o'er the reddening main huge rocky fragments pour.

Thucydides, at the end of this third book, makes mention of three eruptions of Mount Ætna, the laſt of which, he ſays, happen'd in the third year of the 88th Olymp. the former about fifty years before, that is, in the laſt year of the 76th, or the firſt year of the 77th Olymp. Of the date of the firſt eruption he makes no mention. Probably no more was known in his time about it, than that it was the firſt, and the only one, beſides the two above-mentioned, that had happened from the time of the Greeks firſt ſettling in Sicily, as he expreſsly tells us. This ode was compoſed in the 78th Olymp. about four or five years after the ſecond eruption mentioned by Thucydides. The city of Ætna founded on the ruins of Catana, was built by Hiero in the 76th Olymp. and ſtood in the neighbourhood of Mount Ætna, from which it derived its name. From all theſe conſiderations it appears, with how much propriety Pindar has here introduced a deſcription of the fiery eruptions of that burning mountain; one of which having happened ſo lately as four or five years before the writing this ode, could not but be very freſh in the memories of the inhabitants of the city of Ætna, whoſe territories, and even the town itſelf, were in great danger of being laid waſte and deſtroyed by the torrents of fire, which iſſued

Now from her bellowing caverns burſt away
Vaſt piles of melted rocks, in open day.
Her ſhatter'd entrails wide the mountain throws,
And deep as hell her burning center glows.
On vaſt Enceladus this pond'rous load
Was thrown in vengeance by the thund'ring god;
Who pants beneath the mountains, and expires,
Through openings huge, the fierce tempeſtuous fires;
Oft as he ſhifts his ſide, the caverns roar;
With ſmoke and flame the ſkies are cover'd o'er,
And all Trinacria ſhakes from ſhore to ſhore.
That night we heard the loud tremendous ſound,
The monſtrous mingled peal that thunder'd round;

from the neighbouring mountain, or by the earthquakes, that uſually attended thoſe eruptions. With the ſame propriety therefore he cloſes his deſcription with a prayer to Jupiter, who had a temple on Mount Ætna, imploring his favour and protection. The other beauties of this fine paſſage are ſo viſible and ſtriking, that I need not point them out to the judicious reader. I ſhall only obſerve, that Pindar is the firſt poet, that has given us a deſcription of theſe fiery eruptions of Mount Ætna; which from Homer's having taken no notice of ſo extraordinary a phaenomenon, is ſuppoſed not to have burned before his time." 1 Pyth. Ode, Dec. V.

787. *That night we heard.*] Nothing can more ſtrongly ſtrike the imagination, than theſe circumſtances of the wandering Trojans, ſheltered in a wood, upon an unknown coaſt, and hearing ſtrange and terrible noiſes, during the whole night, which was extremely dark and moonleſs, and not knowing from whence theſe dreadful ſounds came, or by what they might be occaſioned: and at day-break being ſuddenly ſurprized at the ghaſtly figure of a man, who at firſt runs towards them with great precipitation, ſeemingly to beg ſome aſſiſtance, but ſuddenly ſtops and ſtarts back at the ſight of Trojan arms and habits; at laſt recovering himſelf a little, reſolves to fling himſelf into their hands, let what will be the conſequence: who, when they have received him into a veſ-

ſel,

While in the ſhelt'ring wood we ſought repoſe,
Nor knew from whence the dreadful tumult roſe.
For not one ſtar diſplays his golden light;
The ſkies lie cover'd in the ſhades of night;
The ſilver moon her glimmering ſplendor ſhrouds
In gathering vapours, and a night of clouds.
Now fled the dewy ſhades of night away,
Before the bluſhes of the dawning day;
When, from the wood, ſhot ſudden forth in view
A wretch, in rags that flutter'd as he flew.
The human form in meager hunger loſt;
The ſuppliant ſtranger, more than half a ghoſt,
Stretch'd forth his hands, and pointed to the coaſt.
We turn'd to view the ſight;—his veſt was torn,
And all the tatter'd garb was tagg'd with thorn.
His beard hangs long, and duſt the wretch diſtains,
And ſcarce the ſhadow of a man remains.
In all beſides, a Grecian he appears,
And late a ſoldier in the Trojan wars.
Soon as our Dardan dreſs and arms he view'd,
In fear ſuſpended for a ſpace he ſtood;
Stood, ſtop'd, and paus'd; then, ſpringing forth, he flies
All headlong to the ſhore with pray'rs and cries:
Oh! by this vital air, the ſtars on high,
By every pitying pow'r who treads the ſky!

ſel; gives them that dreadful narration of Polypheme, and informs them that this was the Cyclops iſland, and begs them therefore to leave it inſtantly, concluding moſt pathetically, that it would be ſome comfort to him, if he muſt die, to periſh by the hands of men, and not of monſters.

Ye Trojans, take me hence; I ask no more;
But bear, oh bear me from this dreadful shore.
I own myself a Grecian, and confess
I storm'd your Ilion with the sons of Greece.
If that offence must doom me to the grave,
Ye Trojans, plunge me in the whelming wave.
I die contented, if that grace I gain;
I die with pleasure, if I die by man.
Then kneel'd the wretch, and suppliant clung around
My knees with tears, and grovel'd on the ground.
Mov'd with his cries, we urge him to relate
His name, his lineage, and his cruel fate:
Then by the hand my good old father took
The trembling youth, who thus encourag'd spoke.
Ulysses' friend, your empire to destroy,
I left my native Ithaca for Troy,
My sire, poor Adamastus, sent from far
His son, his Achaemenides, to war;
Oh! had we both our humble state maintain'd,
And safe in peace and poverty remain'd!
For me my friends forgetful left behind,
In the huge Cyclops' ample cave confin'd.
Floating with human gore, the dreadful dome
Lies wide and waste, a solitary gloom!
With mangled limbs was all the pavement spread;
High as the stars he heaves his horrid head.
The tow'ring giant stalks with matchless might;
A savage fiend! tremendous to the sight.
(Far, far from earth, ye heav'nly pow'rs, repell
A fiend so direful to the depths of hell!)

For ſlaughter'd mortals are the monſter's food
The bodies he devours, and quaffs the blood.
Theſe eyes beheld him, when his ample hand
Seiz'd two poor wretches of our trembling band.
Stretch'd o'er the cavern, with a dreadful ſtroke,
He ſnatch'd, he daſh'd, he brain'd 'em on the rock.
In one black torrent ſwam the ſmoaking floor;
Fierce he devours the limbs that drop with gore;
The limbs yet ſprawling, dreadful to ſurvey!
Still heave and quiver while he grinds the prey.
But mindful of himſelf, that fatal hour,
Not unreveng'd their death Ulyſſes bore.
For while the nodding ſavage ſleeps ſupine,
Gorg'd with his horrid feaſt, and drown'd in wine;
And, ſtretch'd o'er half the cave, ejects the load
Of human offals mixt with human blood:
Trembling, by lot we took our poſts around,
Th' enormous giant ſlumb'ring on the ground.
Then (ev'ry god invok'd, who rules the ſky)
Plunge the ſharp weapon in his monſtrous eye;

845. *The bodies he devours, &c.*] This epiſode of the companions of Ulyſſes maſſacred and devoured by Polypheme is drawn from the Odyſſey B. ix. The Roman poet relates the ſtory in terms more majeſtic and heroic than thoſe of the Greek. Beſides Virgil tells us that only two Grecians were devoured by the Cyclops, but Homer ſpeaks of four; ſo that the Roman poet exaggerates leſs than the Grecian. CATROU.

Euripides has likewiſe deſcribed this ſavage action of the Cyclops, together with the manner of Ulyſſes making him drunk, and ſcooping out his eye. See Cyclops. ver. 395. &c. I take this opportunity of obſerving, that in this piece of Euripides there are many fine paſtoral and romantic circumſtances, but with a mixture of abominable obſcenity.

His eye, that midſt his frowning forehead ſhone,
Like ſome broad buckler, or the blazing ſun.
Thus we reveng'd our dear companions loſt:
But fly, ye Trojans, fly this dreadful coaſt.
For know, a hundred horrid Cyclops more
Range on theſe hills, and dwell along the ſhore,
As huge as Polypheme, the giant ſwain,
Who milk, like him, in caves the woolly train.
Now thrice the moon, fair empreſs of the night,
Has fill'd her growing horns with borrow'd light,
Since in theſe woods I paſs'd the hours away,
In dens of beaſts, and ſavages of prey,
Saw on the rocks the Cyclops ranging round,
Heard their loud footſteps thund'ring on the ground,
With each big bellowing voice, and trembled at the ſound.
Here every ſtony fruit I pluck for food,
Herbs, cornels, roots, and berries of the wood.
While round I gaze, your fleet I firſt explore,
The firſt that touch'd on this deteſted ſhore;
To 'ſcape theſe ſavages, I flew with joy
To meet your navy, tho' it ſail'd from Troy.
If I but ſhun the cruel hands of theſe;
Do you deſtroy me by what death you pleaſe.

867. *But fly, ye Trojans.*] This break in Achaemenides's ſpeech is of an exquiſite beauty. In the midſt of his narration, the fear of the Cyclops and the dangers he had juſt eſcaped, break in upon his mind, and ſtop him for a moment from finiſhing his account, to give the Trojans advice to fly immediately. The circumſtances that follow of his hearing the giant's footſteps, and loud voices, while he lay hid in dens and caves, are ſtrongly imagined.

Scarce had he ſaid; when lo! th' enormous ſwain,
Huge Polyphemus, 'midſt his fleecy train,
A bulk prodigious! from the mountain's brow
Deſcends terrific to the ſhore below:
A monſter grim, tremendous, vaſt, and high;
His front deform'd, and quench'd his blazing eye!
His huge hand held a pine, tall, large, and ſtrong,
To guide his footſteps as he towr'd along.
His flock attends, the only joy he knows;
His pipe around his neck, the ſolace of his woes.
Soon as the giant reach'd the deeper flood
With many a groan he cleans'd the gather'd blood
From his bor'd eye-ball in the briny main,
And, bellowing, grinds his teeth in agonizing pain.
Then ſtalks enormous through the midmoſt tides;
And ſcarce the topmaſt ſurges reach his ſides.
Aboard, the well-deſerving Greek we took,
And, pale with fear, the dreadful coaſt forſook;

895. *His flock.*] Some manuſcripts have not the following words *De collo fiſtula pendet.* There ſhould certainly be no ſtop after, *Solamenque mali,* which relates to his pipe. Mr. Upton makes the following remark on this paſſage. "De collo fiſtula pendet, comes in here after ſo dragging and heavy a manner, that ſome of the beſt editions leave it out. But ſurely the chief, if not only pleaſure, that Polyphemus, ſo famous for his rural ditties on Galatea, could now take, was in his oaten pipe, and would the paſtoral Virgil forget this? Let it be conſidered likewiſe that the verſes are a deſcription of the monſter, as then he appeared to Æneas, with a pine tree in his hand, and his flocks following him; but his ſolace was his rural pipe, all his pleaſure was in muſic.—See how Virgilian then theſe verſes will appear with the leaſt alteration.

———*Quae ſola voluptas*
Solamenque mali, de collo fiſtula pendet."

Letter on Spenſer, to Mr. Weſt, pag. 29.

Cut every cord with eager ſpeed away,
Bend to the ſtroke, and ſweep the foamy ſea.
The giant heard; and, turning to the ſound,
At firſt purſu'd us through the vaſt profound;
Stretch'd his huge hand to reach the fleet in vain;
Nor could he ford the deep Ionian main.
With that, the furious monſter roar'd ſo loud,
That Ocean ſhook in ev'ry diſtant flood;
Trembled all Italy from ſhore to ſhore;
And Ætna's winding caves rebellow to the roar.
Rouz'd at the peal, the fierce Cyclopean train
Ruſh'd from their woods and mountains to the main;
Around the port the ghaſtly brethren ſtand,
A dire aſſembly! covering all the ſtrand.
In each grim forehead blaz'd the ſingle eye;
In vain enrag'd the monſtrous race we ſpy,
A hoſt of giants tow'ring in the ſky.
So on ſome mountain tow'rs the lofty grove
Of beateous Dian, or imperial Jove;

909. *Stretch'd his huge hand.*] The expreſſion, *dextram affectare*, in the original, has given the commentators much fruitleſs trouble to endeavour to make ſenſe of; tho' all the tranſlators agree in the meaning of the words, yet there is a peculiarity in the phraſe, which, for want of a parallel expreſſion in any other claſſic author, has never been ſufficiently cleared up. The reading propoſed by the Cambridge editor of *dextram adjectare*, if it were ſupported by any copies, as it is not, would be equally unaccountable.

912. *That ocean ſhook.*] This is a moſt noble hyperbole, and by no means too bold, as ſome will have it; they forget not only the prerogative of poetry, but the real nature of fear; which always ſwells and heightens its object. TRAPP.

922. *So on ſome mountain.*] It is obſervable that this very ſhort ſimile is the only one in the third book. For my own part,

Th' aërial pines in pointed ſpires from far,
Or ſpreading oaks, majeſtic nod in air.
Headlong we fly with horror, where the gales
And ſpeeding winds direct the flutring ſails.
But Helenus forbids to plow the waves
Where Scylla roars, and fierce Charybdis raves.
As death ſtands dreadful 'midſt the dangerous road,
With backward courſe we plow the foamy flood;
When, from Pelorus' point a northern breeze
Swells every ſail, and wafts us o'er the ſeas;
Firſt, where Pantagia's mouth appear'd in view,
Flank'd by a range of rocks, the navy flew:
Then, ſhooting by the fam'd Megarean bay,
And lowly Tapſus cut the watry way.
Theſe coaſts by Achaemenides were ſhown,
Who follow'd, late, Laërtes' wand'ring ſon:

part, I could wiſh there had been none longer than this, in the ſecond. It was on the ſubject of long, labour'd compariſons, that M. de la Motte uſed to ſay, that he thought Æneas by far too great a poet; and that he could not help feeling that impropriety thro' the whole of the ſecond and third books of the Æneid; where the hero is often no leſs florid and figurative in his narration, than the poet himſelf is in the reſt.

938. *Theſe coaſts by Achaemenides were ſhown* What an exact obſerver of probability is Virgil? Here is an anſwer prepared to any who might object. How ſhould Æneas, a perfect ſtranger, be ſo well acquainted with their coaſts, which neither he nor any of his fleet had ever before viſited, or beheld? Why, ſays he, Achaemenides whom they took up from the Cyclops' iſland, and who had lately paſſed the very ſame way, pointed the different countries to them as they paſſed along.

939. *Who follow'd, late.*] It was proper enough in a preceding paſſage, ver. 613. of this book for Achaemenides to ſpeak

Familiar with the track he paſt before,
He names the lands, and points out ev'ry ſhore.
An iſle, once call'd Ortygia, fronts the ſides
Of rough Plemmyrium, and Sicanian tides.
Hither, 'tis ſaid, Alphëus, from his ſource
In Elis' realms, direct his watry courſe:
Beneath the main he takes his ſecret way,
And mounts with Arethuſa's ſtreams to day:
Now a Sicilian flood his courſe he keeps,
And rolls with blended waters to the deeps.
Admoniſh'd, I adore the guardian gods,
Then paſs the bounds of rich Helorus' floods.
Next our fleet gallies by Pachynus glide,
Whoſe rocks projecting ſtretch into the tide.
The Camarinian marſh I now ſurvey,
By fate forbidden to be drain'd away.
Then the Geloan fields with Gela came
In view, who borrow'd from the flood their name.
With her huge wall proud Agragas ſucceeds;
A realm, of old renown'd for generous ſteeds.
From thee, Selinus, ſwift before the wind
We flew, and left thy ſinking palms behind;

ſpeak thus: but is it equally proper for Æneas to uſe the ſame words, and ſpeak thus of Ulyſſes? Upton thinks this hemiſtich an addition.

954. *The Camarinian marſh.*] The oracle forbad the inhabitants to drain this marſh, they neglected to obſerve it, and their enemies entering thro' the part that was drained, committed a great ſlaughter. Servius obſerves that this oracle was not delivered ſo early as the time in which Æneas lived, and that is therefore a chronological error in the poet.

961.—*And left thy ſinking palms behind.*] The original ſays,

By Lilybaeum's ſides our courſe purſu'd,
Whoſe rocks inſidious hide beneath the flood:
And reach (thoſe dangerous ſhelves and ſhallows paſt)
The fatal port of Drepanum at laſt.
Wretch as I was, on this deteſted coaſt,
The chief ſupport of all my woes, I loſt;
My dear, dear father—ſav'd, but ſav'd in vain
From all the tempeſts of the raging main.
Nor did the royal ſage this blow foretell;
Nor did the direful Harpy-queen of hell,
Among her frightful prodigies, foreſhow
This laſt ſad ſtroke, this unexpected woe.
Here all my labours, all my toils were o'er,
And hence heav'n led me to your friendly ſhore.

ſays, *palmoſa* Selinus; the tranſlator has therefore added a poetical circumſtance, of the tops of the palm trees gradually ſinking and diſappearing as they ſailed along.

965. *The fatal port of Drepanum.*] This is a city in Sicily (ſays Segrais) called at preſent Trepano, where they ſtill ſhew the tomb of Anchiſes.

966. *Wretch as I was.*] Boſſu thinks it an inſtance of our poet's exquiſite judgment, that he doth not minutely and at length deſcribe the illneſs and death of Anchiſes: which he is of opinion would have too much retarded the action of the poem, and not have intereſted the reader in any extraordinary manner; and above all, it afforded no matter for poetical deſcription.

968. *Father*—] Here Virgil does not follow Dionyſius Halicarnaſſeus, as uſual, who ſays Anchiſes arrived in Italy. But what part could Anchiſes have acted amid the wars that were to follow?

975. *And hence heav'n led me.*] The original ſays *veſtris Deus appulit oris.* My good genius, or the kind God led me; a compliment by the word *Deus* is, I think, meant to be paid the queen.—It is remarkable that the poet puts the ſoft expreſſion *Deus* into the mouth of Æneas, tho' in reality it was a tempeſt that drove him hither.

Thus, while the room was huſh'd, the prince relates
The wondrous ſeries of his various fates;
His long, long wand'rings, and unnumber'd woes:
Then ceas'd; and ſought the bleſſings of repoſe.

976. *The prince relates.*] Catrou ſays, the beſt manuſcripts read—*Fataque narrabat* inſtead of—*Fata renarrabat*——.

979. *Then ceas'd.*] Segrais obſerves, that the fifteen hundred verſes which are contained in the ſecond and third book may be repeated in two hours. Æneas's recital did not appear prolix to Dido, neither can it to any reader of taſte. After the repoſe at the end of this book, the opening of the fourth book if we paſs on to it immediately, has a fine effect; when we place the two lines together thus;

Conticuit tandem, factoque hic fine quievit.
At regina gravi jamdudum ſaucia curâ.—

The End of the THIRD BOOK.

THE

THE

FOURTH BOOK

OF

VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

ARGUMENT.

Dido *discovers to her sister her passion for* Æneas, *and her thoughts of marrying him. She prepares a hunting match for his entertainment.* Juno *with the consent of* Venus, *raises a storm, which separates the hunters, and drives* Æneas *and* Dido *into the same cave, where their marriage is supposed to be compleated.* Jupiter *dispatches* Mercury *to* Æneas, *to warn him from* Carthage. Æneas *secretly prepares for his voyage.* Dido *finds out his design, and, to put a stop to it, makes use of her own and her sister's entreaties, and discovers all the variety of passions that are incident to a neglected lover. When nothing could prevail upon him, she contrives her own death, with which this book concludes.*

VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

THE

FOURTH BOOK.

BUT love inflam'd the queen; the raging pain
Preys on her heart, and glows in every vein.
Much ſhe revolves the hero's deeds divine,
And much the glories of his godlike line;

In the third book, Virgil ſeems to have diſplayed his ſkill in deſcriptive poetry: but this fourth book is entirely devoted to the pathetic. And indeed he hath exhauſted the ſubject, no author ever moved the paſſions of pity and terror in ſo great a degree. The origin and progreſs of the paſſion of love, its various effects on the mind, its doubts, and hopes, and fears, and jealouſies, its pleaſures and pains, till it ends in the deepeſt deſpair, were never ſo forcibly, ſo elegantly, or naturally deſcribed. Great part of this whole book is borrowed from the third of Apollonius Rhodius. The only anſwer, ſays M. Voltaire, which is to be made to ſuch obſervations is, that the fourth book of Virgil is too great a maſterpiece to be but a copy. 'Tis juſt as ſome people ſay, Milton hath ſtolen his poem, from an Italian ſtroller, named Andreino. It is however undeniable that Virgil has borrowed largely from Apollonius's deſcription of Medea's paſſion; which I believe he did, not from any barreneſs of invention, but from a love of a beautiful original. Virgil was capable of writing as well even if he had never ſeen Apollonius.

3. *Much ſhe revolves the hero's deeds divine.*] Dido endeavours to perſuade herſelf, that it was the exalted merit and virtue of the hero, not his perſon, that ſhe was fond of: the uſual and natural artifice of this inſinuating paſſion of love!

Each look, each accent breaks her golden reſt,
Lodg'd in her ſoul, and imag'd in her breaſt.
The morn had chas'd the dewy ſhades away,
And o'er the world advanc'd the lamp of day;
When to her ſiſter thus the royal dame
Diſclos'd the ſecret of her growing flame.
Anna, what dreams are theſe that haunt my reſt?
Who is this heroe, this our godlike gueſt?
Mark but his graceful port, his manly charms;
How great a prince! and how renown'd in arms!
Sure he deſcends from ſome celeſtial kind;
For fear attends the low degenerate mind.
But oh! what wars, what battles he relates!
How long he ſtruggled with his adverſe fates!
Did not my ſoul her purpoſe ſtill retain,
Fix'd and determin'd ne'er to wed again,
Since from my widow'd arms the murdering ſword
Untimely ſnatch'd my firſt unhappy lord;
Did not my thoughts the name of marriage dread,
And the bare mention of the bridal bed—
Forgive my frailty---but I ſeem inclin'd
To yield to this one weakneſs of my mind.
For oh! my ſiſter, unreſerv'd and free
I truſt the ſecret of my ſoul to thee;
Since poor Sichæus, by my brother ſlain,
Daſh'd with his blood the conſecrated fane,
And ſtain'd the gods; my firm reſolves, I own,
This graceful prince has ſhook, and this alone.
I feel a warmth o'er all my trembling frame,
Too like the tokens of my former flame.

But oh! may earth her dreadful gulph diſplay,
And gaping ſnatch me from the golden day;
May I be hurl'd, by heav'n's almighty fire,
Transfix'd with thunder and involv'd in fire,
Down to the ſhades of hell from realms of light,
The deep, deep ſhades of everlaſting night;
Ere, ſacred honour! I betray thy cauſe
In word, or thought, or violate thy laws.
No!---my firſt lord, my firſt ill-fated ſpouſe,
Still, as in life, is lord of all my vows.
My love he had, and ever let him have,
Interr'd with him, and buried in the grave.
Then, by her riſing grief o'erwhelm'd, ſhe ceas'd:
The tears ran trickling down her heaving breaſt.

35. *But oh! may earth.*]
There are ſome delicate ſtrokes of nature in the cautious manner in which Dido reveals her new-born paſſion to her ſiſter. But what follows in the ſolemn proteſtations ſhe makes, that ſhe was immoveably reſolved never to marry again, is inimitably juſt and natural; and the true picture of a widow's reſolutions. The reader of taſte will likewiſe be charmed with the arguments her ſiſter uſes to perſuade her to indulge her paſſion and marry again: 'tis impoſſible to think of more ſtrong and weighty ones; eſpecially where ſhe puts Dido in mind, that ſhe is ſurrounded with enemies, that nothing could give her kingdom more ſtrength than a confederacy with the Trojans, that even prudence would direct her to take a huſband, if for no other reaſon, yet that he might be a kind of protector of her infant kingdom againſt her brother's anger: and laſtly, that the very gods ſeemed to have intereſted themſelves in this affair, and that for her part ſhe could not help believing that Juno herſelf had driven the Trojan fleet on purpoſe to her coaſts. The excuſes ſhe ſuggeſts to Dido, and the cauſes of delay ſhe would have her make uſe of to Æneas are likewiſe admirable: "Tell him that it is utterly impoſſible to undertake ſo dangerous a voyage in the wintry ſeaſon, and that his fleet wants refitting."

Sister, the fair replies, whom far above
The light of heav'n, or life itself I love;
Still on your bloom shall endless sorrow prey,
And waste your youth in solitude away?
And shall no pleasing theme your thoughts employ?
The prattling infant, or the bridal joy?
Think you such cares disturb your husband's shade,
Or stir the sacred ashes of the dead?
What though before, no lover won your grace,
Among the Tyrian, or the Libyan race?
With just disdain you pass'd Iarbas o'er,
And many a king whom warlike Afric bore.
But will you fly the heroe you approve?
And steel your heart against a prince you love?
Nor will you once reflect what regions bound
Your infant empire, and your walls surround?
Here proud Gætulian cities tow'r in air,
Whose swarthy sons are terrible in war;
There the dread Syrtes stretch along the main,
And there the wild Barcæans range the plain;
Here parch'd with thirst a smoaking region lies,
There fierce in arms the brave Numidians rise.
Why should I urge our vengeful brother's ire?
The war just bursting from the gates of Tyre?
Sure, every god, with mighty Juno, bore
The fleets of Ilion to the Libyan shore.

65. *Here proud Gætulian.*] This is an exact description of Africa, and the manners of its inhabitants in the earlier times. It may be amusing to compare it with SALLUST's towards the beginning of the Jugurthine war.

From ſuch a marriage, ſoon your joyful eyes
Shall ſee a potent town and empire riſe.
What ſcenes of glory Carthage muſt enjoy,
When our confederate arms unite with Troy?
Go then, propitiate heav'n; due off'rings pay;
Careſs, invite your godlike gueſt to ſtay,
And ſtudy ſtill new cauſes of delay.
Tell him, that, charg'd with deluges of rain,
Orion rages on the wintry main;
That ſtill unrigg'd his ſhatter'd veſſels lie,
Nor can his fleet endure ſo rough a ſky.
These words ſoon ſcatter'd the remains of ſhame;
Confirm'd her hopes, and fann'd the riſing flame.
With ſpeed they ſeek the temples, and implore
With rich oblations each celeſtial pow'r:

86. *These words ſoon.*] Boſſu makes ſome ſenſible remarks on the progreſs of Dido's paſſion and guilt. This princeſs at firſt entertains Æneas with vows and prayers which ſhe puts up to the gods with a ſincere piety. Becauſe then ſhe was innocent and at quiet. She begins to love Æneas contrary to the vow ſhe had made to the manes of her firſt huſband, which to her were a kind of deity. She begins at the ſame time to ſuppoſe that theſe manes are no longer concerned about her, and lay no obligation upon her to keep her vows. Laſt of all, being more corrupted, ſhe becomes guilty of impiety againſt the gods: and ſeeing that Æneas was about to leave her by their order, ſhe would perſuade him that they are quite ignorant and unconcerned at what is done here on earth. Not that ſhe was really and abſolutely perſuaded of ſo impious a maxim: the poet was too judicious to make ſo great and ſo ſtrange an alteration in the manners of this queen, in ſo ſhort a time. 'Tis her paſſion which makes her ſpeak thus. This, in ſhort, is the beginning of impiety, which naturally happens to thoſe, whoſe vices and paſſions are violent; and which at laſt leads them into downright atheiſm.

Boſſu, B. v. c. 2.

Selected ſheep with holy rites they ſlay
To Ceres, Bacchus, and the god of day.
But chief, to Juno's name the victims bled,
To Juno, guardian of the bridal bed.
The queen before the ſnowy heifer ſtands,
Amid the ſhrines, a goblet in her hands;
Between the horns ſhe ſheds the ſacred wine,
And pays due honours to the pow'rs divine;
Moves round the fane in ſolemn pomp, and loads,
Day after day, the altars of the gods.
Then hovering o'er, the fair conſults in vain
The panting entrails of the victims ſlain:
But ah! no ſacred rites her pain remove;
Prieſts, pray'rs, and temples! what are you to love?
With paſſion fir'd, her reaſon quite o'erthrown,
The hapleſs queen runs raving thro' the town.
Soft flames conſume her vitals, and the dart,
Deep, deep within, lies feſtering in her heart.
So ſends the heedleſs hunter's twanging bow
The ſhaft that quivers in the bleeding doe;
Stung with the ſtroke, and madding with the pain,
She wildly flies from wood to wood in vain;
Shoots o'er the Cretan lawns with many a bound,
The cleaving dart ſtill rankling in the wound!
Now the fond princeſs leads her heroe on,
Shows him her Tyrian wealth, and growing town;

114. *Now the fond princeſs.*] If the reader be not void of all taſte and ſenſibility, pity and humanity, he muſt be inexpreſſibly moved, by the following circumſtances of Dido's behaviour: by her carrying Æneas thro' the town, and tempting him to ſettle in a city already begun to be built; by her beginning

Diſplays her pompous tow'rs that proudly riſe,
And hopes to tempt him with the glorious prize;
Now as ſhe tries to tell her raging flame,
Stops ſhort,---and faulters, check'd by conſcious ſhame:
Now, at the cloſe of evening, calls her gueſt,
To ſhare the banquet, and renew the feaſt;
She fondly begs him to repeat once more
The Trojan ſtory that ſhe heard before;
Then to diſtraction charm'd, in rapture hung
On every word, and dy'd upon his tongue.
But when the ſetting ſtars to reſt invite,
And fading Cynthia veils her beamy light;
When all the gueſts retire to ſoft repoſe;
Left in the hall, ſhe ſighs, and vents her woes,
Lies on his couch, bedews it with her tears,
In fancy ſees her abſent prince, and hears
His charming voice ſtill ſounding in her ears.
Fir'd with the glorious hero's graceful look,
The young Aſcanius on her lap ſhe took,
With trifling play her furious pains beguil'd;
In vain!---the father charms her in the child.
No more the tow'rs, unfiniſh'd, riſe in air:
The youth, undiſciplin'd, no more prepare
Ports for the fleet, or bulwarks for the war;

ginning to ſpeak and ſuddenly ſtopping ſhort and faultering; by her making ſtill new feaſts and entertainments for her lover; by her deſiring to hear his ſtory again and again; by her attention to every ſyllable he ſpoke; by her remaining in the hall after the gueſts were gone, and lying upon the couch where he ſat; by her thinking ſhe ſtill hears his voice, and ſtill ſees his perſon, and by her fondly careſſing Aſcanius.

137. *No more the tow'rs, unfiniſh'd.*] The moral here is equally juſt and noble: nothing can more ſtrongly repreſent the

The works and battlements neglected lie,
And the proud ſtructures ceaſe to brave the ſky.
The fair thus rages with the mighty pain,
That fir'd her ſoul; and honour pleads in vain.
This Juno ſaw, and thus the bride of Jove,
In guileful terms addreſs'd the queen of love:

the pernicious conſequences of this violent paſſion; the neglect it occaſions of all uſeful and neceſſary affairs; the indolence and ſtupor into which it caſts all the faculties of mind and body; and how it damps and deſtroys all the noble and worthy purſuits and aims of mankind. To this purpoſe Lucretius ſays finely, that when a man is deeply in love,

Labitur interea res, et vadimonia fiunt;
Languent officia, atque aegrotat fama vacillans. B. 4. 1117.

What a change of conduct has this paſſion ſuddenly wrought upon our unfortunate queen! The imperial works in which ſhe was engaged with ſuch earneſtneſs are all at a ſtand! ſhe, who was ſo buſy and intent upon finiſhing her city, and bent her whole thoughts and ſoul upon that glorious deſign, now thinks of nothing but freſh parties of pleaſure with her lover, and by what kinds of diverſions and amuſements ſhe may beſt detain her beloved ſtranger!

144. *This Juno ſaw.*] The Juno of the Æneid is formed upon the Juno of the Iliad. This is viſible. But ſee what Virgil in imitating hath added of his own. Juno, beſides her hatred againſt the Trojans, excited by the judgment of Paris, and the rape of Ganymede (both ſo injurious to her beauty) appears particularly animated againſt Æneas for ſpecial reaſons, which render her character proper for the Æneid; and which raiſe Virgil far above the rank of thoſe ſervile copiers, who can only follow their author, ſtep by ſtep. Juno knew, ſays he, that the Roman power was to become fatal to Carthage, her favourite city, which ſhe would gladly have made miſtreſs of the world. This makes a new incentive to her againſt a people, ſhe had already ſo many other reaſons to hate; and this gives Virgil an opportunity of exalting the glory of his country, by recalling into the minds of his readers, the greateſt events to be found in hiſtory.

L'abbe Fraguier, Memoires de Literature, tome ii.

A high exploit indeed! a glorious name,
Unfading trophies and eternal fame,
You, and your ſon have worthily purſu'd!
Two gods a ſingle woman have ſubdu'd!
To me your groundleſs jealouſies are known,
And dark ſuſpicions of this Tyrian town.
But why, why goddeſs, to what aim or end
In laſting quarrels ſhould we ſtill contend?
Hence then from ſtrife reſolve we both to ceaſe,
And by the nuptial band confirm the peace.
To crown your wiſh, the queen with fond deſire
Dies for your ſon, and melts with amorous fire.
Let us with equal ſway protect the place,
The common guardians of the mingled race.
Be Tyre the dow'r to ſeal the glad accord,
And royal Dido ſerve this Phrygian lord.
To whom the queen; (who mark'd with piercing eyes
The goddeſs labouring, in the dark diſguiſe,
To Libyan ſhores from Latium to convey
The deſtin'd ſeat of univerſal ſway;)
Who this alliance madly would deny?
Or war with thee, dread empreſs of the ſky?
And oh! that fortune in the work would join,
With full ſucceſs to favour the deſign!
But much I doubt, o goddeſs, if the fates,
Or Jove permit us to unite the ſtates.

165. *The deſtin'd ſeat.*] Theſe lines contain a direct and moſt indiſputable proof, that Virgil introduced this epiſode of Dido, with a view to the rivalſhip that exiſted betwixt Carthage and Rome.

You, as his conſort, your requeſt may move,
And ſearch the will, or bend the mind of Jove.
Go then---your ſcheme before the father lay;
Go;---and I follow, where you lead the way.
Be mine the care, th' imperial dame replies,
To gain the god, the ſovereign of the ſkies.
Then heed my counſel---when the dawning light
Drives from the opening world the ſhades of night;
The prince and queen, transfix'd with amorous flame,
Bend to the woods to hunt the ſavage game:
There, while the crowds the foreſt-walks beſet,
Swarm round the woods, and ſpread the waving net;
The ſkies ſhall burſt upon the ſportive train
In ſtorms of hail, and deluges of rain:
The gather'd tempeſt o'er their heads ſhall roll,
And the long thunders roar from pole to pole.
On ev'ry ſide ſhall fly the ſcattering crowds,
Involv'd and cover'd in a night of clouds.
To the ſame cave for ſhelter ſhall repair
The Trojan heroe and the royal fair.
The lovers, if your will concurs with mine,
Ourſelf in Hymen's nuptial bands will join.
The goddeſs gave conſent, the compact bound,
But ſmil'd in ſecret at the fraud ſhe found.
Scarce had Aurora left her orient bed,
And rear'd above the waves her radiant head,

195. *But ſmil'd.*] Venus in this and the foregoing paſſage line 161. is repreſented as a compleat miſtreſs of cunning, and poſſeſſed of the keeneſt diſcernment. Whether the poet has concealed any allegory, by giving the queen of beauty theſe qualities, the ladies, to whom I leave it, muſt determine.

When, pouring through the gates, the train appear,
Maſſylian hunters with the ſteely ſpear,
Sagacious hounds, and toils, and all the ſylvan war.
The queen engag'd in dreſs,—with reverence wait
The Tyrian peers before the regal gate.
Her ſteed, with gold and purple cover'd round,
Neighs, champs the bit, and foaming paws the ground.
At length ſhe comes, magnificently dreſt
(Her guards attending) in a Tyrian veſt:
Back in a golden caul her locks are ty'd;
A golden quiver rattles at her ſide;
A golden claſp her purple garments binds,
And robes, that flew redundant in the winds.
Next with the youthful Trojans to the ſport
The fair Aſcanius iſſues from the court.
But far the faireſt, and ſupremely tall,
Tow'rs great Æneas, and outſhines them all.

201. *The queen engag'd in dreſs.*] She was ſpending a great deal of time (ſays old Servius) to adorn herſelf to the utmoſt of her power that ſhe might appear more charmingly beautiful to Æneas. And at laſt when ſhe does actually make her appearance after this delay, our expectations are fully anſwered, and ſhe comes forth as lovely a figure as we can conceive.

207. *Back in a golden caul.*] If modern, fine ladies, who are apt to think the dreſſes worn at preſent, more elegantly fancied, and becoming, than any that can be imagined, would not be offended at the liberty I take; I would obſerve, that this hunting-dreſs of Dido is far more graceful and becoming to the perſon than any dreſs which ever appeared in a chace on Windſor foreſt. Compare this picture of Dido, with Spenſer's Huntreſs. Fairy Q. B. ii.l. 3. Stan. 21. to Stan. 32.

As when from Lycia bound in wintry froſt, 215
Where Xanthus' ſtreams enrich the ſmiling coaſt,
The beauteous Phoebus in high pomp retires,
And hears in Delos the triumphant quires;

215. *As when from Lycia bound.*] This compariſon is of an exquiſite beauty; and might give a full idea of the gracefulneſs of Apollo to a ſtatuary or painter; there is ſomething very elegant in the image of

His locks bound backward and adorn'd with gold.

A painter might execute in colours every part of this deſcription, except the circumſtance contained in the laſt line.

His golden quiver rattling as he goes.

This adds life to the whole figure, and is one of the reaſons of the ſuperiority of poetry to painting.

It muſt be obſerved likewiſe that there is a ſecret beauty in this compariſon, which a paſſage in Suetonius ſuggeſts. Auguſtus, it ſeems, affected to be thought like Apollo; there is therefore a peculiar propriety and addreſs in the poet, in his comparing Æneas (by whom Auguſtus was undoubtedly meant) to that god. And it ſeems to have been an uſual piece of flattery in the courtly writers of that time to compare the emperor (who was in reality beautiful) to Apollo. I would not aſſert (ſays Mr. Spence) that Virgil had the famous figure of the Apollo Belvidere in his eye, in writing this compariſon: but thus much is plain; that they both relate to the Apollo Venator, ſet off more than he is uſually in that character; that both in the poet, and in the marble, this god is repreſented as the ſtandard of beauty; that this divine beauty of his, and his motion, are the two principal points aimed at by Virgil in this ſimilitude, and the two chief things that ſtrike one in viewing the Apollo Belvidere; and on the whole, that if the one was not copied from the other, they are at leaſt ſo much alike, that they may very well ſerve to give a mutual light to each other. Polymetis, Dial. viii.

It may be added, that this compariſon is manifeſtly borrowed from Apollonius, B. i. Arg. where it is introduced on occaſion of Jaſon marching out to launch the ſhip Argo.

The Cretan crowds and Dryopes advance,
And painted Scythians round his altars dance;
Fair wreaths of vivid bays his head infold,
His locks bound backward and adorn'd with gold;
The god majeſtic moves o'er Cynthus' brows,
His golden quiver rattling as he goes:
So mov'd Æneas; ſuch his charming grace;
So glow'd the purple bloom, that fluſh'd his godlike face.
Soon as the train amid the mountains came,
And ſtorm'd the covert of the ſavage game;
The goats flew bounding o'er the craggy brow
From rock to rock, and ſought the fields below.
Here the fleet ſtags, chas'd down the tow'ring ſteep,
In clouds of duſt through the long valley ſweep:
While there, exulting, to his utmoſt ſpeed
The young Aſcanius ſpurs his fiery ſteed,
Outſtrips by turns the flying ſocial train,
And ſcorns the meaner triumphs of the plain:
The hopes of glory all his ſoul inflame;
Eager he longs to run at nobler game,

224. *His golden quiver rattling.*] This is copied from Homer's figure of Apollo, Iliad. 1. ver. 76. but, as Dr. Clarke finely and acutely obſerves, has not the beauty and propriety of the original. Homer ſays the arrows rattled,

Αυτε κινηθεντος ——

Venuſtior in eo Homeri hic quam Virgilii elocutio, quòd IRATI *deſcribatur inceſſus, paulo atque inaequabilior.*

234. *The young Aſcanius.*] This circumſtance is natural; Virgil for ever ſuits the manners to the age of the perſons he introduces.

And drench his youthful javelin in the gore
Of the fierce lion, or the mountain boar.
Meantime loud thunders rattle round the ſky,
And hail and rain, in mingled tempeſt, fly;
While floods on floods, in ſwelling turbid tides,
Roll roaring down the mountain's channel'd ſides.
The young Aſcanius, and the hunting train,
To cloſe retreats fled diverſe o'er the plain.
To the ſame gloomy cave with ſpeed repair
The Trojan heroe and the royal fair.
Earth ſhakes, and Juno gives the nuptial ſigns;
With quivering flames the glimmering grotto ſhines:
With light'nings all the conſcious ſkies are ſpread;
The nymphs run ſhrieking round the mountain's head.
From that ſad day, unhappy Dido! roſe
Shame, death, and ruin, and a length of woes.
Nor fame nor cenſure now the queen can move,
No more ſhe labours to conceal her love.

248. *The Trojan heroe and the royal fair.*] Steele, in the Tatlers, obſerves the great judgment and exactneſs of Virgil in dropping the epithet he uſually applies to his hero, *pius Æneas*, and calling him only *Dux Trojanus*, now he is entering upon the adventure of the cave. 'Tis ſaid, that Addiſon communicated this remark to Steele, and by Steele's making uſe of it in the Tatler, firſt diſcovered him to be the author of thoſe papers.

252. *The nymphs run.*] If ever Virgil (ſays M. Segrais) ſhewed his addreſs in making things underſtood only by glancing at and lightly touching upon them; it is doubtleſs in this paſſage, at which it was ſo eaſy to make a falſe ſtep. All the commentators praiſe his modeſty and his delicacy.

Her paſſion ſtands avow'd; and wedlock's name
Adorns the crime, and ſanctifies the ſhame.

257. *Her paſſion ſtands avow'd.*] The love with which Dido is ſeized for Æneas, and that of Calypſo for Ulyſſes, are at bottom much the ſame thing; as are alſo the orders that Jupiter ſends to Æneas to leave Carthage, and that ſent to Ulyſſes to leave Calypſo: But whoever takes the trouble to compare theſe paſſages together exactly, will find what may be expected from a great genius, when he comes after one of the ſame character; all the difference there neceſſarily is between an inventor and one who improves upon an invention. In fact, Calypſo is enamour'd of Ulyſſes. She loves him paſſionately; for tho' immortal, yet ſhe is not proof againſt the paſſions of mortals: She gives way to her inclination, and does not even obſerve the laws of modeſty. Dido's love to Æneas is quite otherwiſe managed. 'Tis love himſelf, it is Cupid, who at the deſire of his mother Venus, aſſumes the form of Aſcanius, in order to deceive Dido more eaſily. Two divinities are employed to efface out of her mind the memory of her firſt ſpouſe, and to blow up afreſh the ſentiments in her heart, which ſhe thought ſhe had buried in the grave of Sichæus.

Egregiam vero laudem, &c.

Ulyſſes, by the order of the gods, abandons Calypſo. She pines with regret, ſhe addreſſes her plaints to heaven; but all her complaining and her grief is but for the loſs of a man, and being deprived of her pleaſure. The character Homer gives to Calypſo, by becoming ſo eaſily enamour'd of Ulyſſes, gives his hero no perſonal pre-eminence over Æneas. Dido's complaints are in another ſtrain; ſhe deplores her ſtained glory, her having ſullied that reputation which had formerly exalted her name to heaven:

Te propter Libycae.———

She thinks of the contempt with which neighbouring princes muſt look upon her, having ſo often deſpiſed them. The image of Sichæus, that moving, tender image, is ever preſent to her mind, and in the miſerable condition ſhe is now in, ſhe has nothing left to deſire but death:

Quin morere, ut merita es———

She

Nor Fame, tremendous fiend! without delay
Through Libyan cities took her rapid way.
Fame, the ſwift plague, that every moment grows,
And gains new ſtrength and vigour as ſhe goes.
Firſt ſmall with fear, ſhe ſwells to wond'rous ſize,
And ſtalks on earth, and tow'rs above the ſkies;
Whom, in her wrath to heav'n, the teeming earth
Produc'd the laſt of her gigantic birth;
A monſter huge, and dreadful to the eye,
With rapid feet to run, or wings to fly.

She dies, and the recital of her death preſents us with ſuch natural beauties and touching images, that we muſt have recourſe to the moſt pathetic among the Greek tragedies, to find any thing to be compared with the end of the fourth book of the Æneid. What art, what dexterity is there in marking out by the rage of Dido the ſource of the implacable hatred between the Carthaginians and Romans:

Exoriare aliquis &c.

L'abbe Fraguier, Memoires de Literature, tome ii.

259. *Now Fame, tremendous fiend!*] The deſcription of this allegorical perſon of Fame is undoubtedly beautiful, but perhaps is rather too long. Addiſon is of opinion that theſe ſhadowy figures ſhould have no ſhare in the action of an epic poem, and on theſe principles ſeems to condemn the fine allegory of Sin and Death in Milton.

This ſublime image,

And ſtalks on earth, and tow'rs above the ſkies,

is literally copied, from Homer's noble deſcription of Diſcord, which Longinus ſo greatly admires, Sect. ix. ſaying the ſpace between heaven and earth marks out the vaſt reach and capacity of Homer's ideas, Iliad. iv. ver. 443. There is a thought of equal ſublimity in the Wiſdom of Solomon: Thy almighty word leaped down; it touched the heaven, but it ſtood upon the earth." C. xviii. ver. 15, 16.

Beneath her plumes the various fury bears
A thouſand piercing eyes and liſt'ning ears;
And with a thouſand mouths and babbling tongues appears.
Thund'ring by night, through heaven and earth ſhe flies;
No golden ſlumbers ſeal her watchful eyes;
On tow'rs of battlement ſhe ſits by day,
And ſhakes whole towns with terror and diſmay;
Alarms the world around, and, perch'd on high,
Reports a truth, or publiſhes a lye.
Now both ſhe mingled with malignant joy,
And told the nations, that a prince from Troy
Inflam'd with love the Tyrian queen, who led
The godlike ſtranger to her bridal bed;
That both, indulging to their ſoft deſires,
And deaf to cenſure, melt in amorous fires;
From every thought the cares of ſtate remove,
And the long winter paſs'd away in love.
This tale the Fury glories to diſplay,
Then to the king Iarbas bent her way;
With jealous rage the furious prince inſpires,
And all his ſoul with indignation fires.
This monarch ſprung from Ammon's warm embrace
With a fair nymph of Garamantic race.

290. *This monarch ſprung from Ammon's.*] Jupiter Ammon was the only god whom the Garamantians adored, and the Garamantians were the people who bordered nigheſt on Æthiopia. Their ſituation was on the eaſtern ſide of that country which is now called Zaara. The famous temple of Jupiter Ammon was very much frequented on account of the oracles that were given out there. Lucan and Quintus Curtius have written very different deſcriptions of it, the one in the ninth book of his Pharſalia, the other in the fourth book of his hiſtory.

The mighty king a hundred temples rais'd;
An hundred altars that with victims blaz'd,
Through all his realms, in honour of his fire;
And watch'd the hallow'd everlasting fire;
With various wreaths adorn'd the holy door,
And drench'd the soil with consecrated gore.
Amid the statues of the gods he stands,
And, spreading forth to Jove his lifted hands,
Fir'd with the tale, and raving with despair,
Prefers in bitterness of soul his pray'r.

Almighty Jove! to whom our Mooriſh line
In large libations pour the generous wine,
And feast on painted beds; say, father, say,
If yet thy eyes these flagrant crimes survey.
Or do we vainly tremble and adore,
When thro' the skies the pealing thunders roar?

295. *And watch'd the hallow'd everlasting fire.*] Plutarch mentions, as an historical fact, this lamp that was for ever burning before the altar of Jupiter Ammon. Virgil takes care to borrow from history every thing that can adorn and enrich his poem. Here is one instance of his great learning.

CATROU.

302. *Almighty Jove! to whom our Mooriſh line.*] There is a noble fire and fierceness in this bold speech of Iarbas: The taunts and revilings he throws even upon Jupiter himself, are quite in the spirit of an enraged African, a haughty prince, and abandon'd lover. The contempt with which he speaks of Æneas is admirably expres'd; especially what relates to his dress and habit, which 'tis natural to imagine this rough, Mooriſh, king must hold in great disdain.

Et nunc ille Paris, cum *semiviro* comitatu,
Moeoniâ *mentum* mitrâ, crinemque *madentem*
Subnexus, rapto potitur ———

The words *semiviro* — *mentum* and *madentem*, have much force, in the original, and are preserved by the translator,

Thine are the bolts? or idly do they fall,
And rattle thro' the dark aërial hall?
A wand'ring woman, who on Libya thrown,
Rais'd on a purchas'd ſpot a ſlender town;
On terms ourſelf preſcrib'd, was glad to gain
A barren tract that runs along the main;
The proffer'd nuptials of thy ſon abhorr'd;
But to her throne receives a Dardan lord.
And lo! this ſecond Paris come again,
With his unmanly, ſoft, luxurions train,
In ſcented treſſes and a mitre gay,
To bear my bride, his raviſh'd prize, away;
While ſtill in vain we bid thy altars flame,
And pay our vows to nothing but a name.
Him, as he graſp'd his altars, and prefer'd
His wrathful pray'r, th' almighty father heard;
Then to the palace turn'd his aweful eye,
Where, careleſs of their fame, the lovers lie.
The god, that ſcene offended to ſurvey,
Charg'd with his high command the ſon of May:
Fly, fly, my ſon, our orders to perform;
Mount the fleet wind, and ride the rapid ſtorm;
Fly—to yon Dardan chief in Carthage bear
Our aweful mandate through the fields of air,
Who idly ling'ring in the Tyrian ſtate,
Neglects the promis'd walls decreed by fate.
Not ſuch a prince, the beauteous queen of love
(When twice ſhe ſav'd him) promis'd him to Jove;
A prince ſhe promis'd who by deeds divine
Should prove he ſprung from Teucer's martial line;

Whoſe ſword imperial Italy ſhould awe,
A warlike realm! and give the world the law.
If no ſuch glories can his mind inflame,
If he neglects his own immortal fame;
What has his heir the young Aſcanius done?
Why ſhould he grudge an empire to his ſon?
What ſcheme, what proſpect can the chief propoſe,
So long to loiter with a race of foes?
The promis'd kingdom to regard no more,
And quite neglect the deſtin'd Latian ſhore?
Haſte—bid him ſail—be this our will; and bear
With ſpeed this mandate through the fields of air.
Swift at the word, the duteous ſon of May
Prepares th' almighty's orders to obey;

339. *And give the world the law.*] In the original there is an expreſſion of ſuch force and energy, that, as Catrou obſerves, it is almoſt impoſſible to tranſlate; Italiam *gravidam imperiis*. From that time Rome was deſtined to bring forth empires. In truth, in the time of Auguſtus, Rome was the miſtreſs of almoſt all thoſe countries and regions which compoſed the empires of the Babylonians, the Medes, the Perſians and the Greeks.

350. *Swift at the word the duteous ſon.*] The deſcription of this celeſtial meſſenger is far excelled by our inimitable countryman, who indeed, in many particulars, has outdone his maſters, Homer and Virgil, in his picture of the angel Raphael.

——Six wings he wore, to ſhade
His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
Each ſhoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breaſt
With regal ornament; the middle pair
Girt like a ſtarry zone his waiſt, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold,
And colours dip'd in heav'n: the third his feet
Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,
Sky-tinctur'd grain! like Maia's ſon he ſtood
And ſhook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide. Par. Loſt. B. v. 276.

Neither Raphael, nor Guido, have painted a more graceful figure.

Firſt round his feet the golden wings he bound,
That ſpeed his progreſs o'er the ſeas profound,
Or earth's unmeaſur'd regions, as he flies,
Wrap'd in a rapid whirlwind, down the ſkies.
Then graſp'd the wand; the wand that calls the ghoſts
From hell, or drives 'em to the Stygian coaſts,
Invites or chaſes ſleep with wond'rous pow'r,
And opes thoſe eyes that death had ſeal'd before.
Thus arm'd, on wings of winds ſublimely rode
Thro' heaps of opening clouds the flying god.
From far huge Atlas' rocky ſides he ſpies,
Atlas, whoſe head ſupports the ſtarry ſkies:
Beat by the winds and driving rains, he ſhrouds
His ſhady forehead in ſurrounding clouds;
With ice his horrid beard is cruſted o'er;
From his bleak brows the guſhing torrents pour;
Out-ſpread, his mighty ſhoulders heave below
The hoary piles of everlaſting ſnow.
Here on pois'd pinions ſtoop'd the panting god;
Then, from the ſteep, ſhot headlong to the flood.
As the ſwift ſea-mew, for the fiſhy prey,
In low excurſions ſkims along the ſea,
By rocks and ſhores, and wings th' aërial way;
So, from his kindred mountain, Hermes flies
Between th' extended earth and ſtarry ſkies;

363. *Atlas, whoſe head ſupports the ſtarry ſkies.*] This deſcription of Atlas, as a perſon, is very ſublime and picturesque. There is a famous ſtatue of Atlas, in the Farneſe palace at Rome, ſupporting the globe of the heavens. From this deſcription in Virgil, ſays Mr. Spence in his Polymetis, one might form a very good idea for a mountain-ſtatue; as perhaps it was, originally, taken from one.

375. *So, from his kindred mountain.*] Theſe verſes in the original were thus altered by Dr. Bentley. Ter-

Thus through the parting air his courſe he bore,
And, gliding, ſkim'd along the Libyan ſhore.
Soon as the winged god to Carthage came,
He finds the prince forgetful of his fame:
The riſing domes employ his idle hours,
Th' unfiniſh'd palaces and Tyrian tow'rs.
A ſword all ſtarr'd with gems, and ſpangled o'er
With yellow jaſpers, at his ſide he wore;
A robe refulgent from his ſhoulders flow'd,
That, flaming, deep with Tyrian crimſon glow'd;
The work of Dido; whoſe unrivall'd art
With flow'rs of gold embroider'd every part.
To whom the god:—Theſe hours canſt thou employ
To raiſe proud Carthage, heedleſs prince of Troy?

Terras inter coelumque, *legebat*
Littus arenoſum Libyæ——

And Dr. Clarke highly commends this emendation. NOTES. Il. Lib. v. ver. 769.

389 *To whom the god.*] Upon Mercury's being ſent to haſten Æneas from Carthage, Dryden breaks out into the following ſtrange exclamation. Oh! how convenient is a machine ſometimes in an heroic poem! This of Mercury is plainly one; and Virgil was conſtrained to uſe it here, or the honeſty of this hero would be ill-defended. Mr. Spence has ſolidly and judiciouſly refuted this objection. "I muſt own to you, that this very machine laſt mentioned, the introducing Mercury to oblige Æneas to purſue his voyage to Italy, which Dryden ſpeaks of as ſuch a forced one, ſeems to me to be particularly eaſy and obvious, and very well adapted. What the vulgar believed to be brought about by the will of their gods, the poets deſcribed as carried on by a viſible interpoſition of thoſe gods; and this to me ſeems the whole myſtery of the machinery of the ancients.—When the gods are thus introduced in a poem, to help on any fact with which they are particularly ſuppoſed to be concerned, I call that machinery eaſy and obvious: and when the god thus introduced is the moſt proper that could be employed on that particular occaſion, I call

Thus for a foreign bride to build a town
And form a ſtate, forgetful of thy own?
The Lord of heav'n and earth, almighty Jove,
With this command diſpatch'd me from above;
What are thy hopes from this thy long delay?
Why thus in Libya paſs thy hours away?
If future empire ceaſe thy thoughts to raiſe,
Or the fair proſpect of immortal praiſe;
Regard Aſcanius, prince, the royal boy;
The laſt, the beſt ſurviving hope of Troy;
To whom the Fates decree, in time to come,
The long, long glories of imperial Rome.
He ſpoke, and ſpeaking left him gazing there;
And all the fluid form diſſolv'd in air.
The prince aſtoniſh'd ſtood, with horror ſtung;
Fear rais'd his hair, and wonder chain'd his tongue:
Struck and alarm'd with ſuch a dread command,
He longs to leave the dear enchanting land.
But ah! with what addreſs ſhall he begin,
How ſpeak his purpoſe to the raving queen?

call it well adapted. This I take to be the caſe in Virgil's introducing Mercury, on the occaſion abovementioned. It was a ſuppoſed fact, among the Romans, that Æneas came into Italy in conſequence of the will of heaven, and the expreſs order of the gods, declared in oracles and prophecies. What they thus ſuppoſed, Virgil realizes. The fates, or will of heaven, in Virgil, is Jupiter giving his orders; and the declaration of it to Æneas is expreſſed by Mercury, (the uſual meſſenger of the will of heaven) coming down to him; and giving him the orders he had from Jupiter. This machinery then is both obvious and well adapted: and we may add, that it could ſcarce be better timed, than when Æneas was at the greateſt ſtop he met with in his whole voyage to Italy; and when he was moſt in danger of quitting his deſign."

Polymetis, pag. 319. Dial. xx.

A thouſand thoughts his wavering ſoul divide,
That turns each way, and ſtrains on every ſide:
A thouſand projects labouring in his breaſt,
On this at laſt he fixes as the beſt:
Mneſtheus and brave Cloanthus he commands
To rig the fleet, to ſummon all the bands
In ſecret ſilence to the ſhore, and hide
The ſudden cauſe, that bids them tempt the tide.
Then while fair Dido, ſick with fond deſire,
Thinks ſuch a boundleſs love can ne'er expire,
Himſelf the proper meaſures will prepare
To move the queen, and ſeize with watchful care
The ſofteſt moments to addreſs the fair.
With ſpeed impatient fly the chiefs away,
And, fir'd with eager joy, the prince obey,
But ſoon the fraud unhappy Dido ſpies;
(For what can 'ſcape a lover's piercing eyes,
Who e'en in ſafety fears with wild affright?)
She firſt diſcern'd the meditated flight;
And Fame, infernal fiend, the news conveys,
The fleet was rigg'd and launching on the ſeas.
Mad with deſpair, and all her ſoul on flame,
Around the city raves the royal dame:

415. *Mneſtheus and brave Cloanthus.*] The critics on ſtyle have obſerved that Virgil, when he mentions the anceſtors of three noble Roman families, turns Sergius, Memmius, and Cluentius, which might have degraded his verſe too much, by their common and familiar uſe, into Sergeſtus, Mneſtheus, and Cloanthus. We find in our Engliſh writers (ſays Addiſon) how much the proper name of one of our countrymen pulls down the language that ſurrounds it, and familiariſeth a whole ſentence. For our ears are ſo often uſed to it, that we find ſomething vulgar and common in the ſound and cant; and fancy the pomp and ſolemnity of ſtyle too much humbled and depreſſed by it.

Diſſertation on ancient and modern learning.

So the fierce Bacchanal with frantic cries,
Stung by the god, to proud Cithaeron flies,
And ſhakes her ivy ſpear and raves around,
While the huge mountain echoes to the ſound.
At length, by potent love and grief oppreſs'd,
The queen, her recreant lover, firſt addreſs'd:
And could'ſt thou hope, diſſembler, from my ſight,
Ah! wretch perfidious! to conceal thy flight?
In ſuch baſe ſilence from my realms to ſail?
Nor can our vows and plighted hands prevail,
Nor Dido's cruel death thy flight detain?
For death, death only can relieve my pain:
And are thy veſſels launch'd, while winter ſweeps
With the rough northern blaſt the roaring deeps?
Barbarian! ſay, if Troy herſelf had ſtood,
Nor foreign realms had call'd thee o'er the flood,
Would'ſt thou thy ſails in ſtormy ſeas employ,
And brave the ſurge to gain thy native Troy?

440. *Could'ſt thou hope, diſſembler.*] She begins with bitter revilings, but ſoon ſoftens her tone, and falls into the moſt tender expoſtulations; begging him at leaſt not to depart in the wintry ſeaſon; reminding him of all their former fondneſs, and the vows they had made to each other; of the danger ſhe expoſed herſelf to, for his ſake; of the loſs of her fame and reputation on his account; of the deſtruction that will befal her kingdom, by Pygmalion; of her being forced to Iarbas's bed; concluding, that if notwithſtanding all theſe moving conſiderations he is reſolved to go, yet ſhe begs him to ſtay at leaſt,

Till in my regal hall I may ſurvey
Some princely boy, ſome young Æneas play.

450. *Would'ſt thou thy ſails.*] Ruæus, with all the phlegmatic formality of a critic by profeſſion, hath divided this animated ſpeech into three parts; which he calls, PROPOSITIONEM, CONFIRMATIONEM, and PERORATIONEM.

Me will you fly, to tempt the dangerous wave?
Ah! by the tears I ſhed, the hand you gave;
(For theſe ſtill mine, and only theſe remain;
The tears I ſhed, the hand you gave in vain!)
By thoſe late ſolemn nuptial bands I plead,
By thoſe firſt pleaſures of the bridal bed;
If e'er, when folded in your circling arms,
You ſigh'd, and prais'd theſe now-neglected charms:
If pray'r can move thee, with this pray'r comply,
Regard, Æneas, with a pitying eye
A falling race, and lay thy purpoſe by.
For thee Numidian kings in arms conſpire;
For thee have I incens'd the ſons of Tyre;
For thee I loſt my honour and my fame,
That to the ſtars advanc'd my glorious name.
Muſt I in death thy cruel ſcorn deplore,
My barbarous gueſt!—but ah!—my ſpouſe no more!
What—ſhall I wait, till fierce Pygmalion pours
From Tyre on Carthage, and deſtroys my tow'rs?
Shall I in proud Iarbas' chains be led
A ſlave, a captive to the tyrant's bed?
Ah!--- had I brought, before thy fatal flight,
Some little offspring of our loves to light;
If in my regal hall I could ſurvey
Some princely boy, ſome young Æneas play;

476. *Some princely boy, ſome young Æneas play.*] I believe (ſays Bayle) our counteſſes and marchioneſſes would think they expreſſed themſelves too much like city dames, ſhould they ſay as the queen of Carthage does in Virgil,

——Si quis mihi parvulus aulâ
Luderet Æneas——

This

Thy dear reſemblance but in looks alone!
I ſhould not ſeem quite widow'd and undone.
She ſaid; the prince ſtood ſtill in grief profound,
And fix'd his eyes relentleſs on the ground;
By Jove's high will admoniſh'd from the ſkies;
At length the heroe thus in brief replies.
Your bounties, queen, I never can forget;
And never, never pay the mighty debt;
But, long as life informs this fleeting frame,
My ſoul ſhall honour fair Eliza's name.
Then hear my plea:---By ſtealth I ne'er deſign'd
To leave your hoſpitable realm behind;
Forbear the thought;---much leſs in Libyan lands,
A caſual gueſt, to own the bridal bands.
Had fate allow'd me to conſult my eaſe,
To live and ſettle on what terms I pleaſe;
Still had I ſtay'd in Aſia, to enjoy
The dear, dear relicks of my native Troy:
Rais'd royal Priam's ruin'd tow'rs again,
A ſecond Ilion for my vanquiſh'd train.

This is ſpoken in the ſpirit of the French critics; whoſe faſtidious delicacy and falſe refinements render them incapable of reliſhing the lovely ſimplicity of the ancients, and make them deſpiſe the faithful paintings of nature. They would have every thing exactly conformable to modern manners and cuſtoms.

Moſt of the complaints of de la Motte, Perrault, Fontenelle, and other unjuſt cenſurers of the ancients, are entirely occaſioned by their making no allowances for the very different practices and cuſtoms of different ages and nations.

483. *Your bounties.*] Ruæus again in the ſpirit of his former note, obſerves that this anſwer of Æneas conſiſts of three parts; which he calls, CONFESSIONEM, NEGATIONEM, and EXCUSATIONEM.

But now, fair queen, Apollo's high command
Has call'd me to the fam'd Italian land;
Thither, inſpir'd by oracles, I move,
There lies my country, and there lies my love.
If you your riſing Carthage thus admire
In theſe ſtrange realms, a foreigner from Tyre,
Why ſhould not Teucer's race be free to gain
The Latian kingdom, as the gods ordain?
Oft as the ſtars diſplay their fiery light,
And earth lies cover'd in the ſhades of night,
My father's angry ſpirit blames my ſtay,
Stalks round my bed, and ſummons me away.
Long has Aſcanius call'd me hence in vain,
By me defrauded of his deſtin'd reign.
And now, ev'n now, the meſſenger of Jove
(Both gods can witneſs) ſhot from heav'n above:
Charg'd with the thunderer's high commands he flew,
The glorious form appear'd in open view;

500. *There lies my country.*] Æneas's reaſon for leaving Dido is the very ſtrongeſt that could have been given to an heathen; "He had repeated commands from heaven to leave "her, and therefore could not ſtay."

The reaſon why it ſounds ſo weak to many of the modern critics muſt be; either from thoſe who were then looked upon as gods, being now ſeen in a ridiculous light; or from our critics not having ſo ſtrong a notion of the interpoſition of providence, as the heathens had.

I don't remember that any one of thoſe critics has ever obſerved, that this ſpeech is left unfiniſhed by Virgil: and yet a good-natured critic, that was not ſatisfied with the reaſons given by Æneas, might well ſay; that Virgil probably had others in reſerve, had he lived to complete his work.

SPENCE.

I ſaw him paſs theſe lofty walls, and hear
His aweful voice ſtill murmuring in my ear.
Then ceaſe, my beauteous princeſs, to complain;
Nor let us both be diſcompos'd in vain:
From theſe dear arms to Latium forc'd away;
'Tis fate that calls, and fate I muſt obey.

Thus while he ſpoke, with high diſdain and pride
She roll'd her wrathful eyes on every ſide,
That glance in ſilence o'er the guilty man,
And, all inflam'd with fury, ſhe began:

Perfidious monſter! boaſt thy birth no more;
No heroe got thee, and no goddeſs bore.
No!—thou wert brought by Scythian rocks to day,
By tigers nurs'd, and ſavages of prey;
But far more rugged, wild, and fierce than they.
For why, ah! why the traitor ſhould I ſpare?
What baſer wrongs can I be doom'd to bear?
Did he once deign to turn his ſcornful eyes?
Did he once groan at all my piercing ſighs?
Drop'd he one tear in pity to my cries?

532. *Did he once deign.*] Here is a charming inſtance of the poet's exquiſite art: He makes Dido in the height of her paſſion, turn ſuddenly from addreſſing Æneas in the ſecond perſon, to ſpeak of him in the third, as if he were abſent,

Genuit te cautibus—— 366. She then ſuddenly ſpeaks in the third,

Num fletu ingemuit? —— 369. down to ver. 380. when ſhe turns to him again, in the ſecond perſon,

—— *Neque te teneo, neque dicta refello,*
I ſequere Italiam ventis, pete regna per undas. 380.

After her paſſion is worked up to the greateſt height imaginable, and becoming too violent for her to ſupport, the poet very

Calm he look'd on, and ſaw my paſſion burſt.
Which, which of all his inſults was the worſt?
And yet great Jove and Juno from the ſky
Behold his treaſon with a careleſs eye;
Guilt, guilt prevails; and juſtice is no more.
The needy wretch juſt caſt upon my ſhore,
Fool as I was! with open arms I led
At once a partner to my throne and bed;
From inſtant death I ſav'd his famiſh'd train,
His ſhatter'd fleet I ſtor'd and rigg'd again.
But ah I rave;—my ſoul the furies fire;
Now great Apollo warns him to retire;
With all his oracles forbids to ſtay;
And now through air with haſte the ſon of May
Conveys Jove's orders from the bleſt abodes;
A care well worthy to diſturb the gods!
Go then; I plead not, nor thy flight delay;
Go, ſeek new kingdoms through the watry way:
But there may every god, thy crime provokes,
Reward thy guilt, and daſh thee on the rocks;
Then ſhalt thou call, amid the howling main,
On injur'd Dido's name, nor call in vain;
For, wrapt in fires, I'll follow through the ſky,
Flaſh in thy face, or glare tremendous by.
When death's cold hand my ſtruggling ſoul ſhall free,
My ghoſt in every place ſhall wait on thee:
My vengeful ſpirit ſhall thy torments know,
And ſmile with tranſport in the realms below.

very naturally deſcribes her fainting away, and carried off by her attendants.

With that, abrupt ſhe took her ſudden flight;
Sick of the day, ſhe loaths the golden light;
And turns, while fault'ring he attempts to ſay
Ten thouſand things, diſdainfully away;
Sunk in their arms the trembling handmaids led
The fainting princeſs to the regal bed.
But though the pious heroe tries with care,
And melting words, to ſooth her fierce deſpair,
Stung with the pains and agonies of love,
Still he regards the high commands of Jove;
Repairs the fleet; and ſoon the buſy train
Roll down the lofty veſſels to the main.
New-rigg'd, the navy glides along the flood;
Whole trees they bring, unfaſhion'd from the wood,
And leafy ſaplings to ſupply their oars,
Pour from the town, and darken all the ſhores.
So when the piſmires, an induſtrious train,
Embody'd, rob ſome golden heap of grain,
Studious, ere ſtormy winter frowns, to lay
Safe in their darkſom cells the treaſur'd prey;
In one long track the duſky legions lead
Their prize in triumph through the verdant mead:
Here, bending with the load, a panting throng
With force conjoin'd heave ſome huge grain along:

571. *Stung with the pains.*] The ſtruggle in Æneas's mind between his paſſion for Dido, and his regard to the commands of Jupiter, are here pointed out. However Æneas may be blamed, yet ſurely the moral intended by the poet of conquering a paſſion that retarded his grand deſign, is an uſeful one: and I have frequently wondered on this account that his forſaking Dido ſhould be made an objection to our hero's conduct.

Some laſh the ſtragglers to the taſk aſſign'd,
Some, to their ranks, the bands that lag behind:
They crowd the peopled path in thick array,
Glow at the work, and darken all the way.
At that ſad proſpect, that tormenting ſcene,
What thoughts, what woes were thine, unhappy queen?
How loud thy groans, when from thy lofty tow'r
Thy eyes ſurvey'd the tumult on the ſhore;
When on the ſtoods thou heard'ſt the ſhouting train
Plow with reſounding oars the watry plain?
To what ſubmiſſions, of what low degree,
Are mortals urg'd, imperious love, by thee?
Once more ſhe flies to pray'rs and tears, to move
Th' obdurate prince; and anger melts to love;
Tries all her ſuppliant female arts again
Before her death;--- but tries 'em all in vain:
Siſter, behold, from every ſide they pour
With eager ſpeed, and gather to the ſhore.

603. *Siſter, behold!*] Here is a fine turn of paſſion. Dido's laſt ſpeech was full of rage, anger, and indignation at her diſcovery of Æneas's deſign to leave her: now ſhe ſoftens her ſtyle, and falls into all the humble and ſupplicating argnments ſhe could invent. The poet artfully makes the reader take notice of the change,

Ire iterum in lacrymas, iterum tentare precando
Cogitur, et ſupplex animos ſubmittere amori. 413.

How moving is that part of this ſpeech, where ſhe deſires her ſiſter to tell Æneas, that ſhe now does not preſume to detain him from his voyage and keep him from his deſtined ſettlement, but that ſhe only begs him to ſtay a little longer at Carthage, till ſhe had learnt in ſome meaſure to ſubdue her grief; and overcome the unexpected blow: and till her bad fortune was grown more familiar to her mind.

Hark---how with ſhouts they catch the ſpringing gales,
And crown their ſhips, and ſpread their flying ſails.
Ah! had I once foreſeen the fatal blow,
Sure, I had borne this mighty weight of woe.
Yet, yet, my Anna, this one trial make
For thy deſpairing, dying ſiſter's ſake.
For ah! the dear perfidious wretch, I ſee,
Lays open all his ſecret ſoul to thee.
In all his thoughts you ever bore a part,
You know the neareſt paſſage to his heart.
Go then, dear ſiſter, as a ſuppliant go,
Tell, in the humbleſt terms, my haughty foe,
I ne'er conſpir'd at Aulis to deſtroy,
With vengeful Greece, the hapleſs race of Troy;
Nor ſent one veſſel to the Phrygian coaſt,
Nor rak'd abroad his father's ſacred duſt.
From all the pray'rs a dying queen prefers,
Why will he turn his unrelenting ears?
Whither, ah whither, will the tyrant fly?
I beg but this one grace before I die,
To wait for calmer ſeas and ſofter gales
To ſmooth the floods, and fill his opening ſails.
Tell my perfidious lover, I implore
The name of wedlock he diſclaims no more:
No more his purpos'd voyage I detain
From beauteous Latium, and his deſtin'd reign.

613. *In all his thoughts.*] It is the true language of deſpairing love, to make the perſon ſo affected imagine, that every body elſe is preferred before itſelf, and to expreſs itſelf with a kind of *pathetic envy* at ſuch ſuperior happineſs.

630. *From beauteous Latium.*] By this epithet ſhe acknowledges the excellence of that country from which ſhe now profeſſes to detain her lover no longer.

For ſome ſmall interval of time I move,
Some ſhort, ſhort ſeaſon to ſubdue my love;
Till reconcil'd to this unhappy ſtate,
I grow at laſt familiar with my fate:
This favour if he grant, my death ſhall pleaſe
His cruel ſoul, and ſet us both at eaſe.
Thus pray'd the queen; the ſiſter bears in vain
The moving meſſage, and returns again.
He ſtands inflexible to pray'rs and tears,
For Jove and Fate had ſtop'd the heroe's ears.
As o'er th' aërial Alps ſublimely ſpread,
Some aged oak uprears his reverend head;
This way and that the furious tempeſts blow,
To lay the monarch of the mountains low;
Th' imperial plant, tho' nodding at the ſtound,
Tho' all his ſcatter'd honours ſtrow the ground,
Safe in his ſtrength, and ſeated on the rock,
In naked majeſty defies the ſhock:
High as the head ſhoots tow'ring to the ſkies,
So deep the root in hell's foundation lies.
Thus is the prince beſieg'd by conſtant pray'rs:
But though his heart relents at Dido's cares,
Still firm the dictates of his ſoul remain,
And tears are ſhed, and vows preſer'd in vain.
Now tir'd with life abandon'd Dido grows;
Now bent on fate, and harraſs'd with her woes,

639. *He ſtands.*] This behaviour is ſurely perfect heroiſm; though not according to the rules of modern honour and gallantry. The poet nobly inſtructs us, to break away, at all events, from an improper and vicious paſſion.

She loaths the day, ſhe ſickens at the ſky,
And longs, in bitterneſs of ſoul, to die.
To urge the ſcheme of death already laid,
Full many a direful omen ſhe ſurvey'd:
While to the gods ſhe pour'd the wine, ſhe view'd
The pure libation turn'd to ſable blood.
This horrid omen to herſelf reveal'd,
Ev'n from her ſiſter's ears ſhe kept conceal'd;
Yet more---a temple, where ſhe paid her vows,
Roſe in the palace to her former ſpouſe;
A marble ſtructure; this ſhe dreſs'd around
With ſnowy wool; with ſacred chaplets crown'd.
From hence, when gloomy night ſucceeds the day,
Her huſband ſeems to ſummon her away.
Perch'd in the roof the bird of night complains,
In one ſad length of melancholy ſtrains;
Now dire predictions rack her mind, foretold
By preſcient ſages, and the ſeers of old;
Now ſtern Æneas, her eternal theme,
Haunts her diſtracted ſoul in ev'ry dream;

663. *This horrid omen.*] Theſe prodigies of the wine turned into blood, which Dido ſecretly obſerved (a very ſtriking circumſtance) and of Sichæus's voice, of the ſcreams of the owl, the ancient predictions, and her melancholy dreams, are all admirably calculated to raiſe terror and pity, and muſt deeply affect every reader that has a feeling heart. The circumſtance of the voice has been finely imitated by Pope, where Eloiſa ſays,

> In each low wind methinks a ſpirit calls,
> And more than echoes talk along the walls.
> Here as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
> From yonder ſhrine I heard a hollow ſound:
> Come, ſiſter, come, it ſaid or ſeem'd to ſay,
> Thy place is here, ſad ſiſter, come away!

In ſlumber now ſhe ſeems to travel on,
Through dreary wilds, abandon'd and alone;
And treads a dark uncomfortable plain,
And ſeeks her Tyrians o'er the waſte in vain.
So Pentheus rav'd, when, flaming to his eyes,
He ſaw the Furies from the deeps ariſe;

681. *So Pentheus rav'd.*] Euripides, the moſt pathetic of all tragic writers whatever, ſeems particularly to have excelled in painting madneſs: Virgil has copied this ſimile from two of his tragedies: he has tranſlated the very words: και μην οραν μοι δυο μεν ηλιους δοκω, δισσας δε Θηβας. Et vero videre mihi duos quidem ſoles videor, dupliceſque Thebas. This paſſage is found in the Bacchantes of Euripides. I have frequently wondered, that Longinus never quoted this deſcription of the madneſs of Pentheus as an inſtance of the ſublime. The deſcription of the Bacchanalian women tearing Pentheus in pieces, for ſecretly inſpecting their myſteries, is worked up with the greateſt fire, and the trueſt poetical enthuſiaſm. And there is not a finer paſſage throughout the Greek tragedies. Theocritus has likewiſe nobly deſcribed this event. Longinus greatly admires the paſſage of Euripides from which Virgil imitated this deſcription; and indeed human imagination can ſcarce conceive any thing painted ſo ſtrongly.

Ω μητερ, ικετευω σε μη 'πισθε μοι
Τας αιματωπους κὴ δρακοντωδεις κομας.
Αυται γαρ, αυται πλησιον θρωσκουσι μοι.

A circumſtance follows, which is moſt wonderfully moving, and which none of the critics (not even P. Brumoy) has taken any notice of. Oreſtes is held down upon a couch by his fond ſiſter Electra, pierced with grief to ſee him in that diſtracted condition, and he miſtakes her in his madneſs for one of his tormentors, and cries out; "Away, thou that art one of my Furies, that perpetually haunt me, who haſt now graſped me round my middle, that thou mayſt hurl me down into hell." The Greek is inimitable.

Μεθες με χερα των εμων Ερινυων,
Μεσον μ' οχμαζεις, ως βαλης εις Ταρταρον.

And view'd a double Thebes with wild amaze,
And two bright ſuns with rival glories blaze.
So bounds the mad Oreſtes o'er the ſtage,
With looks diſtracted, from his mother's rage;
Arm'd with her ſcourge of ſnakes ſhe drives him on,
And, wrapt in flames, purſues her murdering ſon;
He flies, but flies in vain;---the Furies wait,
And fiends in forms tremendous guard the gate.
At length diſtracted, and by love o'ercome,
Reſolv'd on death, ſhe meditates her doom;
Appoints the time to end her mighty woe,
And takes due meaſures for the purpos'd blow.
Then her ſad ſiſter ſhe with ſmiles addreſs'd,
Hope in her looks, but anguiſh at her breaſt:
Anna, partake my joy, for lo! I find
The ſole expedient that can cure my mind,
Relieve my ſoul for ever from her pain,
Or bring my lover to my arms again.
Near Ocean's utmoſt bound, a region lies,
Where mighty Atlas props the ſtarry ſkies;
There lives a prieſteſs of Maſſylian ſtrain,
The guardian of the rich Heſperian fane;

703. *There lives a prieſteſs.*] Virgil ſeems to have had in his eye the Sorcereſs which Medea ſpeaks of in Apollonius, B. iii.

Κȣρη τις μεγαρσισιν ενιτρεφε τ' αιηταο,
Τὴν ἑκατη περι αλλα θεα δαε τεχνησασθαι
Φαρμαχ', ὁς' ηπειρος τε φυει, καὶ νηχυτον ὑδωρ.
Τοισι καὶ ακαματοιο πυρος μειλισσι αυτμην,
Και ποταμȣς ιστησι αφαρ κελαδηνα ρεοντας,
Αστρα τε, και μηνης ἱερης επεδησε κελευθȣς.

Who wont the wakeful dragon once to feed
With honey'd cakes, and poppy's drowſy ſeed,
That round the tree his ſhining volumes roll'd
To guard the ſacred balls of blooming gold.
By magic charms the matron can remove,
Or fiercely kindle all the fires of love;
Roll back the ſtars; ſtop rivers as they flow;
And call grim ſpectres from the realms of woe.
Trees leave their mountains at her potent call;
Beneath her footſteps groans the trembling ball:
But witneſs thou, and all ye gods on high,
With what regret to magic rites I fly.
Go then, erect with ſpeed and ſecret care,
Within the court, a pile in open air.
Bring all the traitor's arms and robes, and ſpread
Above the heap our fatal bridal bed.
The ſacred dame commands me to deſtroy
All, all memorials of that wretch from Troy.
Thus with diſſembling arts the princeſs ſpoke:
A deadly paleneſs ſpreads o'er all her look.
Nor could her wretched ſiſter once divine
Theſe rites could cover ſuch a dire deſign,
Nor deem'd a lover treacherous to his vows
Should more afflict her than her murder'd ſpouſe;
But rears a pile of oaks and firs on high,
Within the court, beneath the naked ſky.
With wreaths the queen adorn'd the ſtructure round;
And with funereal greens and garlands crown'd:
Next big with death, the ſword and robe ſhe ſpread
And plac'd the dear, dear image on the bed.

Amidſt her altars, with diſhevel'd hairs,
Her horrid rites the prieſteſs now prepares.
Thund'ring ſhe calls, in many a dreadful ſound,
On Chaos hoar, and Erebus profound;
On hideous Hecate, from hell's abodes,
(The threefold Dian!) and a hundred gods.
The place ſhe ſprinkled, where her altars ſtood,
With ſtreams diſſembled from Avernus' flood;
And black envenom'd herbs ſhe brings, reap'd down
With brazen ſickles, by the glimmering moon.
Then crops the potent knots of love with care,
That from the young eſtrange the parent mare.
Now with a ſacred cake and lifted hands,
All bent on death, before her altar ſtands
The royal victim, the devoted fair;
Her robes were gather'd, and one foot was bare.
She calls on every ſtar in ſolemn ſtate,
Whoſe guilty beams ſhine conſcious of her fate:
She calls to witneſs every god above,
To pay due vengeance for her injur'd love.

735. *Amidſt her altars.*] That no circumſtance of horror might be wanting to introduce the fate of this unhappy princeſs; to prodigies ſucceeds magic. The diſmal ſolemnity and infernal religion of which, exceedingly heighten the terror in the cataſtrophe of this tragedy. Thus far Dr. Trapp. One may here obſerve, the great ſuperiority of Virgil's judgment to that of Lucan, who in his dreadful deſcription of the incantations of Erictho has given full ſcope to the wildneſs of his extravagant imagination; exciting horror inſtead of terror. The ſame may be ſaid of the incantations introduced by DRYDEN and LEE into their unnatural Tragedy, OEDIPUS: where the *Gothic* enchantments are blended with the *Claſſic*.

'Twas night; and, weary with the toils of day,
In ſoft repoſe the whole creation lay.
The murmurs of the groves and ſurges die,
The ſtars roll ſolemn through the glowing ſky;
Wide o'er the fields a brooding ſilence reigns,
The flocks lie ſtretch'd along the flow'ry plains;
The furious ſavages that haunt the woods,
The painted birds, the fiſhes of the floods;
All, all, beneath the general darkneſs, ſhare
In ſleep, a ſoft forgetfulneſs of care;
All but the hapleſs queen;—for love denies
Reſt to her thoughts, and ſlumber to her eyes.
Her paſſions grow ſtill fiercer, and by turns
With love ſhe maddens, and with wrath ſhe burns.
The ſtruggling tides in different motions roll,
And thus ſhe vents the tempeſt of her ſoul:
What ſhall I do?—ſhall I in vain implore
The royal lovers I diſdain'd before?

755. *'Twas night; and, weary.*] This exquiſite deſcription can never be ſufficiently admired. Virgil deſcribes minutely and at length the profound calm, quiet, and ſtillneſs of the night, in order to render the cruel diſturbances and agonies of the reſtleſs queen more affecting by ſuch a contraſt. At non infelix animi Phœniſſa—is one of the fineſt turns that ever entered the imagination of a poet. Virgil never makes a deſcription for the ſake of the fine verſes it may contain, or to ſhew his talent of painting well, but always in order to heighten ſome paſſion, and further the action of the poem. He took the hint of this deſcription of the profound quiet of night, oppoſed to Dido's reſtleſſneſs, from Apollonius Rhodius, B. iv.

771. *What ſhall I do?*] The image of this unhappy princeſs, reaſoning with herſelf in the dead of night, is deeply moving. She turns her thoughts on every ſide to try if ſhe can meet with ſuccour or redreſs, but finds it impoſſible. She firſt thinks of applying

Or, ſlighted in my turn with haughty pride,
Court the fierce tyrant whom I once deny'd?
Shall I the Trojans baſe commands obey,
Their ſlave, their ſuppliant, through the watry way?
Yes—for my bounties, and my former aid
By Troy already ſtand ſo well repaid!
And yet ſuppoſe I were inclin'd to go;
The haughty ſailors would but mock my woe.
Haſt thou not yet, not yet, Eliza, known
The perjur'd ſons of proud Laomedon?
What!—ſhall I follow through the roaring main,
Sole and abandon'd, their triumphant train,
Or drive 'em through the deeps with ſword and fire,
With all my armies, all the ſons of Tyre?

applying to her former lovers, but ſoon rejects that expedient as abſurd. Next ſhe talks of accompanying the Trojans, but finds this every jot as unreaſonable; and one reflection which awakens her pride, is extremely natural——

Suppoſe I went with them,——
The haughty ſailors would but mock my woe.

Neither, continues ſhe, could I poſſibly perſuade the Tyrians to purſue them as enemies.——Nothing can be done! no expedient can avail me!

Quin morere, ut merita es——547.

Her endeavouring afterwards to lay the fault on her ſiſter is a fine touch of nature. And her concluding that all her misfortunes are owing to the breach of her vows is beyond expreſſion charming.

Non ſervata fides cineri promiſſa Sichæo. 551.

I cannot forbear adding, that this ſoliloquy, tho' pretty long, is yet extremely natural. How different from the generality of ſoliloquies introduced by the modern writers of tragedy! The management of which kind of ſpeeches requires the utmoſt caution and care to make them appear natural; and ſurely they ſhould be introduced as ſeldom as poſſible.

But can I draw to ſea thoſe Tyrian bands
I drew reluctant from their native lands?
Die then as thou deſerv'ſt; in death repoſe;
The ſword, the friendly ſword, ſhall end thy woes.
You firſt, dear ſiſter, by my ſorrows mov'd,
Expos'd me raſhly to the wretch I lov'd;
Your prompt obedience, and officious care
Fann'd the young flame, and plung'd me in deſpair.
Oh! had I learn'd like ſavages to rove,
And never known the woes of bridal love!
I prov'd unfaithful to my former ſpouſe,
And now I reap the fruits of broken vows!
Thus vents the mournful queen, by love oppreſt,
The grief that rag'd tumultuous in her breaſt.
Meantime with all things ready for his flight,
In thoughtleſs ſleep the heroe paſt the night.
To whom again the feather'd Hermes came,
His youthful figure, looks and voice the ſame,
And thus alarms the ſlumb'ring prince once more;
What—can'ſt thou ſleep in this important hour?
Nor all thy dangers canſt thou yet ſurvey?
Nor hear the zephyrs call thee to the ſea?
Mad as thou art!—determin'd on her doom,
She forms deſigns of miſchiefs yet to come.
Then fly her fury while thou yet canſt fly,
Before Aurora gilds the purple ſky;

803. *To whom again.*] To juſtify Æneas's departure ſtill more, another meſſenger is ſent from heaven to hurry him away, who tells him that if he does not ſet out immediately while the wind is favourable, he, and his whole fleet, will be deſtroyed by the Tyrians, whom Dido is animating to revenge.

Fly,—or the floods ſhall ſoon be cover'd o'er
With numerous fleets, and armies crowd the ſhore,
And direful brands with long-projected rays,
Shall ſet the land and ocean in a blaze.
Ev'n now her dread revenge is on the wing;
Riſe, prince; a woman is a changeful thing.
This ſaid, at once he took his rapid flight,
Diſſolv'd in air, and mingled with the night.

The heroe ſtarts from ſleep in wild ſurprize,
Struck with the glorious viſion from the ſkies,
And rouſes all the train: awake, unbind,
And ſtretch, my friends, the canvas to the wind;
Seize, ſeize your oars; the god deſcends again,
To bid me fly, and launch into the main.
Whoe'er thou art, thou bleſt celeſtial guide,
Thy courſe we follow through the foamy tide;
With joy thy ſacred orders we obey;
And may thy friendly ſtars direct the way.

825. *Seize, ſeize.*] In the firſt book of Virgil, ſays the judicious Boſſu, Æneas appears to be perfectly pious, and more ready to execute the will of the gods, than any other thing whatever. In the fourth book a very difficult choice is propoſed to him; on one ſide, gratitude, love, natural tenderneſs, and ſeveral weighty conſiderations, engage him not to part from Dido; on the other ſide, an expreſs order of the gods commands him to Italy. Before any one ſees what ſide he will adhere to, and on what he will reſolve, that which he has already ſaid and done, ought to have demonſtrated what his will, and what his inclinations are, and to what he will determine his conduct. His former ſpeeches which diſcover to one his future reſolutions are the poetical manners; theſe make one foreſee that he would leave Dido and obey the gods; he does ſo; the manners then are poetically good, and duly and juſtly delineated. Chap. iv. B. 4.

Sudden, he drew his ſword as thus he ſaid,
And cut the haulſers with the flaming blade;
With the ſame ardor fir'd, the ſhouting train
Fly, ſeize their oars, and ruſh into the main.
At once the floods with ſhips were cover'd o'er,
And not one Trojan left upon the ſhore;
All ſtretching to the ſtroke, with vigour ſweep
The whitening ſurge, and plow the ſmoaking deep.
Now o'er the glittering lawns Aurora ſpread
Her orient beam, and left her golden bed.
Soon as the queen at early dawn beheld
The navy move along the watry field,
In pomp and order, from her lofty tow'r;
And ſaw th' abandon'd port, and empty ſhore;
Thrice her fierce hands in madneſs of deſpair
Beat her white breaſt, and tore her golden hair.

839. *Now o'er the glittering lawns, &c.*] Let us admire this fine ſtroke of nature. The queen who had ſpent the night in diſquietude, poſſeſſed with a thouſand alarming fears that her lover would leave her, riſes at the very firſt glympſe of daylight, (ut *primum albeſcere* lucem vidit) and aſcends a high watch tower to view whether her fears were well-grounded or not, and the firſt thing that ſtruck her eye was the navy in full ſail.

845. *Thrice her fierce hands in madneſs.*] This action of the unhappy queen is exceedingly moving and pathetic; and is a moſt proper introduction to the paſſionate ſpeech that follows. Boſſu has ſome judicious obſervations on this paſſage. That which is ſo rare among the orators is common among the poets: they abound in inſtances of this kind, where one may ſee the paſſion prepared, and kept up by the action. Dido begins her ſpeech, "O Jupiter! what, ſhall this ſtranger "go off? &c. This is no ſurprize to the hearers; they were ſo well prepared for it, that they would have wondered if the beginning of this ſpeech had been leſs paſſionate. The practice of Seneca is quite contrary. If he has any recital to

make

Then ſhall the traitor fly, ye gods! (ſhe ſaid)
And leave my kingdom, and inſulted bed?
And ſhall not Carthage pour in arms away?
Run there, and launch my navies on the ſea.
Fly, fly with all your ſails, ye ſons of Tyre;
Hurl flames on flames; involve his fleet in fire.
What have I ſaid?—ah! impotent and vain!
I rave, I rave—what madneſs turns my brain?
Now can you, Dido, at ſo late a time,
Reflect with horror on your former crime?
Well had this rage been ſhown, when firſt you led
The wretch, a partner to your throne and bed.
This is the prince, the pious prince, who bore
His gods and relicks from the Phrygian ſhore!
And ſafe convey'd his venerable ſire!
On his own ſhoulders through the Trojan fire!

make, which ought to imprint ſome great paſſion or other; he takes away both from his perſonages and his audience all the inclinations they might have towards it. If they are poſſeſſed with the ſorrow, fear, and expectation of ſome dreadful thing: he will begin by a fine and elegant deſcription of ſome place or other, which only ſerves to ſhew the copiouſneſs and the over-luxuriant wit of a poet without judgment. In the Troades, Hecuba and Andromache wanted to hear of the barbarous death of Aſtyanax, whom the Greeks had thrown from the top of an high tower. It mightily concerned them indeed to know, that among the crowd that flocked from all quarters to that ſad ſpectacle, ſome there were who ſtood on the ruins of the old decayed buildings, others whoſe legs trembled under them, becauſe they were mounted ſo high.

Thoſe who have the patience to ſpeak or hear ſuch idle ſtuff, are ſo little inclined to weep, that they ſtand in need of notice, as the mercenary mourners of old had, when it is time to begin uttering their lamentations.

Could I not tear, and throw him for a prey,
Baſe wretch! to every monſter of the ſea?
Stab all his friends, his darling ſon deſtroy,
And to his table ſerve the murder'd boy?
For, bent on death, and valiant from deſpair,
Say—could I dread the doubtful chance of war?
No—but my flames had redden'd all the ſeas;
Wrapt all the flying navy in the blaze;
Deſtroy'd the race, the father and the ſon,
And crown'd the general ruin with my own.
Thou, glorious ſun! whoſe piercing eyes ſurvey
Theſe worlds terreſtrial in thy fiery way,

864. *Monſter of the ſea.*] This is finely added, the original ſays only, undis ſpargere.

865. *Son deſtroy.*] As Atreus did the ſons of Thyeſtes his brother, a famous ſubject among the ancient tragedians. M. Crebillon hath written a noble tragedy on this ſubject, and hath found a method of ſoftening the extreme horror of the ſtory, yet in ſuch a manner as ſtill to excite terror and pity, to a great degree.

873. *Thou, glorious ſun.*] After all the foregoing rage and madneſs, and variety of paſſion, expreſſed in the moſt rapid ſtyle, with ſhort quick ſentences, queſtions, exclamations, &c. in the very next words, between which and the following ſhe muſt be imagined to have pauſed, and panted, and taken breath; ſhe cools and ſettles, falls into the long and ſlow ſtyle, and prays for plagues upon the head of her falſe lover, with ſuch religious formality, and ſolemnity of horror, as is enough to chill one's blood, while one reads it.

Sol, qui terrarum flammis, &c. 607.

And ſo goes on curſing and imprecating to the end of the ſpeech. TRAPP.

I muſt add that the fineſt part of theſe curſes begins with that majeſtic line

Exoriare aliquis noſtris ex oſſibus ultor. 625.

It

And thou, O Juno! bend thy aweful head,
Great queen, and guardian of the bridal bed;
Hear thou, dire Hecate! from hell profound,
Whose rites nocturnal through the streets resound,
Hear all ye furies, fiends, and gods, who wait
To pay due vengeance for Eliza's fate!
If to the destin'd port the wretch must come,
If such be Jove's unalterable doom:
Still let him wander, toss'd from place to place,
Far from his country, and his son's embrace,
By barbarous nations harrass'd with alarms;
And take the field with unsuccessful arms;
For foreign aid to distant regions fly,
See all his friends a common carnage lie;
And when he gains, his ruin to compleat,
A peace more shameful than his past defeat;
Nor life nor empire let him long maintain,
But fall, by murderous hands untimely slain,
And lie unburied on the naked plain!

It is an usual practice in the ancient tragedians, to make their heroes call upon the sun just before they died. There is a very sublime instance of this in the Ajax of Sophocles: the speech that hero makes to the sun just before he falls upon his sword is worth the perusal of the reader of taste; especially where he bids the sun stop in his career, when he comes over his country, and related his calamities to his aged father and mother.

Συ δ'ω τον αιπυν ȣρανον διφρηλατων,
Ηλιε, πατρῳαν την εμην οταν χθονα
Ιδῃς, επισχων χρυσωνατον ηνιαν,
Αγγειλον ατας τας εμας μορον τ' εμον
Γεροντι πατρι, τῃ τε δυστηνῳ τροφῳ.

Sophoc. Ajax, ver. 856.

This vow, ye gods, Eliza pours in death,
With her laſt blood, and her laſt gaſping breath!
Oh!---in the ſilent grave when Dido lies,
Riſe in thy rage, thou, great avenger, riſe!
Againſt curs'd Troy, go mighty ſon of Tyre,
Go, in the pomp of famine, ſword, and fire!
And you, my Tyrians, with immortal hate,
In future times, purſue the Dardan ſtate.
No peace, no commerce with the race be made:
Pay this laſt duty to your princeſs' ſhade;
Fight, when your pow'rs ſupplies ſo juſt a rage;
Fight now, fight ſtill, in every diſtant age;
By land, by ſea, in arms the nation dare,
And wage, from ſon to ſon, eternal war!
This ſaid, ſhe bends her various thoughts to cloſe
Her hated life, and finiſh all her woes.
Then to her huſband's nurſe ſhe gave command,
(Her own lay bury'd in her native land)
Go, Barce, go, and bid my ſiſter bring
The ſable victims for the Stygian king,
But firſt be ſprinkled from the limpid ſpring.
Thus let her come; and, while I pay my vows,
Thou too in fillets bind thy aged brows.
Fain would I kindle now the ſacred pyre,
And ſee the Trojan image ſink in fire,
Thus I compleat the rites to Stygian Jove,
And then farewell---a long farewell to love!
She ſaid; the matron, ſtudious to obey,
With duteous ſpeed runs trembling all the way.

897. *Thou great avenger.*] This plainly points out Annibal

Now to the fatal court fierce Dido flies,
And rolls around her fiery glaring eyes;
Though pale and ſhivering at her purpos'd doom,
And every dreadful thought of death to come:

923. *Now to the fatal court.*] To paint, is not only to deſcribe things: but to repreſent the circumſtances of them, in ſuch a lively ſenſible manner, that the hearer ſhall fancy he almoſt ſees them with his eyes. For inſtance: if a dry hiſtorian were to give an account of Dido's death, he would only ſay; ſhe was overwhelmed with ſorrow after the departure of Æneas; and that ſhe grew weary of her life: ſo ſhe went up to the top of her palace; and lying down on her funeral pile, ſhe ſtabbed herſelf. Now theſe words would inform you of the fact; but you do not ſee it. When you read the ſtory in Virgil, he ſets it before your eyes. When he repreſents all the circumſtances of Dido's deſpair; deſcribes her wild rage; and death already ſtaring in her aſpect: when he makes her ſpeak at the ſight of the picture and ſword that Æneas left, your imagination tranſports you to Carthage; where you ſee the Trojan fleet leaving the ſhore, and the queen quite inconſolable. You enter into all her paſſions, and into the ſentiments of the ſuppoſed ſpectators. It is not Virgil you then hear: you are too attentive to the laſt words of unhappy Dido, to think of him. The poet diſappears: and we ſee only what he deſcribes; and hear thoſe only whom he makes to ſpeak. Such is the force of a natural imitation, and of painting in language. Hence it comes that the painters and the poets are ſo nearly related: the one paints for the eyes, and the other for the ears: but both of them ought to convey the livelieſt pictures to the imagination. I have taken an example from a poet to give you a fuller image of what I mean by painting in eloquence: for poets paint in a ſtronger manner than orators. Indeed the main thing in which poetry differs from eloquence is, that the poet paints with enthuſiaſm, and gives bolder touches than the orator. But proſe allows of painting in a moderate degree: for, without lively deſcriptions 'tis impoſſible to warm the hearer's fancy, or to ſtir his paſſions. A plain narrative does not move people: we muſt not only inform them of facts; but ſtrike their ſenſes, by a lively moving repreſentation of the manner and circumſtances of the facts we relate.

Archbiſhop of Cambray on Eloquence, Dial. i. p. 74.

Yet many a crimſon fluſh, with various grace,
Glows on her cheek, and kindles in her face.
Furious ſhe mounts the pyre, and draws the ſword,
The fatal preſent of the Dardan lord;
For no ſuch end beſtow'd;---the conſcious bed,
And robes ſhe view'd; and tears in ſilence ſhed;
Stood ſtill, and paus'd a moment,---then ſhe caſt
Her body on the couch, and ſpoke her laſt:
Ye dear, dear relicks of the man I lov'd!
While fate conſented, and the gods approv'd,
Relieve my woes, this rage of love controul,
Take my laſt breath, and catch my parting ſoul.
My fatal courſe is finiſh'd, and I go
A ghoſt majeſtic to the realms below.
Well have I liv'd to ſee a glorious town
Rais'd by theſe hands, and bulwarks of my own;
Of all its trophies robb'd my brother's ſword,
And on the wretch reveng'd my murther'd lord.
Happy! thrice happy! if the Dardan band
Had never touch'd upon the Libyan land.
Then preſſing with her lips the Trojan bed,
Shall I then die, and unreveng'd? (ſhe ſaid,)

930. *Preſent.*] The ſword, ſay the beſt critics, was given by Dido to Æneas, not vice verſa, and Æneas had left it in his chamber.

933. *Stood ſtill, and paus'd a moment.*] No circumſtance can be imagined more pathetic and moving, than her ſtopping, and burſting into tears at the ſight of the bed and the Trojan robes, and then throwing herſelf in an agony upon the well-known couch. There is ſomething of cool and ſedate deſpair in this laſt of her ſpeeches that is wonderfully affecting.

947. *Then preſſing with her lips.*] Fondly taking leave of it, as Alceſtes does of her bed in Euripides. But Catrou, who indeed

Yet die I will,---and thus, and thus, I go---
Thus---fly with pleaſure to the ſhades below.
This blaze may yon' proud Trojan from the ſea,
This death, an omen of his own, ſurvey.
Meantime, the ſad attendants, as ſhe ſpoke,
Beheld her ſtrike, and ſink beneath the ſtroke.
At once her ſnowy hands were purpled o'er,
And the bright faulchion ſmoak'd with ſtreaming gore.
Her ſudden fate is blaz'd the city round;
The length'ning cries from ſtreet to ſtreet reſound;
To female ſhrieks the regal dome replies,
And the ſhrill echoes ring amidſt the ſkies;

indeed follows Ruæus, gives, I think, a ſtrange interpretation, and ſays it means biting the bed with rage and revenge. Ruæus ſays "*Os lecto imprimens rabie quadam furoris, inultam ſe mori dolet.*" Surely the other interpretation is more moving, and is beſides agreeable to the cuſtom of the ancients.

949. *And thus, and thus, I go.*—] This repetition of the word *ſic* is beautiful: it ſtrongly imprints on the mind the action of Dido at that moment: one ſees her ſtrike the ponyard into her boſom twice, when ſhe ſays, and thus, and thus I go.

The commentators, intent on grammatical conſtructions, more than poetical beauties, have ſtrangely puzzled this plain and obvious paſſage. Even Cowley ſeems not to have underſtood it, is for omitting this hemiſtich, and having the verſe end—ſed *moriamur*, ait.

954. *Beheld her ſtrike.*] Here is a touch of art in the poet, he does not expreſsly ſay that Dido ſtabbed herſelf, but with a beautiful brevity only tells us,

——*ferro*
Collapſam aſpiciunt comites ——

paſſing on inſtantly to the effect.

As all fair Carthage, or her mother Tyre,
Storm'd by the foe, had ſunk in floods of fire;
And the fierce flame devour'd the proud abodes,
With all the glorious temples of the gods.
Her breathleſs ſiſter runs with eager pace,
And beats her throbbing breaſt, and beauteous face.
Fierce through the parting crowds the virgin flies,
And on her dying dear Eliza's cries,
Was this, my Dido, ah! was this the way
You took, your eaſy ſiſter to betray?
Was it for this my hands prepar'd the pyre,
The fatal altar, and the funeral fire?
Where ſhall my plaints begin?---ah! wretch undone
Now left abandon'd to my woes alone!
Was I unworthy then, to yield my breath,
And ſhare thy ſweet ſociety in death?
Me, me you ſhould have call'd, your fate to ſhare
From the ſame weapon, and the ſame deſpair.
And did theſe hands the lofty pile compoſe?
Did I invoke our gods with ſolemn vows?
Only---ah cruel! to be ſent away
From the ſad ſcene of death I now ſurvey?
You by this fatal ſtroke, and I, and all,
Your ſenate, people, and your Carthage fall.
Bring, bring me water; let me bathe in death
Her bleeding wounds, and catch her parting breath.

961. *Fair Carthage.*] Here he ſeems again plainly to allude to the ſacking and burning Carthage by the Romans under Scipio, after the three bloody Punic wars.

Then up the ſteep aſcent ſhe flew, and preſt
Her dying ſiſter to her heaving breaſt;
With cries ſucceeding cries her robes unbound,
To ſtanch the blood that iſſu'd from the wound.
Her boſom groaning with convulſive pain,
She ſtrives to raiſe her heavy lids in vain,
And in a moment ſinks, and ſwoons again.
Prop'd on her elbow, thrice ſhe rear'd her head,
And thrice fell back, and fainted on the bed;
Sought with her ſwimming eyes the golden light,
And ſaw the ſun, but ſicken'd at the ſight.
Then mighty Juno, with a melting eye,
Beheld her dreadful anguiſh from the ſky;
And bade fair Iris, from the ſtarry pole,
Fly, and enlarge her agonizing ſoul:

987. *Then up the ſteep aſcent ſhe flew.*] The original ſays, *ſic fata, gradus evaſerat altos*, ſhe was got to the top of the ſteps while ſhe was ſpeaking theſe words, and ſhe ſpoke them as ſhe was going up. Otherwiſe, it would be highly unnatural, for her to ſtop and not run immediately to her ſiſter's aſſiſtance 'till ſhe had finiſhed a ſpeech of eight or ten verſes.

992. *She ſtrives to raiſe.*] How moving theſe circumſtances are, of her ſtriving to open her eyes and fainting away again, and endeavouring to raiſe herſelf on her elbow and falling back again, no reader of taſte need be told! Her not being able to ſpeak and anſwer her ſiſter is very moving. The poet's intending to enlarge a little here was perhaps the reaſon why he ſo artfully paſſed over the manner of her ſtabbing herſelf, which we before took notice of. Obſerve the artful pauſe at the word *deficit*; which repreſents her ſinking and falling away. And the word *ſtridet* is very affecting. Let us alſo remark the force and pictureſque propriety of the epithets uſed in this paſſage. *Semianimem—atros—graves—infixum—errantibus.*——

For as ſhe dy'd by love before the time,
Nor fell by fate, nor periſh'd for a crime,
Not yet had Proſerpine, with early care,
Clip'd from her head the fatal golden hair;
The ſolemn offering to the pow'rs below,
To free the ſpirit, and relieve her woe.
Swift from the glancing ſun the goddeſs drew
A thouſand mingling colours, as ſhe flew:
Then radiant hover'd o'er the dying fair;
And lo! this conſecrated lock I bear
To Stygian Jove: and now, as heav'n ordains,
Releaſe thy ſoul from theſe corporeal chains.
The goddeſs ſtretch'd her hand, as thus ſhe ſaid,
And clipt the ſacred honours of her head;
The vital ſpirit flies, no more confin'd,
Diſſolves in air, and mingles with the wind.

1017. *Mingles with the wind.*] By way of concluding the notes on this fourth book I ſhall ſubjoin what Segrais hath ſaid concerning the anachroniſm in Virgil's making Dido contemporary with Æneas.—"Not pretending of my myſelf, to decide a queſtion, which requires ſo much learning, I am content to admire with Taſſo in his diſcourſe on epic poetry (whether Æneas were contemporary with this queen, or not) the admirable invention of Virgil, who was able to find out in the hiſtory of this hero, a ſource of the hatred between Rome and Carthage, even in the very foundation of their walls. I cannot moreover upon this occaſion diſſemble my opinion, that of all the faults which a poet can commit, thoſe which are againſt profound learning are the leaſt conſiderable: and eſpecially when the queſtion turns only upon a point of learning, obſcure, ancient, or embarraſſed, as this did; which related to the antiquity of eleven hundred years, at a time when books were not ſo eaſily perpetuated as they are at preſent. For though a poet ought to be learned; yet we never

never deſire him to be more learned, than delightful. That great judgment, which made rules, has reſerved to itſelf the empire over them; and never intended to be enſlaved by them. Beſides; if the general maxim of poetry be always to prefer that which is probable, and pleaſing, to that which is true, and ſhocking; why had not Virgil the power to ſuppoſe by a poetical fiction that Dido lived in the time of Æneas, even though he knew the contrary; in order to find in this fable the original of thoſe wars between Rome, and Carthage, and the ſubject of thoſe beautiful events which he deſcribes? Why ſhall he be condemned for having made a fiction contrary to the order of time; if other poets are ſometimes permitted to make them, contrary to the order of nature? Would he have been the leſs a poet, though he had never learned chronology? There are no faults, properly ſo called, ſays Ariſtotle, but thoſe which are made contrary to the art which one profeſſes: inſomuch that there are certain affected ignorances, which appear with a good grace. Extremes only are faulty in this caſe, as well as in all others. It would not have been allowable to contradict a point of hiſtory known to all the world: for example, to make Scipio and Hannibal contemporaries with Alexander, and to repreſent them as intimate friends. But in this profound antiquity, which one muſt ſtudy as profoundly, in order to ſtrike out the leaſt light from it, a great poet may, and ſhould, ſpeak of things, not as he can diſcover them to have really been, but as they are capable of embelliſhing his ſubject. It is for this, that he is even adviſed to chuſe a ſubject diſtant from his own age, rather than too near it. The beauty of theſe boldneſſes raiſes poetry above learning itſelf; for it is more eaſy to learn how things have actually paſſed, than by invention to make them agreeable. A man may ſtudy as long as he will; he will never make a good poem, if he has not a genius to feign and invent. Provided his inventions pleaſe, (as they always do, when they are natural, and the event anſwers, as in this fiction of Virgil's) the work will always ſucceed. For doubtleſs, if we ſhould aſk thoſe who are moſt forward to decry this paſſage, whether they would have had him follow the hiſtory; their thoughts muſt be very ill turned, to chuſe rather that he ſhould have deprived his Æneis of this rich ornament, than have contradicted an hiſtory involved in the darkneſs of ſo many barbarous ages.

The

The moſt critical will allow, that there is more judgment in committing this fault, if it be one, than there would have been in not committing it. This is the opinion of Scaliger; and of Mr. Bochart, as may be ſeen in a learned diſſertation upon this argument, which he did me the honour to addreſs to me. If a poet muſt be ſubject to the exact truth; he carries the matter much farther than this anachroniſm: and I believe it would be difficult to prove that Æneas was ever in Italy, againſt thoſe ſtrong authorities which he produces to the contrary. But he himſelf anſwers, and concludes, as I do, that this reſearch of truth is by no means the buſineſs of a poet. The very foundation of the Æneis may be no more than a fable; and he is of that opinion for three ſtrong reaſons. The firſt is grounded upon the explication of ſome paſſages in Homer: and upon the teſtimonies of ancient hiſtory: which relate that Æneas died before the walls of Troy, and that he left children which reigned there for many ages. The ſecond is taken from the religion of the Trojans, and the gods which Æneas muſt have brought into Italy, of which he finds not the leaſt traces in the antiquities of Rome. The third is taken from the Phrygian or Trojan language; which he would likewiſe have brought with him, and of which ſome words muſt have continued in the Latin tongue, as well as of the languages of other nations, with which the Romans had any intercourſe or correſpondence. But though he eſtabliſhes his opinion upon very good arguments; he ſhews nevertheleſs that this great poet was in the right in founding his Æneis upon a contrary opinion, ſince it was univerſally received at Rome. For this purpoſe, he ſhews that it was received, more than two hundred years before, by all the poets, hiſtorians, orators, and critics: that even ſeveral Greek authors were of the ſame ſentiments: not to mention Julius Cæſar, and Auguſtus his adopted ſon; who deeply intereſted themſelves in authorizing this chimæra; to make it believed that the family of the Cæſars was deſcended from Æneas, and by conſequence from Venus and Jupiter; which rendered them the more conſiderable among the people, who fed themſelves with the flattery of theſe vain imaginations. He proves that the conſent of the ſenate and the people confirmed this belief: and that all the Romans preſumed themſelves to be deſcended from the Trojans.—In a word, he concludes, as I have done upon the ſubject of this

this anachroniſm, that though Virgil had fully known the falſity of this opinion, he ought not to have oppoſed it; ſince the ſtate and the emperor loved this error, and were intereſted to ſupport it: and it is not the buſineſs of poets to teach exact truth. He diſcuſſes this queſtion with ſo much learning, and ſo much at large; that I will ſay no more of it. This reflection is ſo far from deſtroying the beauty of poetry, and its inventions; that it diſcovers them to the greater advantage. Their charms are ſo powerful and irreſiſtible, that they overbear the cleareſt evidence and the moſt glaring truth. Theſe fables, theſe lyes, theſe impoſtures, become the admiration and entertainment of the whole world, and in proceſs of time the general opinion of the people. We are ſo prejudiced in their favour, that we hate thoſe who are willing to maintain the contrary. If one compares the effects of the fineſt hiſtory with thoſe of the fineſt poetry; what are thoſe beautiful truths which hiſtory has ever made ſo univerſally reliſhed, as poetry has made its fictions? How many perſons are there who have read Virgil and Homer, and even learned the greateſt part of their works by heart, in compariſon of thoſe (though many) who have read the beſt Greek, or Latin hiſtorians?"

SEGRAIS.

The End of the SECOND VOLUME.